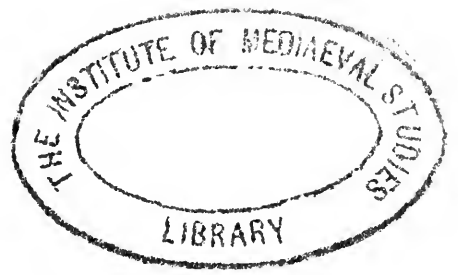
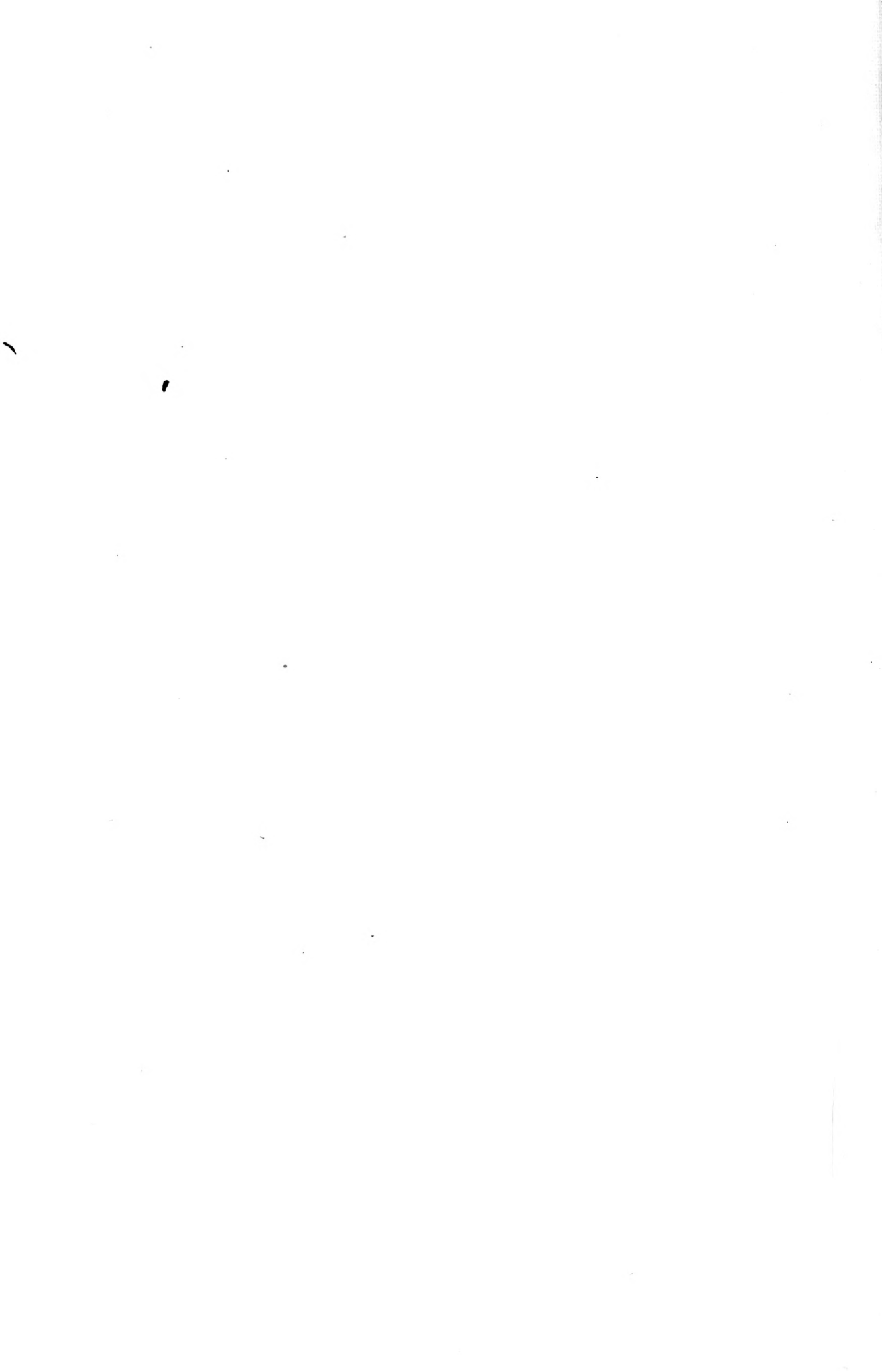




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Christmas 1915
from his friends H.F.E. Smith, F. Chawick,
and G.C. Rowley.



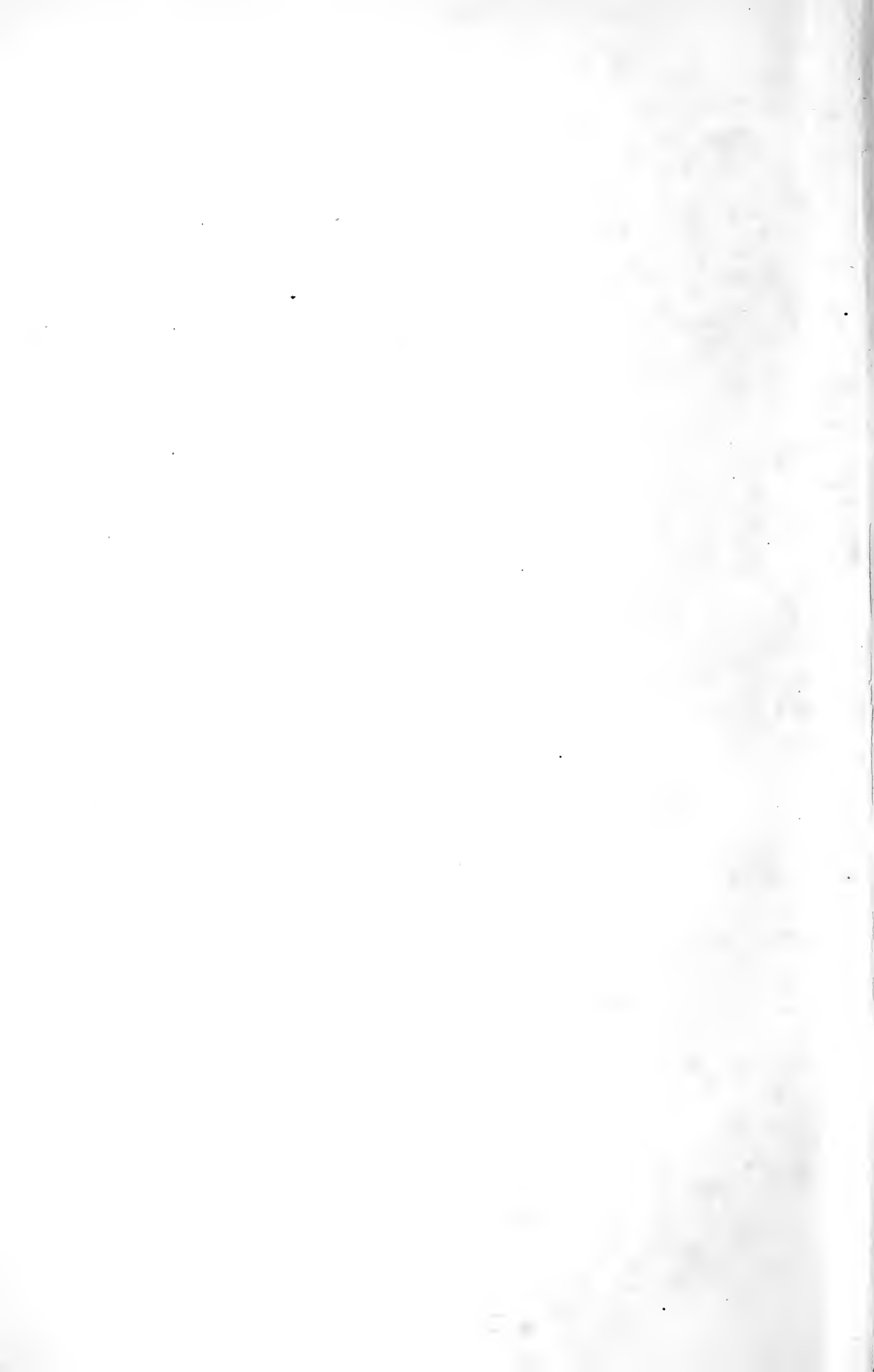
CONFESSIO AMANTIS



GOWER'S CONFESSION OF A LOVER

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. II.



CONFESSIO AMANTIS OF

John **G**ower

EDITED AND COLLATED

WITH THE BEST MANUSCRIPTS BY

DR. REINHOLD PAULI

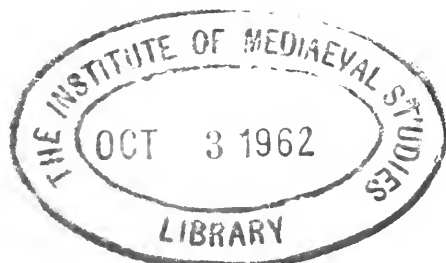


VOL. II.

LONDON

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1857



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CONFESSIO AMANTIS.

Incipit Liber Quartus.

*Dicunt accidiam fore nutricem viciorum,
Torpet et in cunctis tardaue lenta bonis,
Que fieri possent hodie transfert piger in cras
Furatoque prius hostia claudit equo.
Poscenti tardo negat emolumenta Cupido,
Sed Venus in celeri ludit amore viri.*

i.



PON the vices to procede
After the cause of mannes
dede
The firste point of slouth
I calle
Lacheffe, and is the chefe
of alle

Hic in quarto libro loquitur confessor de speciebus accidie, quarum primam tardacionem vocat, cuius conditionem pertractans amanti super hoc consequenter opponit.

5 And hath this properlich of kind
To leven alle thing behind.
Of that he mighte do nowe here
He tarieth all the longe yere
And evermore he saith: to morwe,*
10 And so he woll his time borwe

And wissheth after : god me sende,
That whan he weneth have an ende,
Than is he furthest to beginne.

Thus bringeth he many a mischefe inne
15 Unware, till that he be mischeved
And may nought thanne be releved.
And right so nouthere more ne lesse
It stant of love and of lacheffe.
Some time he sloutheth on a day,
20 That he never after gete may.

Confessor. Now sone, as of this ilke thing,
If thou have any knoueleching,
That thou to love hast done er this,

Confessio amantis. Tell on. My gode fader, yis.

25 As of lacheffe I am beknowe,
That I may stonde upon his rowe,
As I that am clad of his suite,
For whanne I thought my pursuite
To make and therto set a day
30 To speke unto that swete may,
Lacheffe bad abide yit
And bare on honde it was no wit
Ne time for to speke as tho.
Thus with his tales to and fro
35 My time in tarieng he drough,
Whan there was time good inough,
He said another time is better,
Thou shalt now fenden her a letter
And par cas write more plein
40 Than thou by mouthe durfest fain.

Thus have I lette time slide
 For flouthe, and kepte nought my tide,
 So that lacheffe with his vice
 Full oft hath made my wit so nice,
 45 That what I thought to speke or do
 With tarieng he held me so,
 Til whan I wolde and mighte nought,
 I not what thing was in my thought
 Or it was drede, or it was shame.
 50 But ever in ernest and in game
 I wit there is long time passed,
 But yet is nought the love lassed,
 Whiche I unto my lady have,
 For though my tunge is flow to crave
 55 At alle time, as I have bede,
 Min hert stant ever in o stede
 And axeth befiliche grace,
 The whiche I may nought yet embrace,
 And god wot that is malgre min.
 60 For this I wot right well afin,
 My grace cometh so felde aboute,
 That is the flouthe, which I doubtte
 More than of all the remenaunt,
 Whiche is to love appartenaunt.
 65 And thus as touchend of lacheffe,
 As I have tolde, I me confesse
 To you, my fader, I besече
 That furthermore ye wol me teche,
 And if there be to this matere
 70 Some goodly tale for to here,

How I may do lacheffe away,
That ye it wolden telle, I prey.

Confessor. To wisse the, my sone, and rede
Among the tales, whiche I rede,
75 An olde enfample therupon
Now herken, and I wol telle on.

Hic ponit confessor
exemplum contra if-
tos, qui in amoris causa
tardantes delinquunt.
Et narrat, qualiter Di-
do regina Cartaginis
Eneam, ab incendiis
Troie fugitivum, in
amorem suum gavisam
suscepit, qui cum postea
in partes Italie a
Cartagine bellaturum
se transtulit nimiam-
que ibidem moram
faciens tempus reddi-
tus sui ad Didonem
ultra modum tarda-
vit, ipsa intolerabili
dolore concussa sui
cordis intima mortali
gladio transfodit.

Ayein lacheffe in loves cas
I finde, how whilom Eneas,
Whom Anchises to sone hadde,
With great navie, which he ladde,
Fro Troie arriveth at Cartage.
Wherfore a while his herbergage
He toke, and it betidde so
With her, which was a quene tho
Of the citee, his acquaintance
He wan, whos name in remembrance
Is yet, and Dido was she hote,
Which loveth Eneas so hote
Upon the wordes, whiche he faide,
90 That all her hert on him she laide
And did all holy what he wolde.
But after that, as it be sholde,
Fro thenne he goth toward Itaile
By ship and there his arrivaile
95 Hath take and shope him for to ride.
But she, which may nought longe abide
The hote peine of loves throwe,
Anon within a litel throwe
A letter unto her knight hath write
100 And did him plainly for to wite,

If he made any tarieng
 To drecche of his ayein comming,
 That she ne might him fele and fe,
 * She shulde stonde in such degre
 105 As whilom stood a swan to-fore
 Of that she hadde her make lore
 For sorwe a fether into her brain
 She shof and hath her selve slain.
 As king Menander in a lay
 110 The soth hath founde, where she lay
 Spraulend with her winges twey
 As she, which shulde thanne deie
 For love of him, which was her make.
 And so shal I do for thy sake
 115 This quene faide, wel I wote.

Lo, to Enee thus she wrote
 With many another word of pleint.
 But he, which had his thoughtes feint
 Towardes love and full of flouthe,
 120 His time let, and that was routhe.
 For she, which loveth him to-fore,
 Desireth ever more and more
 And whan she sigh him tary so,
 Her herte was so full of wo,
 125 That compleignend manyfolde
 She hath her owne tale tolde
 Unto her self and thus she spake :
 Ha, who found ever fuche a lacke
 Of slouth in any worthy knight ?
 130 Now wote I well my deth is dight

Through him, which shuld have be my life.

But for to stinten all this strife

Thus whan she figh none other bote,

Right even unto her herte rote

¹³⁵ A naked sward anone she threste

And thus she gat her selve reste

In remembraunce of alle flowe.

Confessor. Wherof, my sone, thou might knowe,

How tarieng upon the nede

¹⁴⁰ In loves cause is for to drede.

And that hath Dido fore abought,

Whose deth shall ever be bethought.

And evermore if I shal seche

In this matere another speche

¹⁴⁵ In a cronique I finde write

A tale, whiche is good to wite.

Hic loquitur super
eodem, qualiter
Penelope Ulixem
maritum suum in
obsidione Troie di-
ucius morantem ob
ipfius ibidem tarda-
cionem epistola sua
redarguit.

At Troie whan king Ylixes

Upon the siege among the pres

Of hem, that worthy knightes were,

Abode long time stille there,

In thilke time a man may se,

How goodly that Penelope,

Which was to him his trewe wife,

Of his lacheffe was pleintife,

¹⁵⁵ Wherof to Troie she him sende

Her will by letter, thus spekende :

My worthy love and lord also,

It is and hath ben ever so,

That where a woman is alone,

¹⁶⁰ It maketh a man in his persone

The more hardy for to wowe,
In hope that she wolde bowe
To such thinge, as his wille were,
While that her lord were elles where.
165 And of my self I telle this,
For it so longe passed is,
Sith first that ye fro home wente,
That well nigh every man is wente
To there I am, while ye be oute,
170 Had made and eche of hem aboute,
Which love can, my love secheth
With great praier and me besecheth.
And some maken great manace,
That if they mighten come in place,
175 Where that they mighten her will have,
There is no thing me shulde fave,
That they ne wolde werche thinges.
And some tellen me tidinges,
That ye ben dede, and some fain,
180 That certainly ye ben befain
To love a newe and leve me.
But how as ever that it be,
I thonke unto the goddes alle
As yet for ought that is befallle,
185 May no man do my chekes rede.
But netheles it is to drede,
That lacheffe in continuaunce
Fortune might fuche a chaunce,
Which no man after sholde amende.
190 Lo, thus this lady compleignende

A letter unto her lord hath write
 And praid him, that he wolde wite
 And thenke, how that she was al his,
 And that he tarie nought in this,
 195 But that he wold his love acquite
 To her ayeinward and nought write,
 But come him self in alle haste,
 That he none other paper waste,
 So that he kepe and holde his trouthe
 200 Withoute let of any flouthe.

Unto her lord and love liege
 To Troie, where the grete siege
 Was laid, this letter was conveied.
 And he, which wifdome hath purveied
 205 Of all that to reson belongeth,
 With gentil herte it underfongeth.
 And whan he hath it overrad,
 In parte he was right inly glad
 And eke in parte he was difesed.
 210 But love his hert hath so through fesed
 With pure ymaginacion,
 That for none occupacion,
 Whiche he can take on other side,
 He may nought flit his herte aside,
 215 For that his wife him had enformed,
 Wherof he hath him self conformed
 With all the will of his corage
 To shape and take the viage
 Homeward, what time that he may.
 220 So that him thenketh of a day

ginibus fatuis, que
nimiam moram fa-
cientes intrante
sponso ad nupcias
cum ipso non in-
troierunt.

But he may finge in his carole,
How latewar came to the dole,
Where he no good receive might.
And that was proved well by night
255 Whilome of the maidens five,
Whan thilke lord came for to wive,
For that her oile was away
To light her lampes in his wey,
Her slouthe brought it so aboute
260 Fro him that they be shet withoute.†

Confessor. Wherof, my sone, be thou ware,
Als ferforth as I telle dare.
For love muste ben awaited,
And if thou be nought well affaited
265 In love to escheue slouthe,
My sone, for to telle trouthe
Thou might nought of thy self ben able
To winne love or make it stable,
All though thou mightest love acheve.

Confessio amantis. My fader, that I may well leve.
But me was never assigned place,
Where yet to geten any grace,
Ne me was non such time appointed,
For than I wolde I were unjointed
275 Of every limme that I have,
And I ne shulde kepe and save
Min houre bothe and eke my stede,
If my lady it hadde bede.
But she is otherwise avised
280 Than graunte suche a time affised.

And netheles of my lacheffe
 There hath be no default I geffe
 Of time losse, if that I mighte.
 But yet her liketh nought alighte
 285 Upon no lure, which I caste.
 For ay the more I crie faste
 The lasse her liketh for to here.
 So for to speke of this matere
 I seche that I may nought finde,
 290 I haste and ever I am behinde
 And wot nought what it may amounte.
 But fader, upon min accompte,
 Whiche ye ben fet to examine
 Of shrifte after the discipline,
 295 Say what your best counseile is.
 My sone, my counseil is this.
 How so it stonde of time go,
 Do forth thy besineffe so,
 That no lacheffe in the be founde,
 300 For slouth is mighty to confounde
 The spede of every mannes werke.
 For many a vice, as faith the clerke,
 There hongen upon slouthes lappe
 Of sliche as make a man mishappe
 305 To pleigne and tell of: had I wist.
 And therupon if that the list
 To knowe of slouthes cause more
 In special yet overmore
 There is a vice full grevable
 310 To him, which is therof culpable,

Confessor.

And ftant of alle vertue bare
Here after as I fhall declare.

2. *Qui nichil attemptat, nichil expedit, oreque muto
 Munus amicicie vir sibi raro capit.
 Est modus in verbis, sed ei qui parcat amori
 Verba referre sua non favet ullus amor.*

Hic loquitur confessor de quadam specie accidie, que pusillanimitas dicta est, cuius ymaginativa formido neque virtutes aggredi, neque vicia fugere audet, sicque utriusque vite tam active quam contemplative premium non attingit.

- Touchend of slouth in his degre,
There is yet pusillamite,
Which is to say in this langage
He that hath litel of corage
And dare no mannes werk beginne,
So may he nought by reson winne.
For who that nought dare undertake,
320 By right he shall no profit take.
But of this vice the nature
Dare nothing fet in aventure,
Him lacketh bothe worde and dede,
Wherof he shuld his cause spede.
325 He woll no manhode understonde,
For ever he hath drede upon honde
All is perill that he shall say,
Him thenketh the wolfe is in the way.
And of ymaginacion
330 He maketh his excufacion
And feigneth cause of pure drede
And ever he faileth ate nede,
Till all be spilt, that he with delecth.
He hath the sore, which no man heleth,
335 The whiche is cleped lacke of herte,
Though every grace about him sterte,

He woll nought ones stere his fote,
 So that by reson lese he mote,
 That woll nought aunter for to winne.

340 And so forth, sone, if we beginne
 To speke of love and his service,
 There ben truantes in suche a wise,
 That lacken herte, whan best were
 They speken of love, and right for fere
 345 They waxen dombe and dare nought telle
 Withouten soun, as doth the belle,
 Whiche hath no clapper for to chime.
 And right so they, as for the time
 Ben herteles withoute speche
 350 Of love and dare nothing beseche.
 And thus they lese and winne nought.
 Forthy my sone, if thou art ought
 Coulpable as touchend of this slouthe,
 Shrive the therof and tell me trouthe.

Confessor.

355 My fader, I am all beknowe,
 That I have ben one of the slowe
 As for to telle in loves cas.
 Min herte is yet and ever was,
 As though the world shuld al to-breke,
 360 So ferful, that I dare nought speke
 Of what purpos that I have nome,
 Whan I toward my lady come,
 But let it passe and overgo.

Amans.

My sone, do no more so.
 365 For after that a man pursueth,
 To love so fortune sueth

Confessor.

Ful oft and yiveth her happy chaunce
 To him, which maketh continuaunce
 To preie love and to beseche,

370 As by enfample I shall the teche.

Hic in amoris causa loquitur contra pu-
 fillanimes et dicit,
 quod amans pro ti-
 more verbis obtumef-
 cere non debet, sed
 concinnando preces
 sui amoris expedicio-
 nem tucius profequatur,
 et ponit confes-
 for exemplum, quali-
 ter Pigmaleon pro eo,
 quod preces continu-
 avit, quandam ymagi-
 nem eburneam, cuius
 pulcritudinis concu-
 piscencia illaqueatus
 extitit, in carnem et
 sanguinem ad latus
 suum transformatam
 fenciit.

* I finde, how whilom there was one,

Whose name was Pigmaleon,
 Which was a lusty man of youthe.

The werkes of entaile he couthe
 Above all other men as tho.

And through fortune it felle him so

As he, whom love shall travaile,

He made an ymage of entaile

Lich to a woman in semblaunce

Of feture and of contenaunce,

So faire yet never was figure.

Right as a lives creature

She semeth, for of yvor white

He hath it wrought of such delite,

385 That she was rody on the cheke

And rede on both her lippes eke,

Wherof that he him self beguileth.

For with a goodly loke she smileth,

So that through pure impressiõ

390 Of his ymagination

With all the herte of his corage

His love upon this faire ymage

He set, and her of love preide.

But she no worde ayeinward said.

395 The longe day what thing he dede

This ymage in the same stede

Was ever by, that ate mete
 He wold her serve and praide her ete
 And put unto her mouth the cup.

400 And whan the bord was taken up,
 He hath her unto his chambre nome,
 And after whan the night was come,
 He laide her in bed all naked.

He was forwept, he was forwaked,
 405 He kiste her colde lippes ofte
 And wissheth, that they weren softe.
 And ofte he rouneth in her ere,
 And ofte his arm now here now there
 He laide, as he her wolde embrace.

410 And ever among he axeth grace,
 As though she wiste what it mente.
 And thus him self he gan tormente
 With such difese of loves peine,
 That no man might him more peine.

415 But how it were of his penaunce
 He made fuche contenaunce
 Fro day to night and praid so longe,
 That his praier is underfonge,
 Which Venus of her grace herde
 420 By night, and whan that he worst ferde
 And it lay in his naked arme,
 The colde ymage he feeleth warme
 Of fleshe and bone and full of life.

Lo, thus he wanne a lusty wife,
 425 Whiche obeifaunt was at his will.
 And if he wolde have hold him still

And nothing spoke, he shuld have failed.
 But for he hath his word travailed
 And durste speke, his love he spedde
 430 And had all that he wolde abedde.
 For er they wente than a two,
 A knave child betwene hem two
 They gete, which was after hote
 Paphus, of whom yet hath the note
 435 A certain ile, which Paphos
 Men clepe, and of his name it rose.
 Confessor. By this ensample thou might finde,
 That word may worche above kinde.
 Forthy my sone, if that thou spare
 440 To speke, lost is all thy fare,
 For flouthe bringeth in alle wo.
 And over this to loke also
 The god of love is favorable
 To hem, that ben of love stable.
 445 And many a wonder hath befallē,
 Wherof to speke amonges alle,
 If that the list to taken hede,
 Therof a solempne tale I rede,
 Whiche I shall telle in remembraunce
 450 Upon the forte of loves chaunce.

Hic ponit exemplum
 super eodem, qualiter
 rex Ligdus uxori sue
 Thelacuse pregnantī
 minabatur, quod si
 filiam pareret, infans
 occideretur, que ta-
 men postea cum fili-
 am ediderat, Yfis dea
 partus tunc presens

* The king Ligdus upon a strife
 Spake unto Thelacuse his wife,
 Which thanne was with childe grete,
 He swore it sholde nought be lette,
 That if she have a doughter bore,
 That it ne sholde be forlore

And slain, wherof she sory was.
 So it befelle upon this cas,
 Whan she delivered sholde be,
 460 Yfis by nighte in private,
 Whiche of childing is the goddesse,
 Came for to helpe in that distresse,
 Till that this lady was all small
 And had a doughter forth with all,
 465 Which the goddesse in alle way
 Bad kepe, and that they sholde say,
 It were a sone. And thus Yphis
 They named him, and upon this
 The fader was made for to wene.
 470 And thus in chambre with the quene
 This Yphis was forth drawe tho
 And clothed and arraied so
 Right as a kinges sone sholde.
 Till after, as fortune it wolde,
 475 Whan it was of a ten yere age,
 Him was betake in mariage
 A dukes doughter for to wedde,
 Whiche Iante hight, and ofte abedde
 These children lien, she and she,
 480 Whiche of one age bothe be.
 So that withinne time of yeres
 To-gider, as they ben play-feres
 Liggend abedde upon a night
 Nature, which doth every wight
 485 Upon her lawe for to muse,
 Constreigneth hem, so that they use

filiam nomine filii
 Yphi appellari ipsam-
 que more masculie edu-
 care admonuit, quam
 pater filium credens,
 ipsam in maritagium
 filie cuiusdam princi-
 pis etate solita copu-
 lavit, sed cum Yphis
 debitum sue conjugii
 unde solvere non ha-
 buit, deos in sui adju-
 torium interpellabat,
 qui super hoc miserti
 femineum genus in
 masculinum ob af-
 fectum nature in Y-
 phe per omnia trans-
 mutarunt.

Thing, which to hem was all unknowe,
 Wherof Cupide thilke throwe
 Toke pite for the grete love
 490 And let do fette kinde above,
 So that her lawe may ben used
 And they upon her lust excused.
 For love hateth nothing more
 Than thing, which stant ayein the lore
 495 Of that nature in kinde hath set.
 Forthy Cupide hath so beset
 His grace upon this aventure
 That be accordant to nature,
 Whan that he sigh his time best,
 500 That eche of hem hath other kest,
 Transformeth Yphe into a man,
 Wherof the kinde love he wan
 Of lusty yonge Iante his wife.
 And tho they ledde a merie life,
 505 Which was to kinde none offence.

Confessor. And thus to take an evidence
 It semeth love is welwillende
 To hem, that ben continuende
 With besy herte to pursue
 510 Thing, which that is to love due.
 Wherof, my sone, in this matere
 Thou might ensample taken here,
 That with thy grete besineffe
 Thou might atteigne the richeffe
 515 Of love, that there be no slouth.

Amans. I dare well say by my trowth,

Als ferre as my wit can feche,
 My fader, as for lacke of speche,
 But so as I me shrofe to-fore,
 520 There is none other time lore,
 Wherof there mighte be obstacle
 To lette love of his miracle,
 Whiche I besече day and night.
 But fader, so as it is right
 525 In forme of shrifte to be knowe
 What thing belongeth to the flowe,
 Your faderhode I wolde pray,
 If there be further any way
 Touchend unto this ilke vice.

530 My sone ye, of this office
 There serveth one in special,
 Which lost hath his memorial,
 So that he can no wit witholde
 In thing, which he to kepe his holde
 535 Wherof full ofte him self he greveth.
 And who that most upon him leveth,
 Whan that his wittes ben so weived,
 He may full lightly be deceived.

Confessor.

*Mentibus oblitus alienis labitur ille,
 Quem probat accidia non meminisse sui.
 Sic amor incautus, qui non memoratur ad horas,
 Perdit et offendit, quod cuperare nequit.*

3.

To serve accidie in his office,
 540 There is of slouth an other vice,
 Which cleped is foryetelnesse,
 That nought may in his herte impresse

Hic tractat confessor de vicio oblivionis, quam mater eius accidia ad omnes virtutum memorias necnon

et in amoris causa
 immemorem con-
 stituit.

Of vertue, which reson hath set,
 So clene his wittes he foryete.

545 For in tellinge of his tale
 No more his herte than his male
 Hath remembraunce of thilke forme,
 Wherof he sholde his wit enforme
 As than, and yet ne wot he why.

550 Thus is his purpos nought forthy
 Forlore of that he wolde bidde
 And scarsely, if he seeth the thridde
 To love of that he hadde ment.
 Thus many a lover hath be shent.

555 Telle on therefore, hast thou ben one
 Of hem, that slouth hath so begonne?

Confessio amantis.

Ye fader, ofte it hath ben so,
 That whan I am my lady fro
 And thenke untoward her drawe,

560 Than cast I many a newe lawe
 And all the world torne up so down
 And so recorde I my lesson
 And write in my memoriall
 What I to her telle shall,

565 Right all the mater of my tale.
 But all nis worth a nutteshale.
 For whan I come there she is,
 I have it all foryete iwis
 Of that I thoughte for to telle

570 I can nought than unnethes spelle,
 That I wende altherbest have rad,
 So fore I am of her adrad.

For as a man that sodeinly
 A goft beholdeth fo fare I,
 575 So that for fere I can nought gete
 My wit, but I my felf foryete,
 That I wot never, what I am,
 Ne whider I fhall, ne whenne I cam,
 But mufe as he, that were amafed.
 580 Lich to the boke, in whiche is rafed
 The letter and may nothing be rad,
 So ben my wittes overlad,
 That what as ever I thought have fpoken,
 It is out of min herte ftoken
 585 And ftonde, as who faith, doumbe and defe,
 That all nis worth an yvy lefe,
 Of that I wende well have faide.
 And ate laft I make abraide,
 Caft up min heed and loke aboute
 590 Right as a man, that were in doubtte
 And wot not, where he fhall become.
 Thus am I oft all overcome
 There as I wende beft to ftonde.
 But after, whan I underftonde
 595 And am in other place alone,
 I make many a wofull mone
 Unto my felf and fpeke fo :
 Ha fool, where was thine herte tho,
 Whan thou thy worthy lady figh,
 600 Were thou afered of her eye?
 For of her hond there is no drede,
 So well I knowe her womanhede,

That in her is no more outrage
 Than in a childe of thre yere age.
 605 Why hast thou drede of so good one,
 Whom alle vertue hath begone,
 That in her is no violence
 But goodly hede and innocence
 Withouten spot of any blame.
 610 Ha, nice herte, fy for shame,*
 A cowarde herte of love unlered,
 Wherof art thou so fore afered,
 That thou thy tunge suffrest frese
 And wolt thy gode wordes lese,
 615 Whan thou hast founde time and space,
 How sholdest thou deserve grace,
 Whan thou thy self darst axe none?
 But all thou hast foryete anone.
 And thus dispute in loves lore,
 620 But helpe ne finde I nought the more,
 But stomble upon min owne treine
 And make an eking of my peine.
 For ever whan I thenke amonge,
 Howe all is on my self alonge†
 625 I say: O fool of alle fooles
 Thou farest as he betwene two stoles
 That wolde sit and goth to grounde.
 It was ne never shall be founde
 Betwene foryetelnesse and drede,
 630 That man shulde any cause spede.
 And thus, min holy father dere,
 Toward my self, as ye may here,

She thought, that there was such a one.
All was foryete and overgone.

665 But in good feith so may nought I.

For she is ever faste by
So nigh, that she min herte toucheth
That for no thing that flouthe voucheth
I may foryete her lefe ne loth.

670 For over all where as she goth,

Min herte folweth her aboute.
Thus may I fay withouten doubtte,
For bet, for wers, for ought, for nought
She passeth never fro my thought,

675 But whan I am there, as she is,

Min hert, as I you said er this,
Somtime of her is fore adrad
And fometime is overglad
All out of reule and out of space.

680 For whan I se her goodly face

And thenke upon her highe pris,
As though I were in paradis,
I am so ravished of the sight,
That speke unto her I ne might

685 As for the time, though I wolde.

For I ne may my witte unfolde
To finde o worde of that I mene,
But all it is foryete clene.

And though I stonde there a mile,

690 All is foryete for the while.

A tunge I have and wordes none.

And thus I stonde and thenke alone

Of thing that helpeth ofte nought.
 But what I had afore thought
 695 To speke, whan I come there,
 It is foryete, as nought ne were.
 And stonde amased and affoted,
 That of no thing, which I have noted,
 I can nought than a note finge,
 700 But all is out of knoulechinge.
 Thus what for joy and what for drede
 All is foryeten ate nede,
 So that, my fader, of this flouthe
 I have you said the pleine trouthe,
 705 Ye may it, as ye list, redresse.
 For thus stant my foryetelnesse
 And eke my pufillamite.
 Say now forth what ye list to me,
 For I wol only do by you.
 710 My sone, I have wel herd, how thou
 Haft said, and that thou must amende.
 For love his grace wol nought sende
 To that man, which dare axe none.
 For this we knowen everychone,
 715 A mannes thought withoute speche
 God wot, and yet that men beseche
 His will is. For withoute bedes
 He doth his grace in fewe stedes.
 And what man that foryete him selve
 720 Among a thousand be nought twelve,
 That wol him take in remembraunce,
 But let him falle and take his chaunce.

Confessor.

Forthy pull up a besy herte,
 My sone, and let no thing asterte
 725 Of love fro thy besineffe.
 For touching of foryetelneffe,
 Which many a love hath set behinde,
 A tale of great ensample I finde,
 Wherof it is pite to wite
 730 In the maner as it is write.

Hic in amoris causa
 contra obliviosos ponit
 confessor exemplum,
 qualiter Demephon
 versus bellum Trojanum
 itinerando a Phillide
 Rodopeie regina non
 tantum in hospicium,
 sed etiam in amorem
 gaudio magno susceptus
 est, qui postea ab ipsa
 Troie descendens
 rediturum infra certum
 tempus fidelissime se
 compromisit, sed quia
 huiusmodi promissionis
 diem statutum postmodum
 oblitus est, Phillis
 oblivionem Demephontis
 lacrimis primo deplangens,
 tandem cordula collo
 suo circumligata in
 quodam co-rulo pre dolore
 se mortuam suspendit.

King Demephon whan he by ship
 To Troie ward with felaship
 Sailend goth upon his wey,
 It hapneth him at Rodepey,
 As Eolus him hadde blowe
 To londe and rested for a throwe.
 And fell that ilke time thus,
 That the doughter of Ligurgus,
 Which quene was of the contre,
 Was sojourned in that citee
 Within a castel nigh the stronde,
 Where Demephon cam up to londe.
 Phillis she hight and of yong age
 And of stature and of visage
 She had all that her best besemeth.
 Of Demephon right wel her quemeth,
 Whan he was come and made him chere.
 And he, that was of his manere
 A lusty knight, ne might asterte,
 750 That he ne set on her his herte,
 So that within a day or two
 He thought, how ever that it go,

He wolde affaie the fortune
 And gan his herte to comune
 755 With goodly wordes in her ere,
 And for to put her out of fere
 He swore and hath his trouthe plight
 To be for ever her owne knight.
 And thus with her he stille abode
 760 There, while his ship on anker rode,
 And had inough of time and space
 To speke of love and seche grace.
 This lady herd all that he faide,
 And how he swore, and how he praide,
 765 Which was as an enchaument
 To here, that was as innocent.
 As though it were trouthe and feith
 She leveth all, that ever he saith,
 And as her in fortune sholde,
 770 She graunteth him all that he wolde.
 Thus was he for the time in joie,
 Til that he shulde go to Troie,
 But tho she made mochel forwe
 And he his trouthe laid to borwe
 775 To come and if that he live may
 Ayein within a monthe day.*
 And therupon they kisten bothe,
 But were hem leef or were hem lothe,
 To ship he goth and forth he went
 780 To Troy, as was his first entent.
 The daies go, the monthe passeth,
 Her love encrefeth, and his lasseth^Y

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*Coveit an amore plura semel orbe in orbe. Horat. II, 1.

^YPhyllide deceptam proleis modo adhibet orat:
 Exarsit velis acerbis ille dolens. Ibid. Arg. Act. II, 133.

For him she lefte slepe and mete,
 And he his time hath all foryete,
 785 So that this wofull yonge quene,
 Which wot nought what it mighte mene,
 A letter fend and praid him come
 And faith how she is overcome
 With strengthe of love in fuche a wife,
 790 That she nought longe may suffise
 To liven out of his prefence,
 And put upon his conscience
 The trouthe, whiche he hath behote,
 Wherof she loveth him so hote,
 795 She faith, that if he lenger lette
 Of fuch a day, as she him sette,
 She shulde sterven in his flouthe,
 Which were a shame unto his trouthe.
 This letter is forth upon her sonde,
 800 Wherof fomdele comfort on honde
 She toke as she, that wolde abide
 And waite upon that ilke tide,
 Which she hath in her letter write.
 But now is pite for to wite,
 805 As he did erst, so he foryate
 His time eftfone and over-fate.
 But she, which mighte nought do so,
 The tide awaiteth evermo
 And cast her eye upon the see.
 810 Somtime nay, somtime ye
 Somtime he cam, somtime nought.
 Thus she disputeth in her thought

And wot nought what she thenke may.

But fastend all the longe day

815 She was into the derke night,

And tho she hath do set up light

In a lanterne on high alofte

Upon a toure, where she goth ofte

In hope, that in his comminge

820 He shulde se the light brenninge,

Wherof he might his weies right

To come, where she was by night.

But all for nought, she was deceived,

For Venus hath her hope weived

825 And shewed her upon the sky,

How that the day was faste by,

So that within a litel throwe

The daies light she mighte knowe,

Tho she beheld the see at large.

830 And whan she sigh there was no barge

Ne ship, als fer as she may kenne,

Down fro the tour she gan to renne

Into an herber all her owne,

Where many a wonder wofull mone

835 She made, that no life it wift

As she, which all her joie mist,

That now she fwouneth, now she pleigneth,

And all her face she disteigneth

With teres, whiche as of a welle

840 The stremes from her eyen felle,

So as she might and ever in one

She cleped upon Demophon

And said : Alas, thou slowe wight,
 Where was there ever fuche a knight,
 845 That so through his ungentileffe
 Of flouthe and of foryetelneffe
 Ayein his trouthe brak his steven.
 And tho her eye up to the heven
 She cast and saide : O thou unkinde,
 850 Here shalt thou through thy flouthe finde,
 If that the list to come and fe
 A lady dede for love of the
 So as I shall my felye spille,
 Whome, if it hadde be thy wille,
 855 Thou mightest save well inough.
 With that upon a grene bough
 A ceinte of filke, which she there had,
 She knette, and so her self she lad,
 That she about her white swere
 860 It did and henge her selven there.
 Wherof the goddes were amoved,
 And Demephon was so reprovod,
 That of the goddes providence
 Was shape fuche an evidence
 865 Ever afterward ayein the slowe,
 That Phillis in the same throwe
 Was shape into a nutte-tre,
 That alle men it mighte fe,
 And after Phillis philliberd*
 870 This tre was cleped in the yerd,
 And yet for Demephon to shame
 Into this day it bereth the name.

*The name of the tree is not given in the original, but is probably the same as the one mentioned in the next line. The Greek, call it "Phyllis".

This wofull chaunce how that it ferde
Anone as Demephon it herde

875 And every man it hadde in speche,
His forwe was nought tho to feche,
He gan his slouth for to banne,
But it was all to late thanne.

Lo, thus, my sone, might thou wite

Confessor.

880 Ayein this vice how it is write,
For no man may the harmes gesse,
That fallen through foryetelnesse,
Wherof that I thy shrift have herd.
But yet of slouth how it hath ferd
885 In other wise I thenke oppose,
If thou have gilt, as I suppose.

*Dum plantare licet, cultor qui negligit hortum,
Si desint fructus, imputat ipse sibi.
Preterit ista dies bona, nec valet illa secunda.
Hoc caret exemplo lentus amore suo.*

4.

Fulfilled of slouthes exempla

There is yet one his secretaire,

And he is cleped negligence,

890 Which woll nought loke his evidence,

Wherof he may beware to-fore.

But whan he hath his cause lore,

Than is he wise after the honde,*

Whan helpe may no maner bonde,

895 Than ate firste wold he binde.

Thus evermore he stant behinde,

Whan he the thing may nought amende,

Than is he ware and faith at ende :

Hic tractat confessor de vicio negligencie, cuius condicio accidiam amplectens omnes artes sciencie tam in amoris causa quam aliter ignominiosa pretermittens, cum nullum poterit eminere remedium, sui ministerii diligenciam ex post facto in vacuum attemptare presumit.

* 'Lors est il sage apres la main'. Mouv. de l'Œuvre, 597.

Ha, wolde god I hadde knowe,
 900 Wherof bejaped with a mowe
 He goth, for whan the grete stede
 Is stole, than he taketh hede
 And maketh the stable-dore fast.
 Thus ever he pleith an after cast
 905 Of all that he shall say or do.
 He hath a maner eke also,
 Him list nought lerne to be wise,
 For he sette of no vertu prise
 But as him liketh for the while,
 910 So feleth he ful ofte guile,
 Whan that he weneth fiker to stonde.
 And thus thou might wel understonde,
 My sone, if thou art suche in love
 Thou might nought come at thin above
 915 Of that thou woldest wel acheve.

Confessio amantis.

Min holy fader, as I leve,
 I may wel with sauf conscience
 Excuse me of negligence
 Towardes love in alle wise.
 920 For though I be none of the wise,
 I am so truly amorous,
 That I am ever curious
 Of hem, that conne best enforme
 To knowe and witen all the forme,
 925 What falleth unto loves craft.
 But yet ne fond I nought the haft,
 Which might unto the blade accorde.
 For never herd I men recorde

What thinge it is, that might availe
 730 To winne love withoute faile.
 Yet so fer couthe I never finde
 Man, that by refon ne by kinde
 Me couthe teche fuche an arte,
 That he ne failed of a parte.
 735 And as toward min owne wit
 Contrive I couthe never yit
 To finde any fikerneffe,
 That me might other more or lesse
 Of love make for to spedde.
 740 For leveth wel withouten drede,*
 If that there were fuche a wey
 As certainly as I shall deie
 I hadde it lerned longe ago.
 But I wot wel there is none so,
 745 And netheles it may wel be
 I am so rude in my degre
 And eke my wittes ben so dull,
 That I ne may nought to the full
 Atteigne unto so highe a lore.
 750 But this I dar say overmore,
 All though my wit ne be nought stronge,
 It is nought on my will alonge,
 For that is besy night and day
 To lerne all that he lerne may,
 755 How that I mighte love winne.
 But yet I am as to beginne
 Of that I wolde make an ende,
 And for I not, how it shall wende,

That is to me my moſte forwe.

960 But I dare take god to borwe,
As after min entendemment
None other wiſe negligent,
Than I you ſay, have I nought be.
Forthy pur ſainte charite*

965 Tell me, my fader, what you ſemeth.

Confeffor. In good feith, ſone, wel me quemeth,
That thou thy ſelf haſt thus acquite
Toward this vice in which no wit
Abide may, for in an houre

970 He leſt all that he may labour
The longe yere, ſo that men ſain,
What ever he doth it is in vein.
For through the ſlouth of negligence
There was yet never ſuch ſcience

975 Ne vertue which was bodely,
That nis deſtruied and loſt therby.
Enſample, that it hath be ſo,
In boke I finde write alſo.

Hic contra vicium
negligencie ponit
confeffor exemplum.
Et narrat, quod cum
Pheton filius Solis
currum patris ſui per
aera regere debuerat,
admonitus a patre,
ut equos ne deviarent
equa manu diligen-
cius refrenaret, ipſe
conſilium patris ſua
negligencia preteri-
ens, equos cum curru
nimis baſſe errare per-
miſit, unde non ſolum
incendio orbem in-

† Phebus, which is the ſonne hote,
That ſhineth upon erthe hote
And cauſeth every lives helth,
He hadde a ſone in all his welth,
Which Pheton hight, and he deſireth
And with his moder he conſpireth,
The which was cleped Clemene,
For helpe and counſeil, ſo that he
His faders carte lede might
Upon the faire daies light.

* See the original in the MS. of the 15th century.

† See the original in the MS. of the 15th century. Ovid, *Metamorphoſes*, I. 750-751, 324. — see also 1565.

And for this thing they bothe praide

990 Unto the fader, and he saide,
He wolde wel, but forth with all
Thre points he bad in speciall
Unto his sone in alle wise,
That he him shulde wel avise

995 And take it as by wey of lore.
Firft was, that he his hors to fore
Ne prike, and over that he tolde,
That he the reines faste holde.

And also that he be right ware,
1000 In what maner he lede his chare,
That he mistake nought his gate.

But upon avisement algate
He shulde bere a fiker eye,
That he to lowe ne to high

1005 His carte drive at any throwe,
Wherof that he might overthrowe.

And thus by Phebus ordenaunce
Toke Pheton into governaunce
The sonnes carte, which he ladde.

1010 But he such veine gloire hadde
Of that he was set upon high,
That he his own estate ne sigh
Through negligence and toke none hede.
So might he wel nought longe spede.

1015 For he the hors withouten lawe
The carte let aboute drawe
Where as hem liketh wantonly,
That ate laste fodeinly,

flammavit, sed et ipsum de curru cadentem in quoddam fluvium demergi ad interitum causavit.

For he no reson wolde knowe,
¹⁰²⁰ This firy cart he drove to lowe
 And fireth all the worlde aboute,
 Wherof they weren all in doubt
 And to the god for helpe criden
 Of fuche unhappes, as betiden.
¹⁰²⁵ Phebus, which sigh the negligence,
 How Pheton ayein his defence
 His chare hath drive oute of the wey
 Ordeigneth, that he fel away
 Out of the cart into the flood
¹⁰³⁰ And dreint. Lo now, how it stood
 With him, that was so negligent,
 That fro the highe firmament,
 For that he wolde go to lowe,
 He was anone down overthrowe.
¹⁰³⁵ In high estate it is a vice
 To go to lowe, and in service
 It greveth for to go to high,
 Wherof a tale in poesie

Exemplum super eodem de Icharo Dedali filio in carcere Minotauri existente, cui Dedalus, ut inde evolare, alas componens firmiter injunxit, ne nimis alte propter solis ardorem ascenderet, quod Icharus sua negligencia postponens cum altius sublimatus fuisset subito ad terram corruens expiravit.

I finde, how whilom Dedalus,
 Whiche hadde a sone and Icharus
 He hight, and though hem thoughte lothe
 In such prison they weren bothe
 With Minotaurus, that aboute
 They mighten no where wenden oute.
 So they begonne for to shape,
 How they the prison might escape.
 This Dedalus, which fro his youthe
 Was taught and many craftes couthe,

Of fethers and of other thinges
 1050 Hath made to flee diuerſe winges
 For him and for his ſone alſo,
 To whome he yaf in charge tho
 And bad him thenke therupon,
 How that his winges ben ſet on
 1055 With wex, and if he toke his flight
 To high, all ſodeinlich he might
 Make it to melte with the ſonne.
 And thus they have her flight begonne
 Out of the priſon faire and ſofte.
 1060 And whan they weren both alofte,
 This Icharus began to mounte
 And of the counſeil none acompte
 He ſette whiche his fader taught,
 Til that the ſonne his winges caught,
 1065 Wherof it malt, and fro the hight
 Withouten helpe of any flight
 He fell to his deſtruction.
 And lich to that condition
 There fallen ofte times ſele
 1070 For lacke of governaunce in wele
 Als wel in love as other wey.

Now gode fader, I you prey,
 If there be more in this matere
 Of flouthe, that I might it here.

Amans.

1075 My ſone, as for thy diligence,
 Whiche every mannes conſcience
 By reſon ſhulde reule and kepe,
 If that the liſt to take kepe,

Confeffor.

I wol the tell aboven alle,
 1080 In whom no vertu may befallē,
 Whiche yiveth unto the vices rest
 And is of flouthē the slowest.

5. *Abſque labore vagus vir inutilis ocia plectens
 Nescio quid preſens vita valebit ei.
 Non amor in tali miſero viget, immo valoris
 Qui faciunt opera clamat habere ſuos.*

Hic loquitur confessor super illa specie accidie, que ocium dicitur, cuius condicio in virtutum cultura nullius occupationis diligentiam admittens, cuiuscumque expeditionem cause non attingit.

Among these other of flouthes kinde,
 Whiche alle labour set behinde,
 And hateth alle befinesse,
 There is yet one, whiche idelnesse
 Is cleped, and is the norice
 In mannes kinde of every vice,
 Which secheth eses many folde.

1090 In winter doth he nought for colde,
 In fomer may he nought for hete,
 So wether that he frese or fwete,
 Or be he in, or be he oute,
 He woll ben idel all aboute.

1095 But if he pleie ought at dees,
 For who as ever take fees
 And thenketh worship to deserve,
 There is no lord whome he woll serve
 As for to dwelle in his service.

1100 But if it were in fuche a wise,
 Of that he seeth par aventure,
 That by lordship and by coverture
 He may the more stonde stille
 And use his idelnesse at wille,

*Le monde est un lieu de malice
 Et de malice est un lieu de malice
 Et de malice est un lieu de malice
 Et de malice est un lieu de malice*

*Le monde est un lieu de malice
 Et de malice est un lieu de malice
 Et de malice est un lieu de malice
 Et de malice est un lieu de malice*

*Mais avec ses piés de la maistrance,
 Vost ce caser dans la crevice
 Overt des porcs avec saisié
 Mais de les charges point ce caser!
 Miroir de l'ame, 5389.*

1105 For he ne woll no travail take
 To ride for his ladies fake,
 But liveth all upon his wisshes,
 And as a cat wold ete fishes
 Withoute weting of his clees,*

1110 So wolde he do, but netheles
 He faileth ofte of that he wolde.

My sone, if thou of suche a molde
 Art made, now tell me plein thy shrift.

Confessor.

Nay fader, god I give a yift,

Amans.

1115 That toward love, as by wit
 All idel was I never yit,
 Ne never shall, while I may go.

Now sone, telle me than so,
 What hast thou done of besifship

Confessor.

1120 To love and to the ladyship
 Of her, which thy lady is?

My fader, ever yet er this
 In every place, in every stede,
 What so my lady hath me bede,

Confessio amantis.

1125 With all min herte obedient,
 I have therto be diligent.

And if so is that she bid nought,
 What thing that than into my thought
 Cometh first, of that I may suffise,

1130 I bowe and profre my service,
 Somtime in chambre, somtime in halle
 Right so as I se the times falle,
 And whan she goth to here masse

1134 That time shall nought overpasse,

- 1135 That I napproche her ladyhede
 In aunter if I may her lede
 Unto the chapel and ayein,
 Than is nought all my wey in vein.
 Somdele I may the better fare,
 1140 Whan I, that may nought fele her bare,
 May lede her clothed in min arme.
 But afterwarde it doth me harme
 Of pure ymagination,
 For thanne this collation
 1145 I make unto my selven ofte
 And say: Ha lord, how she is softe,
 How she is round, how she is small,
 Now wolde god, I hadde her all
 Withoute daunger at my wille.
 1150 And than I fike and fitte stille,
 Of that I fe my besy thought
 Is torned idel into nought.
 But for all that let I ne may,
 Whan I fe time another day,
 1155 That I ne do my besineffe
 Unto my ladies worthineffe.
 For I therto my wit affaite
 To fe the times and awaite
 What is to done, and what to leve.
 1160 And so whan time is, by her leve
 What thing she bit me don, I do,
 And where she bit me gon, I go,
 And whan her list to clepe, I come.
 Thus hath she fulliche overcome

- 1165 Min idelneffe til I fterve,
So that I mot her nedes ferve.
For as men fain, nede hath no lawe,
Thus mot I nedely to her drawe,
I ferve, I bowe, I loke, I loute,
- 1170 Min eye folweth her aboute.
What fo she wolle fo woll I,
Whan she woll fit, I knele by,
And whan she ffont, than woll I ftonde,
And whan she taketh her werk on honde
- 1175 Of weving or of embrouderie,
Than can I nought but muse and prie
Upon her fingers longe and smale.
And nowe I thenke, and nowe I tale,
And nowe I finge, and nowe I fike,
- 1180 And thus my contenance I pike.
And if it falle, as for a time
Her liketh nought abide byme
But bufien her on other thinges,
Than make I other tarienges
- 1185 To drecche forth the longe day,
For me is loth departe away.
And than I am fo fimple of port,
That for to feigne some desporte
I pleie with her litel hound
- 1190 Nowe on the bed, nowe on the ground,
Now with the briddes in the cage,
For there is none fo litel page
Ne yet fo fimple a chamberere,
- 1194 That I ne make hem alle chere,

- 1195 All for they shulde speke wele.
 Thus mow ye se my besy whele,
 That goth nought ideliche aboute.
 And if her list to riden oute
 On pelrinage or other stede,
 1200 I come, though I be nought bede,
 And take her in min arme alofte
 And fet her in her fadel softe
 And so forth lede her by the bridel,
 For that I wolde nought ben idel.
 1205 And if her list to ride in chare,
 And than I may therof beware,
 Anone I shape me to ride
 Right even by the chares side.
 And as I may, I speke amonge,
 1210 And other while I singe a songe,
 Whiche Ovide in his bokes made,
 And said : O which forwes glad,
 O which wofull prosperite
 Belongeth to the proprete
 1215 Of love? who so wold him serve,
 And yet there fro may no man swerve,
 That he ne mot his lawe obey.
 And thus I ride forth my wey
 And am right besy overall
 1220 With herte, and with my body all,
 As I have saide you here to-fore.
 My gode fader tell therefore
 Of idelnesse if I have gilt.
 My sone, but thou telle wilt

1225 Ought elles, than I may now here,
 Thou shalt have no penaunce here.
 And netheles a man may fe,
 How now a daies that there be
 Full many of such hertes flowe,
 1230 That woll nought besien hem to knowe
 What thing love is, til ate last,
 That he with strengthe hem overcast
 That malgre hem they mot obey
 And done all idelship away
 1235 To serve wel and besiliche.
 But sone, thou art none of sich,
 For love shall the wel excuse.
 But otherwise if thou refuse
 To love thou might so par cas
 1240 Ben idel, as somtime was
 A kinges doughter unavised,
 Til that Cupide her hath chastised,
 Wherof thou shalt a tale here
 Accordant unto this matere.
 1245 * Of Armenie I rede thus,
 There was a king whiche Herupus
 Was hote, and he a lusty maide
 To doughter had, and as men faide
 Her name was Rosiphele,
 1250 Which tho was of great renome.
 For she was bothe wife and faire
 And shulde ben her faders heire.
 But she had o defaulte of flouth
 1254 Towardes love, and that was routhe.

Hic ponit confessor
 exemplum contra if-
 tos, qui amoris occu-
 pacionem omittentes,
 gravioris infortunii
 casus expectant, et
 narrat de quadam
 Armenie regis filia,
 que huiusmodi condi-
 tionis in principio
 juventutis ociosa per-
 sistens, mirabili postea
 visione castigata in
 amoris obsequium
 pre ceteris diligencior
 efficitur.

Hic ponit, though the last line of the
 a similar tale in Andrew Capellanus de amore (c. 1220). I square see the god of love leading her to the
 the first well mounted & after that, I square well mounted, but with the mounted, the
 have horses with no attendants. One of the last hand explains the & in; all till in next, the
 there is a general resemblance to the story of the last

¹²⁵⁵ For so well couthe no man fay,
 Which mighte set her in the way
 Of loves occupacion
 Through none ymaginacion,
 That scole wolde she nought knowe.
¹²⁶⁰ And thus she was one of the flowe
 As of fuche hertes besineffe,
 Till whanne Venus the goddesse,
 Which loves court hath for to reule,
 Hath brought her into better reule
¹²⁶⁵ Forth with Cupide, and with his might,
 For they merveile of fuche a wight,
 Which tho was in her lusty age
 Defireth nouter mariage
 Ne yet the love of paramours,
¹²⁷⁰ Which ever hath ben the comun cours
 Amonges hem, that lusty were.
 So was it shewed after there.
 For he, that highe hertes loweth,
 With firy dartes, whiche he throweth
¹²⁷⁵ Cupide, whiche of love is god,
 In chastifinge hath made a rod
 To drive away her wantonneffe,
 So that within a while I gesse
 She had on fuche a chaunce sporned,
¹²⁸⁰ That all her mod was overtorned,
 Which first she had of flowe manere.
 For thus it felle, as thou shalt here.
 Whan come was the month of may,
 She wolde walke upon a day,

1285 And that was er the sonne arift,
Of women but a fewe it wift.
And forth she wente prively
Unto the park was faste by,
All softe walkend on the gras,
1290 Till she came there the launde was,
Through which ther ran a great rivere.
It thought her faire and faide : Here
I woll abide under the shawe,
And bad her women to withdrawe
1295 And there she stood alone stille
To thenke what was in her wille.
She sigh the swote floures springe,
She herde gladde foules singe,
She sigh the bestes in her kinde,
1300 The buck, the doo, the hert, the hinde,
The male go with the femele.
And so began there a quarele
Betwene love and her owne herte,
Fro which she couthe nought asterte.
1305 And as she cast her eye aboute,
She sigh clad in one sute a route
Of ladies, where they comen ride
A longe under the wodes side.
On faire amblende hors they set,
1310 That were all white, faire and great,
And everychone ride on side.
The sadels were of fuche a pride
With perle and gold so well begone,
1314 So riche sigh she never none,

¹³¹⁵ In kirtles and in copes riche
 They weren clothed alle aliche
 Departed even of white and blewe
 With alle lustes, that she knewe,
 They were embrouded over all,
¹³²⁰ Her bodies weren longe and small.
 The beaute fair upon her face
 It may none erthly thing deface,
 Corounes on her hede they bere
 As eche of hem a quene were,
¹³²⁵ That all the golde of Cresus halle
 The leste coronall of alle
 Ne might have bought after the worth.
 Thus comen they ridende forth.
 The kinges doughter, which this figh,
¹³³⁰ For pure abashe drewe her adrigh*
 And helde her clofe under a bough
 And let hem passen stille inough.
 For as her thought in her avise,
 To hem that weren of suche a price
¹³³⁵ She was nought worthy to axen there,
 Fro whenne they come, or what they were,
 But lever than this worldes good
 She wolde have wist how that it stood
 And put her hede a litel out,
¹³⁴⁰ And as she loked her aboute,
 She figh comend under the linde
 A woman upon an hors behinde.
 The hors, on which she rode, was black,
 All lene and galled upon the back

1345 And halted, as he were encloied,
 Wherof the woman was annoied.
 Thus was the hors in fory plight,
 But for all that a sterre whit
 Amiddes in her front she hadde.
 1350 Her fadel eke was wonder badde,
 In which the wofull woman fat.
 And netheles there was with that
 A riche bridel for the nones
 Of golde and precioufe stones,
 1355 Her cote was fomdele to-tore,
 About her middel twenty score
 Of horse halters and well mo
 There hingen ate time tho.
 Thus whan she came the lady nigh,
 1360 Than toke she better hede and sigh
 The woman fair was of vifage,
 Fresh, lusty, yong and tendre of age.
 And so this lady, there she stood,
 Bethought her well and understood,
 1365 That this, which came ridende tho,
 Tidinges couth telle of tho,
 Whiche as she sigh to-fore ride,
 And put her forth and praide abide
 And faid : Ha suster, let me here,
 1370 What ben they, that riden now here
 And ben so richely arraied ?
 This woman, which came so esmaied,
 Answerde with full softe speche
 1374 And faid : Madame, I shall you teche,

1375 These are of tho, that whilom were
 Servaunts to love and trouthe bere,
 There as they had their hertes sette.
 Fare well, for I may nought be lette.

Madame, I go to my service,
 1380 So must I haste in alle wise
 Forthy madame, yif me leve.
 I may nought longe with you leve.

Ha, gode suster, yet I prey,
 Tell me, why ye be so besey
 1385 And with these halters thus begone ?

Madame, whilom I was one,
 That to my fader hadde a king.
 But I was slowe and for no thing
 Me liste nought to love obey,

1390 And that I now full fore abey,
 For I whilom no love hadde,
 My hors is now feble and badde
 And all to-tore is min array,
 And every yere this freshe may

1395 These lusty ladies ride aboute,
 And I must nedes sue her route
 In this maner, as ye now se
 And trusse her halters forth with me
 And am but as her horse knave.

1400 None other office I ne have,
 Hem thenketh I am worthy no more,
 For I was slowe in loves lore,
 Whan I was able for to lere
 And wolde nought the tales here

1405 Of hem, that couthen love teche.

Now tell me than, I you beseche,
Wherof that riche bridel ferveth?
With that her chere away she swerveth
And gan to wepe and thus she tolde :

1410 This bridel, which ye now beholde,
So riche upon min horse hed,
Madame, afore er I was dede,
Whan I was in my lusty life,
There fell into min hert a strife

1415 Of love, which me overcome,
So that therafter hede I nome
And thought I wolde love a knight,
That laste well a fourtenight,
For it no lenger mighte laste,

1420 So nigh my life was ate laste.
But nowe alas to late ware
That I ne had him loved ere,
For deth cam so in haste byme,
Er I therto had any time,

1425 That it ne mighte ben acheved.
But for all that I am releved
Of that my will was good therto
That love suffreth it be so,
That I shall such a bridel were.

1430 Nowe have ye herd all min answere,
To god, madame, I you betake,
And warneth alle for my sake,
Of love that they be nought idel
1434 And bid hem thenke upon my bridel.

1435 And with that worde all sodeinly
 She passeth as it were a skie
 All clene out of this ladies fight.
 And tho for fere her herte aflight
 And saide to her self: Helas!

1440 I am right in the same cas.
 But if I live after this day,
 I shall amende it if I may.
 And thus homward this lady went
 And chaunged all her first entent

1445 Within her herte and gan to swere,
 That she no halters wolde bere.

Confessor. Lo sone, here might thou taken hede,
 How idelnesse is for to drede,
 Nameliche of love, as I have write.

1450 For thou might understonde and wite,
 Among the gentil nacion
 Love is an occupacion,
 Which for to kepe his lustes save
 Shold every gentil herte have,

1455 For as the lady was chastised,
 Right so the knight may ben avised,
 Which idel is and woll nought serve

Non quia sic se
 habet veritas, set
 opinio amancium.

To love, he may parcas deserve
 A greater peine than she hadde,

1460 Whan she aboute with her ladde
 The horse halters, and forthy
 Good is to be ware therby.
 But for to loke aboven alle
 These maidens how so it falle,

1465 They shulden take ensample of this,
Whiche I have tolde forsoth it is.
My lady Venus, whom I serve,
What woman woll her thank deserve
She may nought thilke love eschue
1470 Of paramours, but she mot sue
Cupides lawe; and netheles
Men sene such love felde in pees,
That it nis ever upon asprie
Of jangling and of fals envie,
1475 Full ofte medled with disese.
But thilke love is well at ese,
Which set is upon mariage,
For that dare shewen the visage
In alle places openly.
1480 A great merveile it is forthy,
How that a maiden wolde lette,
That she her time ne besette
To haste unto that ilke feste,
Wherof the love is all honeste.
1485 Men may recover los of good,
But so wise man yet never stood,
Which may recover time ilore.
So may a maiden well therfore
Ensamble take, of that she straungeth
1490 Her love and longe er that she chaungeth
Her herte upon her lustes grene
To mariage, as it is sene.
For thus a yere or two or thre
1494 She leste, er that she wedded be,

1495 While she the charge mighte bere
 Of children, which the world forbere
 Ne may, but if it shulde faile.
 But what maiden that in her spoufaile
 Wol tarie, whan she take may,
 1500 She shall perchaunce an other day
 Be let, whan that her levest were,
 Wherof a tale unto her ere,
 Whiche is culpable upon this dede,
 I thenke telle of that I rede.

Hic ponit exemplum
 super eodem et nar-
 rat de filia Jepte, que
 cum ex sui patris voto
 in holocaustum deo
 occidi et offerri debe-
 ret, ipsa pro eo, quod
 virgo fuisset et prolem
 ad augmentacionem
 populi dei nondum
 genuisset. xl. dierum
 spacium, ut cum suis
 sodalibus virginibus
 suam defleret virgini-
 tatem priusquam mo-
 reretur, in exemplum
 aliorum a patre pos-
 tulavit.

Among the Jewes, as men tolde,
 There was whilom by daies olde
 A noble duke, which Jepte hight.
 And fell, he shulde go to fight
 Ayein Amon the cruel kinge.
 And for to speke upon this thinge
 Within his herte he made a vow
 To god and said: Ha lorde, if thou
 Wolt graunt unto thy man victoire,
 I shall in token of thy memoire
 1515 The firste life, that I may se,
 Of man or woman, where it be,
 Anone as I come home ayeine,
 To the, which art god sovereign,
 Sleen in thy name and sacrie.
 1520 And thus with his chivalrie
 He goth him forth, so as he sholde,
 And wanne all that he winne wolde
 And overcame his fomen alle.
 May no man lette, that shall falle.

1525 This duke a lusty doughter had,
And fame, which the wordes sprad,
Hath brought unto this ladies ere,
How that her fader hath don there.

She waiteth upon his cominge
1530 With daunsinge and with carolinge
As she, that wolde be to-fore
All other, and so she was therfore
In Masphat at her faders gate

The first, and whan he cam ther at
1535 And sigh his doughter, he to-braide
His clothes and wepend he saide :

O mighty god among us here,
Now wot I that in no manere
This worldes joie may be pleine.

1540 I had all that I couthe saine
Ayein my fomen by thy grace,
So whan I came toward this place
There was no gladder man than I.
But now, my lorde, all sodeinly

1545 My joie is torned into forwe,
For I my doughter shall to morwe
To-hewe and brenne in thy service
To loenge of thy sacrifice
Through min avowe, so as it is.

1550 The maiden, whan she wist of this
And sigh the forwe her fader made,
So as she may with wordes glade
Comforted him and bad him holde

1554 His covenant, which he is beholde

¹⁵⁵⁵ Towardes god, as he behight.
 But netheles her herte aflight
 Of that she sigh her deth comende,
 And than unto the grounde knelende
 To-fore her fader she is falle
¹⁵⁶⁰ And faith, so as it is befalle
 Upon this point, that she shall deie,
 Of o thing first she wolde him prey,
 That forty daies of respite
 He wolde her graunt upon this plight,
¹⁵⁶⁵ That she the while may bewepe
 Her maidenhede, which she to kepe
 So longe hath had, and nought be set
 Wherof her lusty youth is let,
 That she no children hath forth drawe
¹⁵⁷⁰ In mariage after the lawe,
 So that the people is nought encrefed,
 But that it mighte be relesed,
 That she her time hath lore so,
 She wolde by his leve go
¹⁵⁷⁵ With other maidens to compleigne
 And afterward unto the peine
 Of deth she wolde come ayein.
 The fader herde his doughter fain,
 And therupon of one assent
¹⁵⁸⁰ The maidens weren anone assent,
 That shulden with this maiden wende.
 So for to speke unto this ende
 They gone the downes and the dales
 With weping and with wofull tales,

1585 And every wight her maidenhede
 Complegneth upon thilke nede,
 That she no children hadde bore,
 Wherof she hath her youthe lore,
 Which never she recover may.

1590 For so fell, that her laste day
 Was come, in which she shulde take
 Her deth, which she may nought forsake.
 Lo, thus she deiede a wofull maide
 For thilke cause, which I saide,
 1595 As thou hast understonde above.

My fader, as toward the love
 Of maidens for to telle trouthe,
 Ye have thilke vice of flouthe
 Me thinketh right wonder wel declared,

Amans.

1600 That ye the women have nought spared
 Of hem that tarien so behinde.

But yet it falleth in my minde
 Toward the men, how that ye speke
 Of hem that woll no travail seke

1605 In cause of love upon deserte
 To speke in wordes so coverte,
 I not what travail that ye ment.

My sone, and after min entent
 I woll the telle, what I thought,

Confessor.

1610 How whilom men her loves bought
 Through great travaile in straunge londes,
 Where that they wroughten with her hondes
 Of armes many a worthy dede

1614 In sondry places, as men may rede.

6. *Quem probat armorum probitas Venus approbat, et quem
Torpor habet reprobum reprobat illa virum.
Vecors segnities insignia nescit amoris,
Nam piger ad bravium tardius ipse venit.*

Hic loquitur, quod
in amoris causa mi-
licie probitas ad ar-
morum laboris ex-
ercitium nullaten-
us torpescat.

That every love of pure kinde
Is first forth drawe, well I finde.
But nethelss yet over this
Deserte doth so, that it is
The rather had in many place.
1620 Forthy who secheth loves grace,
Where that these worthy women are,
He may nought than him selve spare
Upon his travail for to serve,
Wherof that he may thank deserve,
1625 Where as these men of armes be
Sometime over the grete see,
So that by londe and eke by ship
He mot travaile for worship
And make many hastif rodes,
1630 Somtime in Pruse, somtime in Rodes
And some time into Tartarie,
So that these heralds on him crie :
Vailant, vailant, lo, where he goth.
And than he yiveth hem golde and cloth,
1635 So that his fame mighte springe
And to his ladies ere bringe
Some tiding of his worthinesse,
So that she might of his prowesse
Of that she herde men recorde
1640 The better unto his love accorde
And daunger put out of her mood,
Whan alle men recorden good,

And that she wot well for her sake,
That he no travail woll forsake.

1645 My sone, of this travaile I mene
Now shrif the, for it shall be sene,
If thou art idel in this cas.

Confessor.

My fader ye, and ever was
For as me thenketh truely,
1650 That every man doth more than I
As of this point, and if so is,
That I have ought so done er this,
It is so litel of accompt,
As who faith it may nought amount
1655 To winne of love his lusty yifte.
For this I telle you in shrifte,
That me were lever her love winne
Than Kaire and all that is therinne.
And for to flee the hethen alle
1660 I not what good there mighte falle,
So mochel blood though ther be shad.
This finde I writen how Crist bad,
That no man other shulde slee.
What shulde I winne over the see,
1665 If I my lady lost at home?
But passe they the salte fome,
To whom Crist bad they shulden preche
To all the world and his feith teche.
But now they rucken in her nest
1670 And resten as hem liketh best
In all the swetenesse of delices.
Thus they defenden us the vices

Confessio amantis.

And fit hem selven all amidde,
 To fleen and fighten they us bidde
 1675 Hem whom they shuld, as the boke faith,
 Converten unto Cristes feith.
 But herof have I great merveile,
 How they wol bidde me traveile.
 A Sarazin if I flee shall,
 1680 I flee the foule forth withall,
 And that was never Cristes lore.
 But now ho there, I say no more.
 But I woll speke upon my shrifte
 And to Cupide I make a yifte,
 1685 That who as ever pris deserve
 Of armes I wol love serve,
 As though I shuld hem bothe kepe,
 Als well yet wolde I take kepe,
 Whan it were time to abide
 1690 And for to travaile and for to ride,
 For how as ever a man laboure,
 Cupide appointed hath his houre.
 * For I have herde tell also,
 Achilles left his armes so
 Both of him self and of his men
 At Troie for Polixenen
 Upon her love whan he felle,
 That for no chaunce that befelle
 Among the Grekes or up or down
 1700 He wolde nought ayein the town
 Ben armed for the love of her.
 And so me thenketh, leve sir,

Hic allegat amans
 in sui excusacio-
 nem, qualiter A-
 chilles apud Tro-
 jam propter amo-
 rem Polixene arma
 sua per aliquod
 tempus dimisit.

The story of Achilles at Troy 1630
 He would not fight against the town
 because of his love for Polyxene

A man of armes may him reſte
 Somtime in hope for the beſte,
 1705 If he may finde a werre ner,
 What ſhulde I thanne go ſo fer
 In ſtraunge londes many a mile
 To ride and leſe at home there while
 My love, it were a ſhort beyete
 1710 To winne chaffe and leſe whete.
 But if my lady bide wolde,
 That I for her love ſholde
 Travail, me thenketh truely,
 I mighte flee through out the ſky
 1715 And go through out the depe ſee,
 For all ne fette I at a ſtre,
 What thank that I might elles gete.
 What helpeth a man have mete,
 Where drinke lacketh on the borde,
 1720 What helpeth any mannes worde
 To fay howe I travaile faſte,
 Where as me faileth ate laſte
 That thing, whiche I travaile fore.
 O in good time were he bore,
 1725 That might atteigne ſuche a mede.
 But certes if I mighte ſpede
 With any maner beſineſſe,
 Of worldes travail than I geſſe
 There ſhulde me none idelſhip
 1730 Departen from her ladyſhip.
 But this I ſe on daies now,
 The blinde god I wot nought how

Cupido, which of love is lorde,
 He fet the thinges in discorde,
 1735 That they that left to love entende
 Full ofte he woll hem yive and sende
 Most of his grace, and thus I finde,
 That he that sholde go behinde,
 Goth many a time fer to-fore.
 1740 So wote I nought right well therefore,
 On whether bord that I shall faile.
 Thus can I nought my self counseile,
 But all I fet on aventure
 And am, as who saith, out of cure
 1745 For ought that I can say or do,
 For evermore I finde it so,
 The more besynesse I lay,
 The more that I knele and pray
 With gode wordes and with softe,
 1750 The more I am refused ofte
 With besynesse and may nought winne,
 And in good feith that is great sinne.
 For I may say of dede and thought,
 That idel man have I be nought,
 1755 For how as ever that I be deslaid,
 Yet evermore I have affaid.
 But though my besynesse laste,
 All is but idel ate laste,
 For whan theeffect is idelnesse,
 1760 I not what thing is besynesse.
 Say what availeth all the dede,
 Which nothing helpeth ate nede?

For the fortune of every fame
Shall of his ende bere a name.

1765 And thus for ought is yet befalle,
An idel man I woll me calle
As after min entendement.

But upon your amendement,
Min holy fader, as you semeth

1770 My reson and my cause demeth.

My sone, I have herde of thy matere,
Of that thou hast the shriven here.

And for to speke of idel fare
Me semeth that thou tharst nought care,

1775 But only that thou might nought spede.

And therof, sone, I woll the rede,
Abide and haste nought to faste,
Thy dedes ben every day to caste,
Thou noft, what chaunce shall betide.

1780 Better is to waite upon the tide
Than rowe ayein the stremes stronge.*

For though so be the thenketh longe,
Parcas the revolucion
Of heven and thy condicion

1785 Ne be nought yet of one accorde.

But I dare make this recorde
To Venus, whose prest that I am,
That fithen that I hider cam
To here, as she me bad, thy life,

1790 Wherof thou elles be giltife,
Thou might herof thy conscience
Excuse and of great diligence,

Confessor.

Which thou to love hast so dispended,
 Thou oughtest wel to be comended.
 1795 But if so be that there ought faile
 Of that thou sloutheft to travaile
 In armes for to ben absent,
 And for thou makest an argument
 Of that thou saidest here above,
 1800 How Achilles through strength of love
 His armes lefte for a throwe,
 Thou shalt an other tale knowe,
 Whiche is contrarie, as thou shalt wite.
 For this a man may finde write,
 1805 Whan that knighthode shall be werred,
 Lust may nought thanne be preferred,
 The bed mot thanne be forsake
 And shield and spere on honde take,
 Which thing shall make hem after glad,
 1810 Whan they be worthy knightes made,
 Wherof, so as it cometh to honde,
 A tale thou shalt understonde,
 How that a knight shall armes sue,
 And for the while his ese eschue.

Hic dicit, quod amoris delectamento postposito miles arma sua preferre debet, et ponit exemplum de Ulixes, cum ipse a bello Trojano propter amorem Penelope remanere domi voluisset, Nanplus pater Palamedis cum tantis sermonibus allocutus est, quod Ulixes thoro sue conjugis relicto

Upon knighthode I rede thus,
 How whilom whan the king Nanplus,*
 The fader of Palamides,
 Came for to preien Ulixes
 With other Gregois eke also,
 That he with hem to Troie go,
 Where that the siege shulde be,
 Anone upon Penelope,

* See Vol. 7, p. 312. The correct reading is from Palamedes, says both Vol. 7, p. 312, and Vol. 7, p. 312. See La Prairie, Palamedes.

His wife, whom that he loveth hote,
Thenkend, wolde hem nought behote.

labores armorum una
cum aliis Troie mag-
nanimis subibat.

1825 But he shope than a wonder wile,
How that he shulde hem best beguile,
So that he mighte dwelle stille
At home and weld his love at wille,
Wherof erly the morwe day
1830 Out of his bed, where that he lay,
Whan he was up, he gan to fare
Into the felde and loke and stare
As he, which feigneth to be wode,
He toke a plough, where that it stood,
1835 Wherin anone in stede of oxes
He let do yoken grete foxes
And with great salt the londe he sewe.
But Nanplus, which the cause knewe,
Ayein the sleighte, which he feigneth,
1840 Another sleight anone ordeigneth.
And fell that time Ulixes hadde
A child to sone, and Nanplus radde,
How men that sone take sholde
And setten him upon the molde,
1845 Where that his fader held the plough
In thilke furch, which he tho drough.
For in such wise he thought assay,
Howe it Ulixes shulde pay,
If that he were wode or none.
1850 The knightes for this child forth gone,
Telemacus anone was fette
To-fore the plough and even fette,

Where that his fader shulde drive.
 But whan he sigh his childe as blive,
 1855 He drof the plough out of the way,
 And Nanplus tho began to say
 And hath half in a jape cried :
 O Ulixes, thou art aspied,
 What is all this thou woldest mene ?
 1860 For openlich it is now sene,
 That thou hast feigned all this thing,
 Which is great shame to a king,
 Whan that for lust of any flouthe
 Thou wolt in a quarel of trouthe
 1865 Of armes thilke honour forsake
 And dwelle at home for loves sake.
 For better it were honour to winne
 Than love, which likinge is inne.
 Forthy take worship upon honde
 1870 And elles thou shalt understonde
 These other worthy kinges alle
 Of Grece, which unto the calle,
 Towardes the wol be right wroth
 And greve the par chaunce both,
 1875 Which shall be to the double shame
 Most for the hindringe of thy name,
 That thou for flouthe of any love
 Shalt so thy lustes set above
 And leve of armes the knighthode,
 1880 Whiche is the prife of thy manhode
 And oughte first to be desired.
 But he, which had his herte fired,

Upon his wife, whan he this herd,
 Nought o word there ayein answerd,
 1885 But torneth home halving ashamed
 And hath within him self so tamed
 His herte, that all the sotie
 Of love for chivalrie
 He lefte, and be him leef or loth
 1890 To Troie with hem forth he goth,
 That he him mighte nought excuse.
 Thus stant it, if a knight refuse
 The lust of armes to travaile.
 There may no worldes ese availe,
 1895 But if worshipec be with all.
 And that hath shewed overall,
 For it fit wel in alle wise
 A knight to ben of high emprise
 And putten alle drede away,
 1900 For in this wise I have herd say,
 The worthy knight Prothesalay
 On his passage where he lay
 Towardes Troie thilke siege
 She which was all his owne liege
 1905 Laodomie his lusty wife,
 Which for his love was pensife
 As he whiche all her herte hadde,
 Upon a thing, wherof she dradde,
 A letter for to make him dwelle
 1910 Fro Troie, send him thus to telle,
 How she hath axed of the wise
 Touchend of him in suche a wise,

See p. 201. v. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.

Hic narrat super
 eodem, qualiter
 Laodomia regis
 Prothesalayi uxor
 volens ipsum a bello
 Trojano secum
 retinere fatalem
 sibi mortem in por-
 tu Troie prenun-
 ciavit, sed ipsa mili-
 ciam potius quam
 ocia affectans,
 Trojam adiit, ubi
 sue mortis precio
 perpetue laudis
 cronicam ademit.

That they have done her underftonde
 Towardes other how fo it ftonde,
 1915 The deftine it hath fo fhape,
 That he fhall nought the deth escape
 In cas that he arrive at Troy.
 Forthy as to her worldes joy
 With all her herte ſhe him preide
 1920 And many another caufe alleide,
 That he with her at home abide.
 But he hath caſt her letter aſide
 As he, which tho no maner hede
 Toke of her wommaniſche drede
 1925 And forth he goth, as nought ne were,
 To Troy, and was the firſte there,
 Which londeth and toke arrivaile,
 For him was lever in the bataile
 He faith to deien as a knight
 1930 Than for to live in all his might
 And be reproved of his name.
 Lo, thus upon the worldes fame
 Knighthode hath ever yet beſet,
 Which with no cowardis is let.

Adhuc ſuper eodem, qualiter rex Saul, non obſtante quod Samuelem a Phitoniffa ſufcitatum et conjuratum reſponſum, quod ipſe in bello moretur, accepiffet, hoſtes tamen ſuos aggrediens milicie ſamam cunſtis huius vite blandimentis prepoſuit.

* Of kinge Saul alſo I finde,
 Whan Samuel out of his kinde,
 Through that the Phitoneſſe hath lered,
 In Samarie was arered
 Long time after that he was dede.
 The kinge Saul him axeth rede,
 If that he fhall go fight or none.
 And Samuel him ſaid anone :

The firste day of the bataile
 Thou shalt be slain withoute faile
 1945 And Jonathas thy sone also.
 But how as ever it felle so,
 This worthy knight of his corage
 Hath undertake the viage
 And wolde nought his knighthode let.*
 1950 For no perill he couthe set,
 Wherof that bothe his sone and he
 Upon the mounthe of Gelboe
 Assemblen with her enemies.
 For they knighthode of such a pris
 1955 By olde daies thanne helden,
 That they none other thing behelden.
 And thus the fader for worship
 Forth with his sone of felaship
 Through lust of armes weren dede
 1960 As men may in the bible rede,
 They whos knighthode is yet in minde
 And shall be to the worldes ende.

And for to loken overmore
 It hath and shall ben evermore,
 1965 That of knighthode the prowesse
 Is grounded upon hardieffe
 Of him that dare wel undertake.
 †And who that wolde enfample take
 Upon the forme of knightes lawe,
 1970 How that Achilles was forth drawe
 With Chiro, which Centaurus hight,
 Of many a wonder here he might.

Hic loquitur, quod miles in suis primordiis ad audaciam provocari debet. Et narrat, qualiter Chiro centaurus Achillem, qui secum ab infancia in monte Peleon educavit, ut audax efficeretur, primitus edocuit, quod cum ipse venacionibus ibidem insisteret, leones et tigrides huiusmodique animalia sibi resistencia et nulla alia fugitiva agigaret, et sic Achilles in juven-

See Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, Book II, c. 10, l. 100.

See, directly or indirectly, from Statius, *Achilles* 121-5.
 *Nuncupat ille in valle Onade per arva domus
 Suetonii, ad tendit per arva per arva domus
 Statium, sed tunc in valle Onade per arva domus
 Fulmen, quod tunc in valle Onade per arva domus

tute animatus famo-
fissime milicie probi-
tatem postmodum ad-
optavit.

For it stood thilke time thus,
That this Chiro this Centaurus
1975 Within a large wilderneffe,
Where was leon and leoneffe,
The lepard and the tigre also
With hert and hinde, buk and doo,
Had his dwelling, as tho befell.
1980 Of Peleon upon the hill,
Wherof was thanne mochel speche,
There hath Chiro this child to teche,
What time he was of twelve yere age,
Wherfore to maken his corage
1985 The more hardy by other wey.
In the forest to hunt and pley
Whan that Achilles walke wolde,
Centaurus bad that he ne sholde
After no beste make his chas,
1990 Which wolde fleen out of his place
As buk and doo and hert and hinde,
With which he may no werre finde.
But tho, that wolden him withstonde,
There shuld he with his dart on honde
1995 Upon the tigre and the leon
Purchase and make his venifon,
As to a knight is accordaunt.
And therupon a covaunt
This Chiro with Achilles fet,
2000 That every day withouten let
He shulde such a cruel beste
Or fle or wounden ate leste,

So that he might a token bring
Of blood upon his home coming.

2005 And thus of that Chiro him taught
Achilles such an herte caught,
That he no more a leon drad,
Whan he his dart on honde had,
Than if a leon were an affe.

2010 And that hath made him for to passe
All other knightes of his dede,
Whan it cam the grete nede,
As it was afterward wel knowe.

Lo, thus, my sone, thou might knowe Confessor.

2015 That the corage of hardieffe
Is of knighthode the prowesse,
Which is to love suffisaunt
Aboven all the remenaunt,
That unto loves court pursue.

2020 But who that wol no flouth eschue
Upon knighthode and nought travaile,
I not what love him shuld availe,
But every labour axeth why
Of some reward, wherof that I

2025 Enfamples couthe tel inough
Of hem, that toward love drough
By olde daies, as they shulde.

My fader, therof here I wolde. Amans.

My sone, it is wel resonable Confessor.

2030 In place, which is honourable,
If that a man his herte sette,
That than he for no flouthe lette

To do what longeth to manhede.
 For if thou wolt the bokes rede
 2035 Of Launcelot and other mo,
 There might thou seen, how it was tho
 Of armes, for they wold atteigne
 To love, which withouten peine
 May nought be get of idelneffe.
 2040 And that I take to witnesse
 An old cronique in speciall,
 The whiche into memoriall
 Is write for his loves fake,
 How that a knight shal undertake.
 * Ther was a king, which Oenes
 Was hote and he under pees
 Held Calidoine in his empire
 And had a doughter Deianire.
 Men wist in thilke time none
 So fair a wight, as she was one.
 And as she was a lusty wight,
 Right so was than a noble knight,
 To whom Mercurie fader was.
 This knight the two pillers of bras,
 2055 The whiche yet a man may finde,
 Set up in the desert of Ynde,
 That was the worthy Hercules,
 Whos name shal be endeles
 For the merveiles, which he wrought.
 2060 This Hercules the love fought
 Of Deianire, and of his thing
 Unto her fader, which was king,

Hic dicit, quod miles priusquam amoris amplexu dignus efficiatur, eventus bellicosus victoriosus amplectere debet, et narrat, qualiter Hercules et Achelous propter Deianiram Calidonie regis filiam singulare duellum adinvicem inierunt, cuius victor Hercules existens armorum meritis amorem virginis laudabiliter conquestavit.

[Handwritten notes in French and Latin, including references to 'la belle Calidone', 'C'est grand point de heur de l'espousaile', and 'le monde par les pilliers de both ends of the earth']

He spake touchend of mariage.
The kinge knowend his high lignage
2065 And drad also his mightes sterne
To him ne durst his doughter werne
And netheles, this he him saide,
How Achelous er he first preide
To wedden her, and in accorde
2070 They stood, as it was of recorde.
But for all that this he him graunteth,
That which of hem that other daunteth
In armes, him she shulde take,
And that the king hath undertake.
2075 This Achelous was a geaunt,
A subtil man, a deceivaunt,
Which through magique and forcerie
Couth all the worlde of trecherie.
And whan that he this tale herde,
2080 How upon that the king answerde,
With Hercules he muste feight,
He trusteth nought upon his sleight
Al onely, whan it cometh to nede,
But that, which voideth alle drede
2085 And every noble herte stereth,
The love, that no life forbereth,
For his lady, whom he defireth,
With hardieffe his herte fireth,
And send him word withoute faile,
2090 That he woll take the bataile.
They fetten day, they chofen felde,
The knightes covered under shelde

To-gider come at time sette
 And eche one is with other mette.
 2095 It fel they foughten both on foot,
 There was no stone, there was no root,
 Which mighte letten hem the wey,
 But all was voide and take away.
 They smiten strokes but a fewe,
 2100 For Hercules, which wolde shewe
 His grete strengthe as for the nones,
 He stert upon him all at ones
 And caught him in his armes stronge.
 This geaunt wote, he may nought longe
 2105 Endure under so harde bondes,
 And thought he wold out of his hondes
 By sleight in some maner escape.
 And as he couthe him self forshape,
 In likeneffe of an adder he slipte
 2110 Out of his honde and forth he skipte
 And este, as he that fighte wolle,
 He torneth him into a bolle
 And gan to belwe in suche a sounne,
 As though the world shuld al go doune.
 2115 The grounde he sporneth and he traunceth,
 His large hornes he avaunceth
 And cast hem here and there aboute.
 But he, which stant of hem no doubte,
 Awaiteth wel whan that he cam
 2120 And him by bothe hornes nam
 And all at ones he him caste
 Unto the grounde and helde him faste,

That he ne mighte with no sleight
Out of his hond get upon height,

2125 Till he was overcome and yolde,
And Hercules hath what he wolde.
The kinge him graunteth to fulfille
His axing at his owne wille.

And she, for whom he hadde served,
2130 Her thought he hath her wel deserved.
And thus with great desert of armes
He wan him for to ligge in armes
As he, which hath it dere abought,
For otherwise shuld he nought.

2135 * And over this if thou wol here
Upon knighthode of this matere,
How love and armes ben acquainted,
A man may se both write and peinted
So ferforth, that Pentafilee,

2140 Which was the quene of Feminee,
The love of Hector for to seke
And for honour of armes eke
To Troie cam with spere and shelde
And rode her self into the felde

2145 With maidens armed all aroute
In rescouffe of the town aboute,
Which with the Gregois was belein.

Fro Paflagoine as men sein,
Which stant upon the worldes ende,
2150 That time it liked eke to wende
Philemenis, which was kinge,
To Troie, and came upon this thinge

Nota de Pentafilea
Amazonie regina,
que Hectoris amore
colligata contra
Pirrum Achillis fi-
lium apud Trojam
arma ferre eciam
personaliter non re-
cusavit.

Nota, qualiter Phi-
lemenis propter
milicie famam a
finibus terre in de-
fensionem Troie
veniens tres puel-
las a regno Amazo-
nie quolibet anno

percipiendas sibi et
heredibus suis im-
perpetuum ea de
causa habere pro-
meruit.

In helpe of thilke noble town,
 And all was that for the renoun
 Of worship and of worldes fame,
 Of whiche he wolde bere a name.
 And so he did and forth with all
 He wan of love in speciall
 A fair tribut for evermo.
 2160 For it fell thilke time so,
 Pirrus the sone of Achilles
 This worthy quene among the pres,
 With dedely swerd fought out and fonde
 And flough her with his owne honde,
 2165 Wherof this king of Paflagoine
 Pentafilee of Amazoine,
 Where she was quene, with him ladde
 With suche maidens as she hadde
 Of hem that were left alive
 2170 Forth in his ship, til they arrive,
 Where that the body was begrave
 With worship, and the women save.
 And for the goodship of this dede
 They graunten him a lusty mede,
 2175 That every yere for his truage
 To him and to his heritage
 Of maidens fair he shall have thre.
 And in this wise spedde he,
 Which the fortune of armes sought,
 2180 With his travaile his ese he bought,
 For other wise he shulde have failed,
 If that he hadde nought travailed.

* Eneas eke within Itaile

Ne had he wonne the bataile

85 And done his might so befily

Ayein king Turne his enemy,

He hadde nought Lavine wonne,

But for he hath him over ronne

And gete his pris, he gat her love.

90 By these enfamples here above

Lo, now my sone, as I have told,

Thou might wel se, who that is bold

And bar travaile and undertake

The cause of love, he shall be take

95 The rather unto loves grace,

For comunliche in worthy place

The women loven worthinesse

Of manhode and of gentilesse,

For the gentils ben most desired.

00 † My fader, but I were enspired

Through lore of you, I wot no way,

What gentilesse is for to say,

Wherof to telle I you besече.

The ground, my sone, for to seche

05 Upon this diffinicion

The worldes constitucion

Hath fet the name of gentilesse

Upon the fortune of richesse,

Which of long time is falle in age.

10 Than is a man of high lignage

After the forme as thou might here,

But no thing after the matere.

Nota pro eo, quod Eneas regem Turnum in bello devicit, non solum amorem Lavine, sed et regnum Italie sibi subjugatum obtinuit.

Amans.
Hic dicit, quod generosi in amoris causa sepius preferantur, super quo querit amans, quid sit generositas, cuius veritatem questionis confessor per singula diffolvit.
Confessor.

Virgil, Aeneid VIII - 201

the ultimate source of the, is Journal VIII, with addition from Buehler's MS, prose 62 lines 6. This is a general...
the same - Dante Comento IV, 10. q. Roma de la morte 12617-64, (Clerge, wife of Rich...)
laver, Rowland de la Rose 2115-2202 (20) - the French...
'Tous hommes d'un Ader...
C'est en ce lieu...
Et tout ce...
Où je me suis...
Qu'il de nature...
Où le bon...
Si je m'en...
Rocher et seroit...
Si tu n'allois...
C'est...
Tu n'en...
M... 23309.

For who that reson understond
 Upon richeffe it may nought stond,
 2215 For that is thing, which faileth ofte.
 For he that stant to day alofte
 And all the worlde hath in his wones,
 To morwe he falleth all at ones
 Out of richeffe into pouerte,
 2220 So that therof is no deserte,
 Which gentileffe maketh abide.
 And for to loke on other side
 How that a gentilman is bore,
 Adam, whiche alle was to-fore
 2225 With Eve his wife, as of hem two,
 All was aliche gentil tho,
 So that of generacion
 To make declaracion,
 There may no gentileffe be.
 2230 For to the reson if we se
 Of mannes birthe the mesure,
 It is so comun to nature,
 That it yiveth every man aliche,
 As well to the pouer as to the riche,
 2235 For naked they ben bore bothe,
 The lorde hath no more for to clothe
 As of him self that ilke throwe,
 Than hath the pouerest of the rowe.
 And whan they shullen bothe passe,
 2240 I not of hem whiche hath the lasse
 Of worldes good, but as of charge
 The lorde is more for to charge,

Whan god shall his accompte here,
For he hath had his lustes here.

145 But of the body, which shall deie,
All though there be diverse wey
To deth, yet is there but one ende,
To which that every man shall wende
As well the begger as the lorde

250 Of o nature, of one accorde.
She, which our olde moder is,
The erthe bothe that and this
Receiveth and alich devoureth,
That she to nouter part favoureth.

255 So wote I nothing after kinde,
Where I may gentileffe finde,
For lacke of vertue lacketh grace,
Wherof richeffe in many place,
Whan men best wene for to stonde,

260 All sodeinly goth out of honde.
But vertue fet in the corage,
There may no world be so salvage,
Which might it take and done away,
Till whanne that the body deie.

265 And than he shall be riched so,
That it may faile nevermo,
So that may well be gentileffe,
Which yiveth so great a fikerneffe,
For after the condicion

270 Of resonable entencion,
The which out of the foule groweth
And the vertue fro vice knoweth,

Omnes quidem ad
unum tendimus,
set diverso tramite.

Wherof a man the vice eschueth
 Withoute flouth and vertue sueth,
 2275 That is a verray gentilman
 And nothing elles, whiche he can,
 Ne which he hath, ne which he may.
 But for all that yet now a day
 In loves court to taken hede,
 2280 The pouer vertue shall nought spede,
 Where that the riche vice woweth.
 For felde it is, that love alloweth
 The gentil man withouten good,
 Though his condition be good.
 2285 But if a man of bothe two
 Be riche and vertuous also,
 Than is he well the more worth.
 But yet to put him selve forth
 He must done his besineffe,
 2290 For nouthur good ne gentileffe
 May helpen hem, whiche idel be.
 But who, that woll in his degre
 Travaile so, as it belongeth,
 It happeth ofte, that he fongeth
 2295 Worship and ese bothe two.
 For ever yet it hath be so,
 That love honest in sondry wey
 Profiteth, for it doth away
 The vice, and as the bokes sain,
 2300 It maketh curteis of the vilain
 And to the coward hardieffe
 It yiveth, so that the verray prowesse

Is caused upon loves reule
 To him that can manhode reule,
 305 And eke toward the womanhede,
 Who that therof woll taken hede.
 For they the better affaited be
 In every thinge, as men may fe,
 For love hath ever his lustes grene
 310 In gentil folke, as it is sene,
 Which thing there may no kind areste.
 I trowe, that there is no beste,
 If he with love shulde acqueint,
 That he ne wolde make it queint*
 315 As for the while, that it laste.
 And thus I conclude ate laste,
 That they ben idel, as me semeth,
 Whiche unto thing, that love demeth,
 Forslouthen, that they shulden do,
 320 And over this, my sone, also
 After the vertue morall eke
 To speke of love, if I shall feke,
 Among the holy bokes wise,
 I finde write in fuche a wise
 325 Who loveth nought is here as dede,
 For love above all other is hede,
 Whiche hath the vertues for to lede,
 Of all that unto mannes dede
 Belongeth. For of idelship
 330 He hateth all the felaship,
 For slouthe is ever to despise,
 Whiche in disdeigne hath all apprise,

Nota de amore
 charitatis, ubi di-
 cit, qui non diligit,
 manet in morte.

of the 5 speke of love, or rather of love. Cullen, Tracts & Sermons 7, 101

John 3, 14

And that accordeth nought to man.

For he that wit and reson can,

2335 It fit him wel, that he travaile

Upon such thing, which might availe,

For idelship is nought comended,

But every law it hath defended.

And in ensample thereupon

2340 The noble wise Salomon,

Whiche had of every thinge insight,

Saith: As the briddes to the flight

Ben made, so the man is bore

To labour, whiche is nought forbore

2345 To hem, that thenken for to thrive.

For we, whiche are nowe alive,

Of hem that besy whilom were

Als wel in scole as elles where

Now every day ensample take,

That if it were now to make

Apostolus. Que-
cumque scripta
sunt ad nostram
doctrinam scripta
sunt.

Thing, which that they first founden out,

It sholde nought be brought about.

Her lives thanne were longe,

Her wittes great, her mightes stronge,

2355 Her hertes full of befinesse,

Wherof the worldes redinesse

In body both and in corage

Stant ever upon his avauntage.

And for to drawe into memoire

2360 Her names both and her hystorie,

Upon the vertu of her dede

In sondry bokes thou might rede.

*Expedit de manibus labor, ut de cotidianis
Actibus ac vita vivere possit homo.
Sed qui doctrine causa fert mente labores
Prevalet et merita perpetuata parat.*

7.

Of every wisdom the parfit
The highe god of his spirit
2365 Yaf to men in erthe here
Upon the forme and the matere,
Of that he wolde make hem wise.
And thus cam in the first apprise
Of bokes and of alle good
2370 Through hem, that whilom understood
The lore, which to hem was yive,
Wherof these other, that now live,
Ben every day to lerne new.
But er the time that men sue
2375 And that the labour forth it brought,
There was no corn, though men it fought,
In none of all the felde oute.
And er the wisdom cam aboute
Of hem, that first the bokes write,
2380 This may wel every wise man wite,
There was great labour eke also.
Thus was none idel of the two,
That one the plough hath undertake
With labour, which the hond hath take,
2385 That other toke to studie and muse
As he which wolde nought refuse
The labour of his wittes alle.
And in this wise it is befall
Of labour, which that they begonne,
2390 We be now taught of that we conne,

Hic loquitur contra ociosos quoscumque, et maxime contra istos, qui excellentis prudentie ingenium habentes absque fructu operum torpescunt. Et ponit exemplum de diligencia predecessorum, qui ad totius humani generis doctrinam et auxilium suis continuis laboribus et studiis gracia mediante divina artes et sciencias primitus invenerunt.

Her befinesse is yet to sene,
 That it stant ever aliche grene,
 All be it fo the body deie,
 The name of hem shall never away.
 2395 In the cronique as I finde
 Cham, whos labour is yet in minde,*
 Was he, which first the letters fonde
 And wrote in Hebreu with his honde,
 Of natural filosofy
 2400 He found first also the clergy.
 Cadmus the letters of Gregois
 First made upon his owne chois.†
 Theges of thing, which shal befall,
 He was the first augure of alle.
 2405 And Philemon by the visage
 Found to describe the corage.
 Claudius, Esdras and Sulpices,
 Termegis, Pandulf and Frigidilles,
 Menander, Ephiloquorus,
 2410 Solins, Pandas and Josefhus
 The firste were of enditours
 Of old cronique and eke auctours.
 And Herodot in his science
 Of metre, of rime and of cadence
 2415 The firste was of which men note.
 And of musique also the note
 In mannes voise or softe or sharpe
 That founde Jubal. And of the harpe
 The mery soun, whiche is to like,
 2420 That founde Paulius forth with phisique.‡

* clear proof, source of error; Godfre, de Vile in Parler II
 † same name, but no name absent

‡ Godfre, de Vile in Parler II

(1196) ... clear proof, source of error, and ... Godfre, Parler II.
 ... name, ... Suspect in ... Godfre, de Vile in Parler II.
 ... 1196 ... Godfre, de Vile in Parler II.

Zeuzis found first the portreture,
 And Prometheus the sculpture,*
 After what forme that hem thought
 The resemblance anon they wrought.

2425 Tubal in iron and in stele
 Found first the forge and wrought it wele,
 And Jadahel, as faith the boke,[†]
 First made nette and fishes toke.

Of hunting eke he found the chace,
 2430 Which now is knowe in many place,
 A tent of cloth with corde and stake
 He set up first and did it make.

Berconius of cokerie
 First made the delicacie.

2435 The craft Minerve of wolle fonde
 And made cloth her owne honde.
 And Delbora made it of line,
 The women were of great engine.
 But thing which yiveth us mete and drinke

2440 And doth the labour for to swinke
 To till the londes and fet the vines,
 Wherof the cornes and the wines
 Ben sustenance to mankinde,

In olde bokes as I finde,

2445 Saturnus of his owne wit
 Hath founde first, and more yit
 Of chapmenhode he found the wey
 And eke to coigne the money
 Of fondry metal, as it is

2450 He was the firste man of this.†

*Tame et Prometheus, qui plures est Atlanticus,
 dat statuas ad unum libens non e neatis.* Godfrey, Pindarus II

*Tubal (Gen II 20) = Vulgate 'Jabal'
 in mundo Jadahel posuit in terra promissis,
 Venerat pro ipse qui a state formosus.
 Pindarus et e vulgatis, reliqua versat ager.* Godfrey, Pindarus II

*Scheramus statuit a per regnum dele monachis,
 deavoros posuit commensale regis.
 deoquibus Soliman dum vult ille deo
 Tutorem sere per eo vult deo.* Godfrey, Pindarus II

But how that metal cam a place
 Through mannes wit and goddes grace
 The route of philosophres wife
 Contreveden by sondry wife,
 2455 First for to get it out of mine
 And after for to trie and fine.
 And also with great diligence
 They founde thilke experience,
 Which cleped isalconomy,
 2460 Wherof the silver multiply
 They made and eke the golde also.
 And for to telle howe it is so,
 Of bodies seven in speciall
 With foure spirits joint withall
 2465 Stant the substance of this matere.*
 The bodies, whiche I speke of here,
 Of the planettes ben begonne.
 The golde is titled to the sonne,
 The mone of silver hath his part,
 2470 And iron that stond upon Mart,
 The leed after Satorne groweth,
 And Jupiter the brafs bestoweth,
 The copper set is to Venus,
 And to his part Mercurius
 2475 Hath the quick silver, as it falleth,
 The whiche after the boke it calleth
 Is first of thilke foure named
 Of spirites, which ben proclaimed.
 And the spirit, whiche is secounde
 2480 In sal armoniak is founde.

The thridde spirit sulphur is,
The forth suende after this
Arcennicum by name is hote.
With blowing and with fires hote
2485 In these things, whiche I say,
They worchen by diverse way.
For as the philosophre tolde,
Of golde and silver they ben holde
Two principal extremities,
2490 To whiche all other by degrees
Of the metalles ben accordaunt.
And so through kinde resemblaunt,
That what man couthe awaie take
The rust, of which they waxen blacke,
2495 And the favour of the hardnesse,
They shulden take the likenesse
Of golde or silver parfitly.
But for to worche it fikerly
Betwene the corps and the spirit,
2500 Er that the metall be parfit,
In seven formes it is set
Of all. And if that one be let,
The remenaunt may nought availe,
But other wise it may nought faile.
2505 For they, by whom this art was founde,
To every point a certain bounde
Ordeignen, that a man may finde
This craft is wrought by wey of kinde
So that there is no fallas inne.
2510 But what man that this werk beginne,

He mot awaite at every tide,
 So that nothing be left aside.
 First of the distillation
 Forth with the congelation
 1515 Solucion, discention
 And kepe in his entention
 The point of sublimation,
 And forth with calcination
 Of verray approbation
 2520 Do that there be fixation
 With tempred hetes of the fire,
 Till he the parfit elixir*
 Of thilke philosophres stone
 May gete, of which that many one
 2525 Of philosophres whilom write.
 And if thou wolt the names wite
 Of thilke stone with other two,
 Whiche as the clerkes maden tho,
 So as the bokes it recorden,
 2530 The kinde of hem I shall recorden.

Nota de tribus lapi-
 dibus, quos philoso-
 phi composuerunt,
 quorum primus dicitur
 lapis vegetabilis,
 qui sanitatem conser-
 vat, secundus dicitur
 lapis animalis, qui
 membra et virtutes
 sensibiles fortificat,
 tercius dicitur lapis
 mineralis, qui omnia
 metalla purificat et
 in suum perfectum
 naturali potencia de-
 ducit.

These olde philosophres wise
 By wey of kinde in sondry wise
 Thre stones made through clergy.†
 The firste if I shall specify,
 Was cleped *vegetabilis*,
 Of which the propre vertue is
 To mannes hele for to serve
 As for to kepe and to preserve
 The body fro fikenesses alle,
 2540 Till deth of kinde upon him falle.

... of 867 (C. 100) ...
 ... like Hortensius (MS. Ashmole 1478 25), allowed only one stone, the Elixir,
 ... (Hortensius, p. 29)
 ... see 530.
 ... soil of minerals, plantals, et

The stone seconde I the behote
 Is *lapis animalis* hote,
 The whose vertue is propre and couth
 For ere and eye and nase and mouth,
 2545 Wherof a man may here and se
 And smelle and taste in his degre.
 And for to fele and for to go
 It helpeth a man, of bothe two
 The wittes five he underfongeth
 2550 To kepe, as it to him belongeth.

The thridde stone in speciall
 By name is cleped *minerall*,
 Which the metalles of every mine
 Attempeth, till that they ben fine,
 2555 And pureth hem by such a wey,
 That all the vice goth away
 Of rust, of stinke and of hardnesse.
 And whan they ben of such clennessé,
 This minerall, so as I finde,
 2560 Transformeth all the firste kinde
 And maketh hem able to conceive
 Through his vertue and receive
 Both in substance and in figure
 Of golde and silver the nature.
 2565 For they two ben thextremities,
 To whiche after the proprietes
 Hath every metal his desire
 With helpe and comfort of the fire
 Forth with this stone, as it is said,
 2570 Which to the sonne and mone is laid,

For to the redde and to the white
 This stone hath power to profite,
 It maketh multiplication
 Of golde and the fixation
 2575 It causeth, and of his habite
 He doth the werke to be parfite
 Of thilke elixir, which men calle
 Alconomy, as is befallē
 To hem, that whilom were wise.
 2580 But nowe it stant all otherwise.
 They speken fast of thilke stone,
 But how to make it, now wot none
 After the sothe experience.
 And nethes great diligence
 2585 They setten up thilke dede
 And spillen more than they spede.*
 For alle way they finde a lette,
 Which bringeth in pouerte and dette
 To hem, that riche were afore.
 2590 The losf is had, the lucre is lore,
 To get a pound they spenden five,
 I not how such a craft shall thrive
 In the maner as it is used.
 It were better be refused
 2595 Than for to worchen upon wene
 In thing, which stant nought as they wene.
 But nought forthy, who that it knewe,
 The science of him self is trewe
 Upon the forme, as it was founded,
 2600 Wherof the names yet be grounded

Of hem, that first it founden out.
 And thus the fame goth about
 To such as foughten befinesse
 Of vertue and of worthineffe,
 2605 Of whom if I the names calle,
 Hermes was one the first of alle,
 To whom this art is most applied.
 Geber^{*} therof was magnified
 And Ortolan[†] and Morien,[‡]
 2610 Among the which is Avicen,
 Which found and wrote a great partie
 The practique ofalconomie.[§]
 Whose bokes pleinely, as they stonde
 Upon this craft, few understonde.
 2615 But yet to put hem in affay,
 There ben full many now a day,
 That knowen litel what they mene.
 It is nought one to wite and wene,
 In forme of wordes they it trete,
 2620 But yet they failen of beyete,
 For of to moche or of to lite
 There is algate found a wite,
 So that they folwe nought the line
 Of the parfite medicine,
 2625 Which grounded is upon nature.
 But they that writen the scripture
 Of Greke, Arabe and of Caldee,
 They were of suche auctorite,
 That they first founden out the way
 2630 Of all that thou hast herd me fay,

Wherof the cronique of her lore
 Shall stonde in prise for evermore.
 But toward oure marches here
 Of the Latins, if thou wolt here
 2635 Of hem that whilom vertuouus
 Were and therto laborious,
 Carment[†] made of her engine
 The firste letters of Latine,
 Of which the tunge Romain cam,
 2640 Wherof that Aristarchus nam
 Forth with Donat and Dindimns[†]
 The firste reule of scole, as thus
 How that Latin shall be compouned
 And in what wise it shall be founed,
 2645 That every word in his degre
 Shall stond upon congruite.
 And thilke time at Rome also
 Was Tullius Cicero,[†]
 That writeth upon rethorique,
 2650 How that men shuld her wordes pike
 After the forme of eloquence,
 Which is, men fain, a great prudence.
 And after that out of Hebrew
 Jerome, which the langage knew,
 2655 The bible, in which the lawe is closed,
 Into Latine he hath transposed.
 And many an other writer eke
 Out of Caldee, Arabe and Greke
 With great labour the bokes wise
 2660 Tranflateden. And otherwife

400. 71

Handwritten note: ... of the ... of ... on ... of ...

Handwritten note: ... of ... of ...

The Latins of hem self also
 Her study at thilke time so
 With great travaile of scole toke
 In sondry forme for to boke,
 2665 That we may take her evidences
 Upon the lore of the sciences,
 Of craftes bothe and of clergie,
 Among the whiche in poesie
 To the lovers Ovide wrote
 2670 And taught, if love be to hote,
 In what maner it shulde akele.

Forthy my sone, if that thou fele,
 That love wringe the to fore,
 Behold Ovide and take his lore.

Confessor.

2675 My fader, if they mighte spede
 My love, I wolde his bokes rede.
 And if they techen to restreigne
 My love, it were an idel peine
 To lerne a thing which may nought be.

Amans.

2680 For lich unto the grene tre,
 If that men take his root away,
 Right so min herte shulde deie,
 If that my love be withdrawe.
 Wherof touchend unto this sawe

2685 There is but onely to pursue
 My love and idelship escheue.

Confessor.

My gode sone, soth to say,
 If there be fiker any way
 To love, thou hast said the best.
 2690 For who that woll have all his rest

And do no travaile at the nede,
 It is no refon that he fpede
 In loves caufe for to winne.
 For he, which dare nothing beginne,
 2695 I not what thinge he fhulde acheve.
 But over this thou fhalt beleve,
 So as it fit the well to knowe,
 That there ben other vices flowe,
 Which unto love don great lette,
 2700 If thou thin hert upon hem fette.

8. *Perdit homo causam linquens sua jura fopori,
 Et quasi dimidium pars sua mortis habet.
 Est in amore vigil Venus, et quod habet vigilantibus
 Obsequium thalamis fert vigilata suis.*

Hic loquitur de
 fompnolencia, que
 accidie cameraria
 dicta est, cuius na-
 tura semimortua
 alicuius negocii vi-
 giliis observari fo-
 porifero torpore
 recusat, unde qua-
 tenus amorem con-
 cernit confessor a-
 manti diligentius
 opponit.

Toward the slowe progeny
 There is yet one of compaigny,
 And he is cleped fompnolence,
 Which doth to slouth his reverence
 As he, which is his chamberlein,
 That many an hunderd time hath lein
 To slepe, whan he shulde wake.
 He hath with love trewes take,
 That wake who so wake will,
 2710 If he may couche adown his bill,
 He hath all wowed what him list,
 That oft he goth to bed unkist
 And faith, that for no druery
 He woll nought leve his fluggardy.
 2715 For though no man it wold allowe,
 To slepe lever than to wowe

Is his maner, and thus on nightes,
 Whan he seeth the lusty knightes
 Revelen, where these women are,
 2720 Awey he skulketh as an hare
 And goth to bed and laith him softe
 And of his slouth he dremeth ofte,
 How that he sticketh in the mire
 And how he fitteth by the fire
 2725 And claweth on his bare shankes
 And how he climeth up the bankes
 And falleth in the flades depe.
 But thanne who so take kepe,
 Whan he is fall in fuche a dreame,
 2730 Right as a ship ayein the streame
 He routeth with a slepy noise
 And brustleth as a monkes froise,
 Whan it is throwe into the panne.
 And otherwhile felde whanne
 2735 That he may dreame a lusty sweven,
 Him thenketh as though he were in heven
 And as the world were holy his.
 * And than he speketh of that and this
 And maketh his exposition
 2740 After his disposition
 Of that he wold, and in such a wife
 He doth to love all his servise,
 I not what thank he shall deserve.
 But sone, if thou wolt love serve,
 2745 I rede that thou do nought so.

Ha, gode fader, certes no.

Confessio amantis.

*Car Supplément ad. page 93. 2720
 Dont j'out se. 2725
 Et dit que se. 2730
 Vient de de. 2735
 2740
 2745*

I had lever by my trouth,
 Er I were fet on fuch a flouth
 And bere fuch a flepy fnout,
 2750 Bothe eyen of my hede were out.
 For me were better fully deie
 Than I of fuche fluggardie
 Had any name, god me fhielde.
 For whan my moder was with childe
 2755 And I lay in her wombe clos,
 I wolde rather Atropos,
 Which is goddeffe of alle deth,
 Anone as I had any breth,
 Me hadde fro my moder caft.
 2760 But now I am nothing agaft,
 I thonke god, for Lachefis
 Ne Cloto, which her felaw is,
 Me fhopen no fuch deftine,
 Whan they at my nativite
 2765 My wierdes fetten as they wolde,
 But they me fhopen, that I fholde
 Efcheue of flepe the truandife,
 So that I hope in fuch a wife
 To love for to ben excufed,
 2770 That I no fompnolence have ufed.
 For certes, fader Genius,
 Yet unto now it hath be thus
 At alle time if it befelle,
 So that I mighte come and dwelle
 2775 In place there my lady were,
 I was nought flow ne flepy there.

For than I dare well undertake,
That whan her list on nightes wake
In chambre as to carole and daunce,
2780 Me thenketh I may me more avaunce,
If I may gone upon her honde,
Than if I wonne a kinges londe.
For whan I may her hond beclippe,
With such gladnesse I daunce and skippe,
2785 Me thenketh I touche nought the floor.
The roo, which renneth on the moor,
Is thanne nought so light as I.
So mow ye witen all forthy,
That for the time flepe I hate.
2790 And whan it falleth other gate,
So that her like nought to daunce,
But on the dees to caste chaunce
Or axe of love some demaunde
Or elles that her list commaunde
2795 To rede and here of Troilus,
Right as she wold or so or thus,
I am all redy to consent.
And if so is, that I may hent
Somtime amonge a good leifer,
2800 So as I dare of my desir
I telle a part, but whan I prey,
Anone she biddeth me go my wey
And saith : It is fer in the night.
And I swere, it is even light.
2805 But as it falleth ate laste,
There may no worldes joie laste,

So mote I nedes fro her wende
 And of my wacche make an ende.
 And if she thanne hede toke,
 2810 How pitouflich on her I loke,
 Whan that I shall my leve take,
 Her ought of mercy for to flake
 Her daunger, which faith ever nay.
 But he faith often: Have good day,
 2815 That loth is for to take his leve.
 Therefore while I may beleve,
 I tarie forth the night alonge.
 For it is nought on me alonge
 To slepe, that I so soone go,
 2820 Till that I mote algate fo
 And thanne I bidde: God her se,
 And so down knelende on my kne
 I take leve, and if I shall
 I kisse her and go forth withall.
 2825 And other while, if that I dore,
 Er I come fully ate dore,
 I torne ayein and feigne a thing,
 As though I hadde lost a ring
 Or somwhat elles, for I wolde
 2830 Kisse her eftfone, if I sholde.
 But felden is, that I so spede.
 And whan I se, that I mot nede
 Departe, I departe and thanne
 With all my herte I curse and banne,
 2835 That ever slepe was made for eye.
 For as me thenketh I might drie

Withoute slepe to waken ever,
 So that I shulde nought diffever
 Fro her, in whom is all my light.

2840 And than I curse also the night
 With all the will of my corage
 And say : Away thou black ymage,
 Which of thy derke cloudy face
 Makest all the worldes light deface

2845 And causfest unto slepe a way,
 By which I mot now gone away
 Out of my ladies compaignie.
 O slepy night, I the desie
 And wolde that thou lay in presse

2850 With Proserpine the goddesse
 And with Pluto the helle king.
 For till I se the daies spring,
 I sette slepe nought at a rishe.
 And with that worde I figh and wishe

2855 And say : Ha, why ne were it day,
 For yet my lady than I may
 Beholde, though I do no more.
 And este I thenke furthermore,
 To some man how the night doth ese,

2860 Whan he hath thing, that may him plesse
 The longe nightes by his side,
 Where as I faile and go beside.
 But slepe I not wherof it serveth,
 Of which no man his thank deserveth

2865 To get him love in any place,
 But is an hindrer of his grace

And maketh hem dede as for a throwe,
 Right as a stoke were overthrowe.
 And so, my fader, in this wise
 2870 The slepy nightes I despise
 And ever amiddes of my tale
 I thenke upon the nightingale,
 Which slepeth nought by wey of kinde
 For love, in bokes as I finde.
 2875 Thus ate laft I go to bedde
 And yet min herte lith to wedde
 With her, where as I came fro,
 Though I departe, he woll nought so.
 There is no lock may shet him out,
 2880 Him nedeth nought to gon about,
 That perce may the harde wal,
 Thus is he with her overall,
 That be her lefe, or be her loth,
 Into her bed min herte goth
 2885 And soffly taketh her in his arme
 And feleth how that she is warme
 And wissheth, that his body were
 To fele, that he feleth there.
 And thus my felven I torment,
 2890 Til that the dede slepe me hent.
 But thanne by a thousand score
 Wel more than I was to-fore
 I am tormented in my slepe,
 But that I dreame is nought on shepe,
 2895 For I ne thenke nought on wulle,
 But I am drecched to the fulle

Of love, that I have to kepe,
That now I laugh and now I wepe
And now I lese and now I winne

2900 And now I ende and now beginne.

* And other while I dreme and mete,
That I alone with her mete
And that daunger is left behinde.

And than in slepe such joy I finde,

2905 That I ne bede never awake.†

But after, whan I hede take,
And shall arise upon the morwe,
Than is all torned into forwe,
Nought for the cause I shall arise,

2910 But for I mette in suche a wise,

And ate last I am bethought,
That all is vein and helpeth nought,
But yet me thinketh by my wille
I wold have lay and slepe stille

2915 To meten ever of such a sweven,
For than I had a slepy heven.

My sone, and for thou tellest so,

Confessor.

A man may finde of time ago,
That many a sweven hath be certain,

2920 All be it so, that som men fain,

That swevens ben of no credence.

But for to shewe in evidence,

That they full ofte sothe thinges

Betoken, I thenke in my writinges

2925 To telle a tale therupon,

Which fell by olde daies gone.

cf. Roman de la Rose 2469-2479 (pse. de l'aveu 2560-2571)

the gode swere the can go (pse. de l'aveu 2560-2571)

Hic ponit exemplum, qualiter sompnia prenoſtice veritatis quandoque certitudinem figurant. Et narrat, quod cum Ceix rex Trocinie pro reformatione fratris ſui Dedalionis in ancipitrem tranſmutati peregre proficiſcens in mari longius a patria dimerſus fuerat, Juno mittens Yridem nunciam ſuam in partes Chimerie ad domum Sompni juſſit, quod ipſe Alceone dicti regis uxori huius rei eventum per ſompnia certificaret. Quo facto Alceona rem perſcrutans corpus mariti ſui, ubi ſuper fluctus mortuus jaſtabatur, invenit, que pre dolore anguſtiata cupiens corpus amplectere, in altum mare ſuper ipſum proſiliit, unde dii miſerti amborum corpora in aves, que adhuc Alceones dicte ſunt, ſubito converterunt.

* This finde I writen in poefy
 Ceix the king of Troceny
 Hadde Alceon to his wife,
 Which as her owne hertes life
 Him loveth. And he had alſo
 A brother, which was cleped tho
 Dedalion, and he par cas
 Fro kinde of man forſhape was
 Into a goſhauke for likeneſſe,
 Wherof this king great hevineſſe
 Hath take and thought in his corage
 To gone upon a pelrinage
 Into a ſtraunge region,
 Where he hath his devocion
 To done his ſacrifice and prey,
 If that he might in any wey
 Toward the goddes finde grace
 His brothers hele to purchace,
 So that he mighte be reformed
 Of that he hadde be transformed.
 To this purpoſe and to this ende
 This king is redy for to wende
 As he, which wolde go by ſhip.
 2950 And for to done him felſhip
 His wife unto the ſee him brought
 With all her herte and him beſought,
 That he the time her wolde ſain,
 Whan that he thoughte come ayein.
 2955 Within, he ſaith, two monthes day.
 And thus in alle haſte he may



He toke his leve and forth he faileth
 Wepend, and she her self bewaileth
 And torneth home there she cam fro.

2960 But whan the monthes were ago,
 The which he set of his coming,
 And that she herde no tiding,
 There was no care for to seche,
 Wherof the goddes to besече.

2965 Tho she began in many a wise
 And to Juno her sacrifice
 Above all other most she dede
 And for her lord she hath so hede
 To wite and knowe how that he ferd,

2970 That Juno the goddesse her herde
 Anone, and upon this matere
 She badde Yris her messagere
 To Slepes hous that she shal wende
 And bid him, that he make an ende
 2975 By sweven and shewen all the cas
 Unto this lady, how it was.

This Yris fro the highe stage,
 Whiche undertake hath the message,
 Her reiny cope did upon,

2980 The which was wonderly begone
 With colours of diverse hewe
 An hunderd mo than men it knewe,
 The heven liche unto a bowe
 She bende and she cam downe lowe,
 2985 The god of slepe where that she fond
 And that was in a straunge lond,

Which marcheth upon Chimery.
 For there, as faith the poesie,
 The god of slepe hath made his hous,
 299^a Whiche of entaile is merveilous.
 Under an hill there is a cave,
 Which of the sonne may nought have,
 So that no man may knowe aright
 The point betwene the day and night.
 299^b There is no fire, there is no sparke,
 There is no dore, which may charke,
 Wherof an eye shulde unfhet,
 So that inward there is no let.
 And for to speke of that withoute,
 300^a There stant no great tre nigh aboute,
 Wheron there mighte crowe or pie
 Alighte for to clepe or crie.
 There is no cock to crowe day
 Ne beste none, which noife may
 300^b The hille, but all aboute round
 There is growend upon the ground
 Popy, which bereth the sede of slepe,
 With other herbes fuche an hepe.
 A stille water for the nones
 301^a Rennend upon the smalle stons,
 Which hight of Lethes the river,
 Under that hille in such maner
 There is, which yiveth great appetite
 To slepe. And thus ful of delite
 301^b Slepe hath his hous, and of his couche
 Within his chambre if I shall touche

Of hebenus that slepy tre
 The bordes all aboute be,
 And for he shulde slepe softe
 3020 Upon a fether bed alofte
 He lith with many a pilwe of doun,
 The chambre is strowed up and doun
 With swevenes many a thousand fold.
 Thus came Yris into this holde
 3025 And to the bed, whiche is all black,
 She goth, and ther with Slepe she spake,
 And in this wise as she was bede
 The message of Juno she dede,
 Full ofte her wordes she reherceth,
 3030 Er she his slepy eres perceth
 With mochel wo. But ate laste
 His slombrend eyen he upcaste
 And said her, that it shal be do,
 Wherof amonge a thousand tho
 3035 Within his hous, that slepy were,
 In speciall he chese out there
 Thre, whiche shulden do this dede.
 The first of hem, so as I rede,
 Was Morpheus, the whose nature
 3040 Is for to take the figure
 Of that persone that him liketh,
 Wherof that he ful ofte entriketh
 The life, which slepe shal by night.
 And Ithecus that other hight,
 3045 Which hath the vois of every soun,
 The chese and the condicioun

Of every life what so it is.
 The thridde suend after this
 Is Panthafas, which may transforme
 3050 Of every thing the righte forme
 And change it in another kinde.
 Upon hem thre, so as I finde,
 Of swevens stant all thapparence,
 Which other while is evidence
 3055 And other while but a jape.
 But netheles it is so shape,
 That Morpheus by night alone
 Appereth unto Alceone
 In likeneffe of her husbonde
 3060 Al naked dede upon the stronde,
 And how he dreint in speciall
 These other two it shewen all.
 The tempest of the blacke cloude
 The wode see, the windes loude
 3065 All this she met, and sigh him deien,
 Wherof that she began to crien
 Slepnd a bedde there she lay.
 And with that noife of her affray
 Her women sterten up aboute,
 3070 Whiche of her lady were in doubt
 And axen her, how that she ferde.
 And she right as she sigh and herde
 Her sweven hath tolde hem every dele.
 And they it halfen alle wele
 3075 And fain, it is a token of good.
 But til she wift how that it stood,

She hath no comfort in her herte.
Upon the morwe and up she sterte
And to the see, where as she met
080 The body lay, withoute lete
She drough, and whanne she cam nigh
Starke dede his armes sprad she figh
Her lord, fletend upon the wawe,
Wherof her wittes be withdrawe.
085 And she, which toke of deth no kepe,
Anone forth lepte into the depe
And wold have caught him in her arme.
This infortune of double harme
The goddes from the heven above
090 Beheld and for the trouthe of love,
Whiche in this worthy lady stood,
They have upon the salte flood
Her dreinte lorde and her also
Fro deth to life torned so,
095 That they ben shapen into briddes
Swimmend upon the wawe amiddes.
And whan she figh her lord livend
In likenessse of a bird fwimmend
And she was of the same sort,
100 So as she mighte do disport
Upon the joie, which she hadde,
Her winges both abrode she spradde
And him so as she may suffise
Beclipt and kist in suche a wise,
105 As she was whilome wont to do.
Her winges for her armes two

She toke and for her lippes softe
 Her harde bille, and so ful ofte
 She fondeth in her briddes forme,
 3110 If that she might her self conforme
 To do the plesaunce of a wife,
 As she did in that other life.
 For though she hadde her power lore
 Her will stood, as it was to-fore,
 3115 And serveth him so as she may.
 Wherof into this ilke day
 To-gider upon the see they wone,
 Where many a doughter and a sone
 They bringen forth of briddes kinde.
 3120 And for men shulden take in minde
 This Alceon the trewe quene,
 Her briddes yet as it is sene
 Of Alceon the name bere.

Confessor. Lo thus, my sone, it may the stere
 3125 Of swevens for to take kepe,
 For ofte time a man a slepe
 May se what after shall betide.
 Forthy it helpeth at some tide
 A man to slepe as it belongeth,
 3130 But flouthe no life underfongeth,
 Whiche is to love appertenaunt.

Amans. My fader, upon the covenaut
 I dare wel make this avowe,
 Of all my life into nowe
 3135 Als fer as I can understonde
 Yet took I never slepe on honde,

Whan it was time for to wake,
For though min eye it wolde take,
Min herte is ever there ayein.

3140 But netheles to speke it plein
All this that I have said you here
Of my wakinge, as ye may here,
It toucheth to my lady swete,
For other wife I you behete,

3145 In straunge place whan I go
Me list no thing to wake so.
For whan the women listen play
And I her se nought in the way,
Of whome I shulde merthe take,
3150 Me list nought longe for to wake.

But if it be for pure shame
Of that I wolde escheue a name,
That they ne shuld have cause none
To say: Ha, where goth such one,
3155 That hath forlore his contenance,
And thus among I finge and daunce
And feigne lust, thereas none is.

For ofte fith I fele this,
Of thought, which in min herte falleth,
3160 Whan it is night min hede appalleth,
And that is for I se her nought,
Whiche is the waker of my thought.

And thus as timelich as I may
Ful oft, whan it is brode day,
3165 I take of all these other leve
And go my wey, and they beleve,

That seen par cas her loves there,
 And I go forth as nought ne were
 Unto my bed, so that alone

3170 I may there ligge, sigh and grone
 And wisshen all the longe night,
 Til that I see the daies light.

I not if that be sompnolence,
 But upon youre conscience,

3175 Min holy fader, demeth ye.

Confessor. My sone, I am well paid with the
 Of slepe, that thou the sluggardy
 By night in loves compaignie
 Escheued hast, and do thy pain

3180 So, that thy love dare nought pleine.
 For love upon his lust wakende
 Is ever and wolde that none ende
 Were of the longe nightes set,
 Wherof that thou beware the bet

3185 To telle a tale I am bethought,
 How love and slepe accorden nought.

For love who that list to wake
 By night, he may ensample take
 Of Cephalus, whan that he lay
 With Aurora the swete may
 In armes all the longe night.
 But whan it drough toward the light,
 That he within his herte sigh
 The day, which was the morwe nigh,
 Anone unto the sonne he preyde
 For lust of love and thus he saide :

Hic dicit, quod vigilia in amantibus, et non sompnolencia laudanda est. Et ponit exemplum de Cephalo filio Phebi, qui nocturno silencio auroram amicam suam diligencius amplectens solem et lunam interpellabat, videlicet quod sol in circulo currum cum luce sua retardaret, et quod luna spera sua longissima orbem circuiens noctem continu-

O Phebus, which the daies light
 Governest til that it be night
 And gladdest every creature
 3200 After the lawe of thy nature,
 But netheles there is a thing,
 Whiche only to thy knouleching
 Belongeth, as in privete
 To love and to his duete,
 3205 Whiche axeth nought to ben apert,
 But in filence and in covert
 Desireth for to be beshaded.
 And thus whan that the light is faded
 And vesper sheweth him alofte
 3210 And that the night is longe and softe
 Under the cloudes derke and stille,
 Than hath this thing most of his wille.
 Forthy unto thy mightes high,
 As thou, whiche art the daies eye*
 3215 Of love and might no counseil hide,
 Upon this derke nightes tide
 With all min herte I the beseche,
 That I plesauce mighte seche
 With her, which lieth in min armes.
 3220 Withdrawe the banner of thin armes
 And let thy lightes ben unborne
 And in the signe of Capricorne
 The hous appropred to Satorne,
 I prey the, that thou wolt sojorne,
 3225 Where ben the nightes derke and longe.
 For I my love have underfonge,

aret, ita ut ipsum Ce-
 phalum amplexibus
 Aurore volutum pri-
 usquam dies illuces-
 ceret suis deliciis ad-
 quiescere diucius per-
 mittere dignarentur.

cf. p. 245

For the night eye - 321, 200 (p. 211) ...

... the ...

Which lith here by my fide naked
 As she, which wolde ben awaked,
 And me list no thing for to slepe,
 3230 So were it good to take kepe
 Now at this nede of my praier,
 And that the like for to stere
 Thy fry cart and so ordeigne,
 That thou thy swifte hors restreigne
 3235 Lowe under erthe in occident,
 That they towards orient
 By cercle go the longe wey.
 And eke to the, Diane, I prey,
 Which cleped art of thy nobleffe
 3240 The nightes mone and the goddesse,
 That thou to me be gracious
 And in Cancro thin owne hous
 Ayein Phebus in opposite
 Stond al this time, and of delite
 3245 Behold Venus with a glad eye,
 For than upon astronomy
 Of due constellacion
 Thou makest prolificacion
 And dost that children ben begete,
 3250 Which grace if that I might gete
 With all min herte I woll serue
 By night and thy vigile observe.
 Confessor. Lo, thus this lusty Cephalus,
 Praid unto Phebe and to Phebus
 3255 The night in lengthe for to drawe,
 So that he mighte do the lawe

In thilke point of loves heste,
 Which cleped is the nightes feste
 Withoute slepe of sluggardy,
 3260 Which Venus oute of compaigny
 Hath put away, as thilke fame,
 Which lustles fer from alle game
 In chambre doth full ofte wo
 A bedde, whan it falleth so,
 3265 That love shulde ben awaited.
 But slouthe, which is evil affaited,
 With slepe hath made his retenue,
 That what thinge is to love due
 Of all his dette he paieth none.
 3270 He wot nought, how the night is gone
 Ne how the day is come aboute,
 But only for to slepe and route,
 Til high midday, that he arife.
 But Cephalus did otherwise,
 3275 As thou, my sone, hast herd above.
 My fader, who that hath his love
 A bedde naked by his sife
 And wolde than his eyen hide
 With slepe, I not what man is he.
 3280 But certes as touchend of me,
 That fell me never yet er this.
 But other while whan so is,
 That I may cacche slepe on honde
 Liggend alone, than I fonde
 3285 To dreme a mery sweven er day.
 And if so falle, that I may

Amans.

My thought with such a sweven plese,
 Me thenketh I am somdele in ese,
 For I none other comfort have.

3290 So nedeth nought, that I shall crave
 The sonnes carte for to tarie
 Ne yet the mone, that she carie
 Her cours alonge upon the heven,
 For I am nought the more in even

3295 Towardes love in no degre,
 But in my slepe yet than I se
 Somwhat in sweven of that me liketh,
 Whiche afterward min hert entriketh,
 Whan that I finde it other wise.

3300 So wote I nought of what service
 That slepe to mannes ese doth.

Confessor. My sone, certes thou faist soth.

But only that it helpeth kind
 Somtime in phisique as I finde,
 3305 Whan it is take by mesure,
 But he which can no slepe mesure
 Upon the reule as it belongeth
 Ful ofte of sodein chaunce he fongeth
 Suche infortune, that him greveth.

3310 But who these olde bokes levet
 Of sompnolence howe it is write,
 There may a man the sothe wite,
 If that he wolde ensample take,
 That other while is good to wake,

3315 Wherof a tale in poesy
 I thenke for to specify.

*Ovide telleth in his fawes,
 How Jupiter by olde dawes
 Lay by a maide, whiche Yo
 3320 Was cleped, wherof that Juno
 His wife was wrothe and the goddesse
 Of Yo torneth the likenesse
 Into a cow to gon there oute
 The large felde all aboute
 3325 And gette her mete upon the grene.
 And therupon this highe quene
 Betoke her Argus for to kepe,
 For he was selden wont to slepe
 And yet he had an hunderd eyen,
 3330 And all aliche wel they fighen.
 Now herken how that he was beguiled.
 Mercury, which was all affiled,
 This cow to stele he came desguised
 And had a pipe wel devised
 3335 Upon the notes of musique,
 Wherof he might his eres like.
 And over that he had affaited
 His lusty tales and awaited
 His time. And thus into the felde
 3340 He came, where Argus he behelde
 With Yo, which beside him went,
 With that his pipe anon he hent
 And gan to pipe in his manere
 Thing, which was slepy for to here.
 3345 And in his piping ever amonge
 He tolde him such a lusty songe,

Hic loquitur in amoris causa contra istos, qui sompnolencie dediti ea, que servare tenentur, amittunt, et narrat, quod cum Yo puella pulcherrima a Junone in vaccam transformata et in Argi custodiam sic deposita fuisset, superveniens Mercurius Argum dormientem occidit et ipsam vaccam a pastura rapiens, quo voluit, secum perduxit.

of p 162

That he the fool hath brought a slepe,
 There was none eye that mighte kepe
 His hede, which Mercury of-smote
 3350 And forth with all anone foot hote*
 He stale the cow, whiche Argus kepte,
 And all this fel for that he slepte.
 Enfample it was to many mo,
 That mochel slepe doth ofte wo,
 3355 Whan it is time for to wake.

For if a man this vice take
 In sompnolence and him delite,
 Men shuld upon his dore write
 His epitaphe and on his grave,
 3360 For he to spille and nought to save
 Is shape, as though he were dede.

Confessor. Forthy my sone, hold up thin hede
 And let no slepe thin eye englue,
 But whan it is to refon due.

Amans. My fader, as touchend of this
 Right so as I you tolde it is,
 That ofte a bedde, whan I sholde,
 I may nought slepe, though I wolde.
 For love is ever faste byme,
 3370 Which taketh none hede of due time,
 For whan I shall min eyen close,
 Anone min hert he woll oppose
 And hold his scole in such a wife,
 Till it be day that I arise,
 3375 That selde it is whan that I slepe.
 And thus fro sompnolence I kepe

Min eye. And forthy if there be
Ought elles more in this degre
Now axeth forth. My sone, yis.

Confessor.

3380 For slouth, whiche as moder is,
The forth drawer and the norice
To man of many a dredful vice,
Hath yet another last of alle,
Which many a man hath made to falle,
3385 Where that he might never arise,
Wherof for thou the shalt avise,
Er thou so with thy self misfare,
What vice it is, I woll declare.

*Nil fortuna iuvat, ubi desperacio ledit.
Quo desiccat humor, non viridescit humus.
Magnanimus sed amor spem ponit et inde salutem
Consequitur, quod ei prospera fata favent.*

9.

Whan slouth hath don all that he may
3390 To drive forth the longe day,
Till it become to the nede,
Than ate last upon the dede
He loketh how his time is lore,
And is so wo begone therfore,
3395 That he within his thought conceiveth
Tristesse and so him self deceiveth,
That he wanhope bringeth inne,
Where is no comfort to beginne.
But every joy him is deflaied,
3400 So that within his herte affraied
A thousand time with one breth
Wepend he wissheth after deth,

Hic loquitur super
ultima specie acci-
die, que tristitia
sive desperacio di-
citur, cuius obsti-
nata condicio toci-
us consolacionis
spem deponens ali-
cuius remedii, quo
liberari poterit, for-
tunam sibi evenire
impossibile credit.

Whan he fortune fint aduerse.
 For than he woll his hope reherse,
 3405 As though his world were all forlore,
 And faith: Alas, that I was bore,
 How shall I live? how shall I do?
 For now fortune is thus my fo,*
 I wot well god me woll nought helpe,
 3410 What shulde I than of joies yelpe,
 Whan there no bote is of my care.
 So overcast is my welfare,
 That I am shapen all to strife.
 Helas, that I nere of this life,
 3415 Er I be fullich overtake.
 And thus he woll his forwe make,
 As god him mighte nought availe.
 But yet ne woll he nought travaile
 To helpe him self at fuche a nede,
 3420 But sloutheth under fuche a drede,
 Whiche is affermed in his herte
 Right as he mighte nought asterte
 The worldes wo, which he is inne.
 Also whan he is falle in sinne,
 3425 Him thenketh he is so fer coulpage,
 That god woll nought be merciabile
 So great a sinne to foryive.
 And thus he levethe to be shrive.
 And if a man in thilke throwe
 3430 Wold him counseile, he wol nought knowe
 The sothe, though a man it finde.
 For tristesse is of fuche a kinde,

That for to mainten his foly,
 He hath with him obstinacy,
 3435 Which is within of fuche a slouth,
 That he forsaketh alle trouth
 And woll unto no reson bowe.
 And yet ne can he nought abowe
 His owne skille, but of hede
 3440 Thus dwineth he, till he be dede
 In hindring of his owne estate.
 For where a man is obstinate,
 Wanhope folweth ate laste,
 Which may nought longe after laste,
 3445 Till slouthe make of him an ende.
 But god wot whider he shall wende.

Obstinacio est con-
 tradictio veritatis
 agnite.

My sone, and right in such manere,
 There be lovers of hevvy chere,
 That forwen more than is nede,
 3450 Whan they be taried of her spede
 And conne nought hem selven rede,
 But lesen hope for to spede
 And stinten love to pursue.
 And thus they faden hide and hewe
 3455 And lustles in her hertes waxe.
 Herof it is that I wolde axe,
 If thou, my sone, arte one of tho?

Confessor.

Ha, gode fader, it is so,
 Outtake o point, I am beknowe.
 3460 For elles I am overthrowe
 In all that ever ye have saide,
 My forwe is evermore unteide

Confessio amantis.

And secheth over all my veines.
 But for to counseile of my peines,
 3465 I can no bote do therto.
 And thus withouten hope I go,
 So that my wittes ben empeired
 And I as who faith am dispeired
 To winne love of thilke fwete,
 3470 Withoute whom, I you behete,
 Min herte, that is so bestadde,
 Right inly never may be gladde.
 For by my trouth I shall nought lie
 Of pure sorwe, whiche I drie,
 3475 For that she faith she will me nought,
 With drecching of min owne thought
 In fuche a wanhope I am falle,
 That I ne can unnethes calle
 As for to speke of any grace
 3480 My ladies mercy to purchase.
 But yet I saie nought for this,
 That all in my default it is,
 That I cam never yet in stede,
 Whan time was, that I my bede
 3485 Ne saide, and as I dorste tolde.
 But never found I, that she wolde
 For ought she knewe of min entent
 To speke a goodly worde assent.
 And netheles this dare I say,
 3490 That if a finfull wolde prey
 To god of his foryivenesse
 With half so great a besinesse,

As I have do to my lady
In lack of axing of mercy,
3495 He shulde never come in helle.

And thus I may you fothly telle
Sauf only that I crie and bidde,
I am in tristeffe all amidde
And fulfilled of desperaunce.

3500 And therof yef me my penaunce,
Min holy fader, as you liketh.

My sone, of that thin herte fiketh
With forwe might thou nought amende,
Till love his grace woll the sende,

3505 For thou thin owne cause empeirest,
What time as thou thy self despeirest.

I not what other thinge availeth
Of hope, whan the herte faileth,
For fuche a fore is incurable,

3510 And eke the goddes ben vengeable,
And that a man may right well frede
These olde bokes who so rede
Of thing, which hath befalle er this,
Now here, of what ensample it is.

3515 * Whilom by olde daies fer
Of Mese was the king Theucer,
Whiche had a knight to sone Iphis.
Of love and he so mastred is,
That he hath set all his corage

3520 As to reward of his lignage
Upon a maide of lowe estate.
But though he were a potestate

Confessor.

Hic narrat, qualiter
Iphis, regis Theucris
filius, ob amorem cui-
usdam puelle nomine
Araxarathen, quam
neque donis aut pre-
cibus vincere potuit,
desperans ante patris
ipsum puelle januas
noctanter se suspendit,
unde dii commoti,
dictam puellam in la-
pidem durissimam
transmutarunt, quam

of Iphis & Anaxarthe see Ovid, Metamorphoseo 8. 755-758. The name Iphis is not of Greek origin, but is of Latin origin, as in Ovid, Anaxarthe is of Latin origin, & comes from the word stock of Theucer & his is of Latin degree. Both dwell in the region of Armenia. Some suppose the name Iphis to be derived from the Greek word for 'to be' or 'to have'.

Hic narrat, qualiter Iphis, regis Theucris filius, ob amorem cuiusdam puelle nomine Araxarathen, quam neque donis aut precibus vincere potuit, desperans ante patris ipsius puelle januas noctanter se suspendit, unde dii commoti, dictam puellam in lapidem durissimam transmutarunt, quam

in his checks, & III, 344-345, 346, 347. Theucer, the king of Mese, is the father of Theucer & Anaxarthe, & his name has been given to Theucer & Anaxarthe, & Theucer is the father of Theucer & Anaxarthe, & Anaxarthe is the daughter of Theucer & Anaxarthe, & Theucer is the father of Theucer & Anaxarthe, & Anaxarthe is the daughter of Theucer & Anaxarthe.

rex Theucer una cum
filio suo apud civita-
tem Salaminam in
templo Veneris pro
perpetua memoria se-
peliri et locari fecit.

Of worldes good, he was subgit
To love and put in fuche a plite,
That he exceedeth the mesure
Of reson, that him self assure
He can nought. For the more he praid,
The lasse love on him she laid.
He was with love unwise constreigned,
3530 And she with reson was restreigned.
The lustes of his herte he sueth,
And she for drede shame eschueth,
And as she shulde, toke good hede
To save and kepe her womanhede.
3535 And thus the thing stood in debate
Betwene his lust and her estate,
He yaf, he send, he spake by mouth,
But yet for ought that ever he couth
Unto his spede he found no wey,
3540 So that he cast his hope away.
Within his hert he gan despeire
Fro day to day and so empeire,
That he hath lost all his delite
Of lust, of slepe, of appetite,
3545 That he through strength of love lasseth
His wit and reson overpasseth
As he, whiche of his life ne rought.
His deth upon him self he sought,
So that by night his wey he nam,
3550 There wise none, where he becam.
The night was derk, there shone no mone,
To-fore the gates he cam sone,

Where that this yonge maiden was,
And with this wofull worde, helas,
3555 His dedly pleintes he began
So stille, that there was no man
It herde, and than he saide thus :
O thou Cupide, O thou Venus,
Fortuned by whose ordenaunce
3560 Of love is every mannes chaunce.
Ye knowen all min hole hert,
That I ne may your hond astert,
On you is ever that I crie,
And you deigneth nought to plie
3565 Ne toward me your ere encline.
Thus for I se no medicine
To make an ende of my quarele,
My deth shall be in stede of hele.
Ha, thou my wofull lady dere,
3570 Which dwellest with thy fader here
And slepest in thy bedde at ese,
Thou wost nothing of my difese,
How thou and I be now unmete.
Ha lord, what sweven shalt thou mete ?
3575 What dremes hast thou now on honde ?
Thou slepest there, and I here stonde,
Though I no deth to the deserve.
Here shall I for thy love sterve,
Here shall I a kings sone deie
3580 For love and for no felony,
Wheder thou therof have joy or sorwe,
Here shalt thou se me dede to morwe.

O herte hard aboven alle,
 This deth, which shall to me befalle,
 3585 For that thou wol nought do my grace,
 Yet shall be tolde in many a place,
 That I am dede for love and trowth
 In thy defaulte and in thy slouth,
 Thy daunger shall to many mo
 3590 Enfample be for evermo,
 Whan they my wofull deth recorde.
 And with that worde he toke a corde,
 With which upon the gate tre
 He henge him self, that was pite.
 3595 The morwe cam, the night is gone,
 Men comen out and sigh anone,
 Where that this yonge lord was dede.
 There was an hous withoute rede,
 For no man knewe the cause why,
 3600 There was wepinge, there was cry.
 This maiden, whan that she it herde
 And sigh this thing howe it misferde,
 Anone she wiste what it ment
 And all the cause how it went,
 3605 To all the world she tolde it out
 And preith to hem, that were about,
 To take of her the vengeaunce,
 For she was cause of thilke chaunce,
 Why that this kinges sone is spilt.
 3610 She taketh upon her self the gilt
 And is all redy to the peine,
 Whiche any man her wold ordeigne.

And but if any other wolde,
She faith, that she her selve sholde
3615 Do wreche with her owne honde,
Through out the worlde in every londe
That every life therof shall speke,
How she her self it shulde wreke.
She wepeth, she crieth, she fwouneth ofte,

3620 She cast her eyen up alofte
And said among full pitously :
O god, thou wost wel it am I,
For whom Iphis is thus beseine,
Ordeigne so, that men may faine
3625 A thousand winter after this,
How suche a maiden did amis,
And as I didde do to me,
For I ne didde no pite
To him, which for my love is lore,

3630 Do no pite to me therefore.
And with this word she fell to grounde
A swoone, and there she lay astounde.

The goddes, which her pleintes herd
And sigh how wofully she ferd,
3635 Her life they toke away anone
And shopen her into a stone
After the forme of her ymage
Of body both and of visage.
And for the merveile of this thing
3640 Unto this place came the king
And eke the quene and many mo,
And whan they wisten it was so,

As I have tolde it here above,
 How that Iphis was dede for love,
 3645 Of that he hadde be refused,
 They helden alle men excused
 And wondren upon the vengeaunce.
 And for to kepe remembraunce
 This faire ymage maiden liche
 3650 With compaignie noble and riche
 With torche and great folempnite
 To Salamine the cite
 They lede and carie forth withall
 This dede corps, and faine it shall
 3655 Beside thilke ymage have
 His sepulture and be begrave.
 This corps and this ymage thus
 Into the cite to Venus,
 Where that goddesse her temple had,
 3660 To-gider bothe two they lad.
 This ilke ymage as for miracle
 Was set upon an high pinnacle
 That alle men it mighte knowe,
 And under that they maden lowe
 3665 A tombe riche for the nones
 Of marbre and eke of jaspre stones,
 Wherin that Iphis was beloken
 That evermore it shall be spoken.
 And for men shall the sothe wite
 3670 They have her epitaphe write
 As thing, which shulde abide stable,
 The letters graven in a table

Of marbre were and faiden this :
Here lith, which floughe him self, Iphis

3675 For love of Araxarathen,
And in enfample of tho women,
That fuffren men to deie fo,
Her forme a man may fe alfo,
How it is torned fleshe and bone

3680 Into the figure of a ftone.
He was to neisfh and she to harde,
Beware forthy here afterwarde,
Ye men and women bothe two,
Enfampleth you of that was tho.

3685 Lo thus, my fone, as I the fay
It greveth by diverfe way
In defefpeire a man to falle,
Which is the lafte braunch of alle
Of flouthe, as thou haft herd devife,
3690 Wherof that thou thy self avife.
Good is er that thou be deceived,
Wher that the grace of hope is weived.

Confeffor.

My fader, how fo that it ftonde,
Now have I pleinely underftonde
3695 Of flouthes court the properte,
Wherof touchend in my degre
For ever I thenke to beware.

Amans.

But over this fo as I dare
With all min hert I you befecche,
3700 That ye me wolde enforme and teche,
What there is more of your apprise
In love als well as otherwife,

So that I may me clene thrive.

Confessor. My sone, while thou art alive
3705 And hast also thy fulle minde,
Among the vices, which I finde,
There is yet one such of the seven,
Which all this world hath set uneven
And causeth many thinges wronge,
3710 Where he the cause hath underfonge,
Wherof hereafter thou shalt here
3712 The forme bothe and the matere.

Explicit liber quartus.



Incipit Liber Quintus.

*Obstat avaricia nature legibus, et que
Largus amor poscit, strictius illa vetat.
Omne, quod est nimium, viciosum dicitur aurum,
Vellera sicut oves servat avarus opes.
Non decet, ut soli servabitur es, sed amori
Debet homo solam solus habere suam.*

I.



FIRST whan the highe god
began
This worlde and that the kind
of man

Was fall into no gret encrefs,
For worldes good was tho no pres,
5 But all was fet to the comune,
They speken than of no fortune
Or for to lese or for to winne,
Till avarice brought it inne.
And that was whan the world was woxe
10 Of man, of hors, of shepe, of oxe,
And that men knewen the money,
Tho wente pees out of the wey
And werre came on every side,
14 Whiche alle love laid aside

Hic in quinto libro intendit confessor tractare de avaricia, que omnium malorum radix esse dicitur, necnon de eiusdem vicii speciebus, et primum ipsius avaricie naturam describens amanti quatenus amorem concernit super hoc specialius opponit.

- 15 And of comun his propre made,
 So that in stede of shovel and spade
 The sharpe sward was take on honde.
 And in this wise it cam to londe,
 Wherof men maden diches depe
 20 And highe walles for to kepe
 The gold, which avarice enclofeth.
 But all to litel him supposeth,
 Though he might all the world purchase.
 For what thing, that he may embrace
 25 Of golde, of catel or of londe,
 He let it never out of his honde,
 But get him more and halt it fast,
 As though the world shuld ever last.
 So is he lich unto the helle,
 30 For as these olde bokes telle,
 What cometh ther in las or more
 It shall departe nevermore.*
 Thus whan he hath his cofre loken,
 It shall nought after ben unftoken,
 35 But whan him list to have a fight
 Of gold, how that it shineth bright,
 That he theron may loke and muse,
 For otherwise he dare nought use
 To take his part or lasse or more.
 40 So is he pouer, and evermore
 Him lacketh, that he hath inough.
 An oxe draweth in the plough
 Of that him self hath no profite,
 A shep right in the same plite

... de la ...
 ... de ...
 ... de ...
 ... de ...

... de ...
 ... de ...
 ... de ...
 ... de ...

45 His wolle bereth, but on a day
 An other taketh the flees away.
 Thus hath he, that he nought ne hath,
 For he therof his part ne tath,
 To fay how fuche a man hath good

50 Who so that refon understood
 It is unproperliche said,
 That good hath him and halt him taid;
 That he ne gladdeth nought withall,
 But is unto his good a thrall
 55 And a subgit thus serveth he,
 Where that he shulde maister be,
 Suche is the kinde of thavarous.*

My sone, as thou art amorous,
 Tell if thou fare of love so.

Confessor.

60 My fader, as it semeth no,
 That avarous yet never I was,
 So as ye fetten me the cas.
 For as ye tolden here above
 In full possession of love
 65 Yet was I never here to-fore,
 So that me thenketh well therefore,
 I may excuse well my dede.
 But of my will withoute drede
 If I that tresfor mighte gete,
 70 It shulde never be foryete,
 That I ne wolde it faste holde,
 Till god of love him selve wolde,
 That deth us shuld departe atwo.
 74 For leveth well, I love her so,

Confessio amantis.

- 75 That even with min owne life,
 If I that swete lusty wife
 Might ones welden at my wille,
 For ever I wold her holde stille.
 And in this wise taketh kepe,
- 80 If I her had, I wolde her kepe
 And yet no friday wolde I fast,
 Though I her kepte and helde fast.
 Fy on the bagges in the kist,
 I had inough, if I her kist.
- 85 For certes if she were min,
 I had her lever than a mine
 Of gold, for all this worldes riche
 Ne mighte make me so riche
 As she, that is so inly good.
- 90 I sette nought of other good,
 For might I gette such a thing,
 I had a tresor for a king.
 And though I wolde it faste holde,
 I were thanne wel beholde.
- 95 But I might pipe now with lasse
 And suffre that it overpasse,
 Nought with my will, for thus I wolde
 Ben avarous if that I sholde.
 But fader, I you herde say,
- 100 How thavarous hath yet some way,
 Wherof he may be glad. For he
 May, whan him list, his tresor se
 And grope and fele it all aboute.
 But I full ofte am shet theroute,

105 There as my worthy tresor is,
 So is my life lich unto this,
 That ye me tolden here to-fore,
 How that an oxe his yoke hath bore
 For thing that shulde him nought availe.

110 And in this wise I me travaile.
 For who that ever hath the welfare
 I wot wel that I have the care,
 For I am had and nought ne have
 And am as who saith loves knave.

115 Now demeth in your owne thought,
 If this be avarice or nought.

My sone, I have of the no wonder, Confessor.
 Though thou to serve be put under
 With love, which to kinde accordeth.

120 But so as every boke recordeth,
 It is to finde no plesaunce,
 That men above his sustenaunce
 Unto the gold shall serve and bowe,
 For that may no reson avowe.

125 But avarice netheles,
 If he may geten his encres
 Of gold, that wold he serve and kepe,
 For he taketh of nought elles kepe,
 But for to fille his bagges large,

130 And all is to him but a charge,
 For he ne parteth nought withall,
 But kepeth it, as a servaunt shall,
 And thus though that he multiply

134 His golde, without tresory

135 He is, for man is nought amended
 With gold, but if it be despended
 To mannes use, wherof I rede
 A tale and take therof good hede
 Of that befell by olde tide,
 140 As telleth us the clerke Ovide.

Hic loquitur contra istos avaros et narrat, qualiter Mida rex Frigie Cillenum Bachi sacerdotem, quem rustici vinculis ferreis alligarunt, dissolvit et in hospicium suum benignissime recolligit, pro quo Bachus quodcumque munus rex exigere vellet donare concessit. Unde rex avaricia ductus, ut quicquid tangeret in aurum converteretur, indiscrete peciit. Quo facto postea contigit, quod cibos cum ipse fumere vellet in aurum conversos manducare non potuit. Et sic percipiens aurum pro tunc non posse sibi valere illud auferri et tunc ea, que victui sufficienter necessaria, iteratis precibus a deo mitissime postulavit.

* Bachus, which is the god of wine,
 Accordant unto his divine
 A prest, the which Cillenus hight,
 He had, and fell so, that by night
 This prest was drunke and goth astraied,
 Wherof the men were evil apaied
 In Frigilond, where as he went.
 But ate last a cherle him hent
 With strength of other felaship,
 So that upon his drunkenship
 They bounden him with cheines faste
 And forth they lad him also faste
 Unto the king, which highte Mide.
 But he that wolde his vice hide
 This curteis king toke of him hede
 And bad, that men him shulde lede
 Into a chambre for to kepe,
 Till he of leiser hadde slepe.
 And tho this prest was sone unbound
 160 And up a couche fro the ground
 To slepe he was laid soft inough.
 And whan he woke, the king him drough
 To his presence and did him chere,
 So that this prest in such manere,

- 165 While that him liketh, ther he dwelleth
And al this he to Bachus telleth,
Whan that he cam to him ayein.
And whan that Bachus herde fain,
How Mide hath done his curtesy,
170 Him thenketh, it were a vilany,
But he reward him for his dede,
So as he might of his godhede.
Unto this king this god appereth
And clepeth, and that other hereth.
175 This god to Mide thonketh faire
Of that he was so debonaire
Toward his prest, and bad him say
What thinge it were he wolde pray,
He shulde it have of worldes good.
180 This king was glad and stille stood
And was of his axinge in doubte
And all the worlde he cast aboute,
What thing was best for his estate.
And with him self stood in debate
185 Upon thre pointes, which I finde
Ben levest unto mannes kinde.
The first of hem it is delite,
The two ben worship and profite.
And than he thought, if that I crave
190 Delite, though I delite may have,
Delite shall passen in my age
That is no fiker avauntage.
For every joie bodely
194 Shall ende in wo, delite forthy

195 Woll I nought chese, and if worship
 I axe and of the world lordship,
 That is an occupation
 Of proude ymagination,
 Which maketh an herte vein withinne,
 200 There is no certain for to winne,
 For lorde and knave is all o wey,
 Whan they be bore, and whan they deie.
 And if I profite axe wolde,
 I not in what maner I sholde
 165 Of worldes good have fikerneffe,
 For every thefe upon richeffe
 Awaiteth for to robbe and stele.
 Such good is cause of harmes fele,
 And also though a man at ones
 210 Of all the world within his wones
 The trefor might have every dele,
 Yet had he but one mannes dele
 Toward him self, so as I thinke
 Of clothing and of mete and drinke,
 215 For more out take vanite
 There hath no lord in his degre.

And thus upon these points diverse
 Diverselich he gan reherce,
 What point it thought him for the best.

220 But plainly for to get him rest
 He can no fiker waie cast,
 And netheles yet ate laste
 He fell upon the covetise
 Of gold, and than in fondry wise

225 He thought, as I have said to-fore,
 How trefor may be sone lore,
 And hadde an inly great desir
 Touchende of such recoverir,
 How that he might his cause availe
 230 To gete him gold withoute faile.
 Within his hert and thus he preifeth
 The gold and faith, how that he peifeth
 Above all other metal most,
 The gold, he faith, may lede an hofte
 235 To make werre ayein a king,
 The gold put under alle thing,
 And set it whan him list above,
 The gold can make of hate love
 And werre of pees and right of wrong
 240 And long to short and short to long,
 Withoute gold may be no fest,
 Gold is the lord of man and best
 And may hem bothe beie and felle,
 So that a man may sothly telle
 245 That all the world to golde obeieth.

Forthy this king to Bachus preieth
 To graunt him gold, but he exceedeth
 Mesure more than him nedeth.

* Men tellen, that the malady,
 150 Which cleped is ydropefy
 Resembled is unto this vice
 By way of kinde of avarice,
 The more ydropefy drinketh,
 254 The more him thursteth, for him thinketh,

rescent ad hunc sibi dicitur in dicitur Hoc est. Item 12
Ad quod le mot d'ichopese. | *insacche et helle mot die*
comme plus se peut a beveree. | *Ad l'avers de la justice.*
Tant plus de soit desnatural. | *comme plus est*

- 255 That he may never drink his fille.
 So that there may no thing fulfille
 The lustes of his appetite.
 And right in such a maner plite
 Stant avarice and ever stood,
 260 The more he hath of worldes good,
 The more he wolde it kepe streite
 And ever more and more coveite,
 And right in such condicion
 Withoute good discrecion
 265 This king with avarice is smitte,
 That all the worlde it mighte witte.
 For he to Bachus thanne preide,
 That therupon his honde he leide,
 It shulde through his touche anone
 270 Become gold, and therupon
 This god him graunteth as he bad.
 Though was this kinge of Frige glad.*
 And for to put it in assay
 With all the haste that he may
 275 He toucheth that, he toucheth this,
 And in his hond all gold it is,
 The stone, the tre, the leef, the gras,
 The flour, the fruit all gold it was.
 Thus toucheth he, while he may laste
 280 To go, but hunger ate laste
 Him toke so, that he must nede
 By wey of kinde his hunger fede.
 The cloth was laid, the bord was set
 And all was forth to-fore him set

- 285 His dish, his cup, his drink, his mete,
But whan he wolde or drinke or ete
Anone as it his mouth cam nigh
It was all gold, and than he figh
Of avarice the folie.
- 290 And he with that began to crie
And preide Bachus to foryive
His gilt and suffre him for to live
And be such, as he was to-fore,
So that he were nought forlore.
- 295 This god which herd of this grevaunce
Toke routhe upon his repentaunce
And bad him go forth redely
Unto a flood was faste by,
Which Paceole thanne hight,
- 300 In whiche als clene as ever he might
He shuld him wasshen overall,
And said him thanne that he shall
Recover his first estate ayein.
This king right as he herde fain
- 305 Into the flood goth fro the lond
And wissh him bothe fote and hond
And so forth all the remenaunt
As him was fet in covenant,
And than he figh merveiles straunge,
- 310 The flood his colour gan to change,
The gravel with the smale stons
To gold they torne both atones,
And he was quite of that he hadde,
- 314 And thus fortune his chaunce ladde.

315 And whan he figh his touch away,
 He goth him home the right wey
 And liveth forth as he did er
 And put all avarice afer
 And the richeffe of gold despifeth
 320 And faith, that mete and cloth fuffifeth.
 Thus hath this king experience,
 How fooles done the reverence
 To gold, which of his owne kinde
 Is laffe worth than is the rinde
 325 To sustenance of mannes food.
 And than he made lawes good
 And all his thing fet upon skille,
 He bad his people for to till
 Her lond and live under the lawe,
 330 And that they shulde also forth drawe
 Bestaile and feche none encrees
 Of gold, whiche is the breche of pees.
 † For this a man may finde write,
 To-fore the time, er gold was smite
 335 In coigne, that men the florein knewe,
 There was wel nighe no man untrewe,
 Tho was there nouthur shield ne spere
 Ne dedly wepen for to bere,
 Tho was the town withouten walle,
 340 Which nowe is closed over alle,
 Tho was there no brocage in lond,
 Which now taketh every cause on hond.
 So may men knowe, how the florein
 Was moder first of malengin

p. 138

345 And bringer in of alle werre,
 Wherof this world stant out of herre,
 Through the counfeil of avarice,
 Whiche of his owne propre vice
 Is as the helle wonderful,
 350 For it may nevermore be full,
 That what as ever cometh therinne
 A wey ne may it never winne.

But sone min, do thou nought so,
 Let all fuche avarice go
 355 And take thy part of that thou haft,
 I bidde nought that thou do wast,
 But hold largeffe in his mesure.
 And if thou se a creature,
 Which through pouerte is falle in nede,

360 Yef him some good, for this I rede
 To him that wol nought yeven here,
 What peine he shal have elles where,
 There is a pein amonges alle
 Benethe in helle, which men calle

365 The wofull peine of Tantaly,*
 Of which I shall the redely
 Devise how men therin stonde.
 In helle thou shalt understonde
 There is a flood of thilke office,
 370 Which serveth all for avarice,
 What man that stonde shall therinne
 He stant up even to the chinne.
 Above his hede also there hongeth

374 A fruit, which to that peine longeth,

Nota de pena Tantalii, cuius amara fittis dampnatos torquet avaros.

ed. in 4to. small. 1600. - note app. 1600. à avoir été tiré de l'édition de Hoeser, Saint, 1600. -
idem. 1600. 1600. 1600. - vide. 1600. 1600. 1600. - vide. 1600. 1600. 1600. -
lors l'édition. 1600. 1600. 1600. - vide. 1600. 1600. 1600. -
374. Tantaleus haec avarice peccat, & in avaricia
Qui est, et in avaricia peccat.
374. Tantaleus est ditte avec
Se. 1600. au vers. Tantalus
1600. 1600. 1600. - vide. 1600. 1600. 1600. -
1600. 1600. 1600. - vide. 1600. 1600. 1600. -
1600. 1600. 1600. - vide. 1600. 1600. 1600. -

375 And that fruit toucheth ever in one
 His overlippe, and therupon
 Such thirst and hunger him affaileth,
 That never his appetite ne faileth.
 But whan he wolde his hunger fede,
 380 The fruit withdraweth him at nede,
 And though he heve his hede on high,
 The fruit is ever aliche nigh,
 So is the hunger wel the more.
 And also though him thurste fore
 385 And to the water bowe adown,
 The flood in such condicion
 Availeth, that his drinke arecche
 He may nought. Lo now, whiche a wreche,
 That mete and drinke is him so couth
 390 And yet ther cometh none in his mouth.
 Lich to the peines of this flood
 Stant avarice in worldes good,
 He hath inough and yet him nedeth,
 For his scarcenesse it him forbedeth
 395 And ever his hunger after more
 Travailleth him aliche fore,
 So is he peined overall.
 Forthy thy goodes forth withal,
 My sone, loke thou despende,
 400 Wherof thou might thy self amende
 Both here and eke in other place.
 And also if thou wolt purchase
 To be beloved, thou must use
 Largeffe, for if thou refuse

405 To yive for thy loves sake,
It is no reson that thou take
Of love, that thou woldest crave.
Forthy if thou wolt grace have,
Be gracious and do largeffe,
410 Of avarice, and the fikeneffe
Escheue above all other thinge
And take ensample of Mide the kinge
And of the flood of helle also,
Where is inough of alle wo.
415 And though there were no matere
But onely that we finden here,
Men oughten avarice eschue,
For what man thilke vice sue,
He gete him self but litel rest.
420 For how so that the body rest,
The hert upon the gold travaileth,
Whom many a nightes drede affaileth.
For though he ligge a bedde naked,
His herte is evermore awaked
425 And dremeth, as he lith to slepe,
How besy that he is to kepe
His tresor, that no thefe it stele.
Thus hath he but a wofull wele,
And right so in the same wise,
430 If thou thy self wolt wel avise,
There be lovers of fuche inow,
That wolle unto reson bowe,
If so be that they come above,
434 Whan they ben maisters of her love

435 And that they shulden be most glad
 With love, they ben most bestad,
 So fain they wolden it holden all.
 Her herte, her eye is overall,
 And wenen every man be a thefe
 440 To stele away that hem is lefe,
 Thus through her owne fantasy
 They fallen into jeloufy.
 Than hath the ship to-brok his cable
 With every winde and is mevable.

Amans. My fader, for that ye now telle,
 I have herd oftetime telle
 Of jeloufy, but what it is
 Yet understode I never er this,
 Wherfore I wolde you beseche,
 450 That ye me wolde enforme and teche
 What maner thing it mighte be.

Confessor. My sone, that is hard to me,
 But netheles as I have herd,
 Now herken and thou shalt be answerd.

Nota de Jelousia,
 cuius fantastica sus-
 picio amorem
 quemvis fidelissi-
 mum multociens
 sine causa corrup-
 tum ymaginatur.

Among the men lack of manhode
 In mariage upon wif-hode
 Maketh that a man him self deceiveth,
 Wherof it is, that he conceiveth
 That ilke unfely malady,
 460 The whiche is cleped jeloufy,
 Of whiche if I the proprete
 Shall telle after the nicete,
 So as it worcheth on a man,
 A fever it is cotidian,

465 Whiche every day wol come aboute,
Where fo a man be in or oute,
At home if that a man wol wone,
This fever is than of comun wone
Most grevous in a mannes eye,
470 For than he maketh him tote and pry,
Where fo as ever his love go,
She shall nought with her litel toe
Misteppe, but he se it all.
His eye is walkend overall,
475 Where that she finge or that she daunce,
He seeth the lest countenance,
If she loke on a man aside
Or with him rowne at any tide,
Or that she laugh, or that she loure,
480 His eye is there at every houre.
And whan it draweth to the night,
If she than be withoute light,
Anone is all the game shent.
For than he fet his parlement
485 To speke it whan he cometh to bed
And faith: If I were now to wed,
I wolde never more have wife.
And so he torneth into strife
The lust of loves duete
490 And al upon diversite.
If she be freshe and well arraied,
He faith her banner is desplayd
To clepe in gestes by the way,
494 And if she be nought wel besey

495 And that her list nought to be glad,
 He bereth on honde that she is mad
 And loveth nought her husbonde.
 He faith, he may wel understonde,
 That if she wolde his compaignie,
 500 She shulde than afore his eye
 Shew all the plesure that she might,
 So that by daie ne by night
 She not what thing is for the best,
 But liveth out of alle rest.
 505 For what as ever him list to fain,
 She dare nought speke o worde ayein,
 But wepeth and holt her lippes close.
 She may wel write: Sans repose,
 The wife, which is to such one married
 510 Of alle women be he waried,
 For with his fever of jeloufy
 His eche daies fantasy
 Of forwe is ever aliche grene,
 So that there is no love sene,
 515 While that him list at home abide.
 And whan so is he woll out ride,
 Than hath he redy his aspy
 Abiding in her compaigny
 A jangler, an evil mouthed one,
 520 That she ne may no whider gone.
 Ne speke o word, ne ones loke,
 But he ne wol it wende and croke
 And torne after his owne entent,
 Though she no thing but honour ment.

525 Whan that the lord cometh home ayein
 The jangler muft fomwhat fain.
 So what withoute and what withinne
 This fever is ever to beginne,
 For where he cometh he can nought ende,
 530 Til deth of him hath made an ende.
 For though fo be, that he ne here
 Ne fe ne wite in no manere
 But all honoure and womanhede,
 Therof the jelous taketh none hede,
 535 But as a man to love unkinde
 He caft his ftafe and as the blinde
 And fint defaulte where is none,
 As who fo dremeth on a ftone
 How he is laid and groneth ofte,
 540 Whan he lieth on his pilwes foft,
 So is there nought but strife and cheft,
 Whan love fhulde make his feft.
 It is great thing if he her kiffe.
 Thus hath ſhe loſt the nightes bliſſe,
 545 For at ſuch time he gruccheth ever
 And bereth on honde, there is a lever,
 And that ſhe wolde another were
 In ſtede of him abedde there.
 And with tho wordes and with mo
 550 Of jeloufy he torneth fro
 And lith upon his other ſide,
 And ſhe with that draweth her aſide
 And there ſhe wepeth all the night.
 554 Ha, to what peine ſhe is dight

555 That in her youth hath so beset
 The bond, which may nought ben unknet.
 I wot the time is ofte cursed,
 That ever was the gold unpursed,
 The which was laid upon the boke,*
 560 Whan that all other she forfoke
 For love of him, but all to late
 She pleigneth, for as than algate
 She mot forbere and to him bowe,
 Though he ne wolde it allowe,
 565 For man is lord of thilke faire,
 So may the woman but empeire,
 If she speke ought ayein his wille,
 And thus she bereth her peine stille.
 But if this fever a woman take
 570 She shall be wel more harde shake,
 For though she bothe fe and here
 And finde that there is no matere,
 She dare but to her selve pleigne,
 And thus she suffreth double peine.

Confessor. Lo thus, my sone, as I have write,
 Thou might of jelousie wite
 His fever and his condicion,
 Which is full of suspicion.
 But wherof that this fever groweth,
 580 Who so these olde bokes froweth,
 There may he finde how it is,
 For they us teche and telle this,
 How that this fever of jeloufy
 Somdele it groweth of soty

the same shall be the same as in the original, saying the same as in the original, with the accustomed duty to the Priest and Clerk!
the same as in the original, saying the same as in the original, with the accustomed duty to the Priest and Clerk!

585 Of love and fomdele of untruft.
For as a fikman left his luft,
And whan he may no favour gete,
He hateth than his owne mete,
Right fo this feverous malady,
590 Which caufed is of fantaſy,
Maketh the jelous in feble plite
To leſe of love his appetite
Through feigned enformacion
Of his ymaginacion.
595 But finally to taken hede
Men may wel make a liklyhede
Betwene him, whiche is avarous
Of golde, and him that is jelous
Of love, for in o degre
600 They ſtonde both, as ſemeth me,
That one wold have his bagges ſtill
And nought departen with his will
And dare nought for the theves flepe,
So faine he wolde his trefor kepe,
605 That other may nought well be glad,
For he is evermore adrad
Of theſe lovers, that gone aboute
In aunter, if they put him oute.
So have they bothe litel joy
610 As wel of love as of money.
Now haſt thou, ſone, of my teching
Of jelouſy a knouleching,
That thou might underſtonde this,
614 Fro whenne he cometh and what he is,

615 And eke to whom that he is like.
 Beware forthy thou be nought fike
 Of thilke fever, as I have spoke,
 For it woll in him self be wroke.
 For love hateth no thing more,
 620 As men may finde by the lore
 Of hem, that whilom were wise,
 How that they speke in many wise.

Amans. My fader, soth is that ye sain,
 But for to loke there ayein
 625 Before this time how it is falle,
 Wherof there might ensample falle
 To suche men as ben jelous
 In what maner it is grevous,
 Right fain I wolde ensample here.

Confessor. My gode sone, at thy praiere
 Of suche ensamples as I finde,
 So as they comen now to minde
 Upon this point of time gone,
 634 I thenke for to tellen one.

Hic ponit exemplum
 contra istos maritos,
 quos jelousia macula-
 vit, et narrat, qualiter
 Vulcanus, cuius uxor
 Venus extitit, suspi-
 cionem inter ipsam et
 Martem concipiens
 eorum gestus diligen-
 cius explorabat, unde
 contigit, quod cum
 ipse quadam vice am-
 bos inter se pariter
 amplexantes in lecto
 nudos invenit, ex-
 clamans omnem ce-
 tum deorum et dea-

* Ovide wrote of many thinges,
 Among the whiche in his writings
 He told a tale in poesy,
 Which toucheth unto jelousy
 Upon a certain cas of love.
 Among the goddes al above
 It felle at thilke time thus.
 The god of fire, which Vulcanus
 Is hote and hath a craft forth with
 Assigned for to be the smith

645 Of Jupiter, and his figure
 Both of visage and of stature
 Is lothly and malgracious.
 But yet he hath within his hous
 As for the liking of his life
 650 The faire Venus to his wife.
 But Mars, which of batailles is
 The god, an eye had unto this,*
 As he which was chivalerous.
 It felle him to ben amorous,
 655 And thought it was a great pite
 To se so lusty one as she
 Be coupled with so lourd a wight,
 So that his peine day and night
 He did, if he her winne might.
 660 And she, that had a good insight
 Toward so noble a knightly lord,
 In love fel of his accord.
 There lacketh nought but time and place,
 That he nis siker of her grace.
 665 But whan two hertes fallen in one,
 So wise a wait was never none,
 That at sometime they ne mete.
 And thus this faire lusty swete
 With Mars hath ofte compaigny.
 670 But thilke unkinde jelousy,
 Which evermore the herte opposeth,
 Maketh Vulcanus, that he supposeth,
 That it is nought wel overall,
 674 And to him self he said, he shall

rum ad tantum spec-
 taculum convocavit,
 super quo tamen de-
 risum potius quam
 remedium a tota co-
 horte consecutus est.

675 Aspie better, if that he may.
And so it felle upon a day,
That he this thing so slightly ledde,
He founde hem bothe two abedde,
All warme, echone with other naked.
680 And he with crafte all redy maked
Of stronge cheines hath hem bounde,
As he to-gider hem had founde,
And lefte hem both ligge so
And gan to clepe and crie tho
685 Unto the goddes all aboute.
And they assembled in a route
Come all at ones for to se,
But none amendes hadde he,
But was rebuked here and there
690 Of hem, that loves frendes were,
And saiden that he was to blame,
For if there felle him any shame
It was through his misgovernance,
And thus he losse contenance
695 This god and let his cause falle.
And they to scorne him laughen alle
And losen Mars out of his bondes.
Wherof these erthely hufbondes
For ever might ensample take,
700 If suche a chaunce hem overtake.
For Vulcanus his wife bewraide,
The blame upon him self he laide,
Wherof his shame was the more,
Whiche oughte for to ben a lore.

705 For every man, that liveth here,
 To reulen him in this matere,
 Though such an happe of love aſterte,
 Yet ſhuld he nought apoint his herte
 With jeloufy of that is wrought,
 710 But feigne, as though he wiſt it nought.
 For if he let it over paſſe,
 The ſclaunder ſhall be wel the laſſe,
 And he the more in eſe ſtonde.
 For this thou might well underſtonde,
 715 That where a man ſhall nedes leſe,
 The leſte harme is for to cheſe.
 But jeloufy of his untrift
 Maketh that ful many an harme ariſt,
 Which elles ſhulde nought ariſe.
 720 And if a man him wolde ariſe
 Of that befelle to Vulcanus,
 Him ought of reſon thenke thus,
 That ſith a god was therof ſhamed,
 Wel ſhuld an erthely man be blamed
 725 To take upon him ſuche a vice.

Forthy my ſone, in thine office
 Beware, that thou be nought jelous,
 Whiche ofte time hath ſhent the hous.

Confessor.

My fader, this enſample is hard,
 730 How ſuch thing to the hevenward
 Among the goddes mighte falle.
 For there is but o god of alle,
 Which is the lord of heven and helle.
 734 But if it like you to telle

Amans.

735 How fuche goddes come aplace,
Ye mighten mochel thank purchace,
For I shall be wel taught withall.

Confessor. My sone, it is thus overall
With hem, that stonden misbeleved,
740 That fuche goddes ben beleved
In fondry place, fondry wife
Amonges hem, which be unwise,
There is betaken of credence,
Wherof that I the difference
745 In the maner as it is write
Shall do the pleinely for to wite.

2. *Gentibus illis signantur templa deorum,
Unde deos cecos nacio ceca colit.
Nulla creatori ratio facit esse creatum
Equiparans, quoad huc jura pagana foveat.*

Quia secundum poetarum fabulas in huiusmodi libelli locis quampluribus nomina et gestus deorum falsorum intitulantur, quorum infidelitas ut Christianis clarius innotescat, intendit de ipsorum origine secundum varias paganorum sectas scribere, consequenter et primo defecta Caldeorum tractare proponit.

Er Crist was bore among us here
Of the beleves, that tho were,
In four formes thus it was.
They of Caldee, as in this cas,
Had a beleve by hem selve,
Which stood upon the signes twelve,
Forth eke with the planetes seven,
Whiche as they fighen upon the heven
Of fondry constellacion
In her ymaginacion
With fondry kerfe and portreture
They made of goddes the figure.
In thelementes and eke also
760 They hadden a beleve tho.

Handwritten note at the bottom of the page: The name of the goddess is not given, but given in the Greek text, which is the same as the one in the text.

And all was that unrefonable,
 For thelementes ben fervicable
 To man. And ofte of accidence,
 As men may fe the experience,

765 They ben corrupt by fondry way,
 So may no mannes refon fay,
 That they ben god in any wife.
 And eke if men hem wel avife,
 The fonne and mone eclipsen both,
 770 That be hem lef or be hem loth
 They fuffre, and what thing is paffible
 To ben a god is inpoſſible.

Theſe elements ben creatures,
 So ben theſe hevenly figures,
 775 Wherof may wel be juſtified,
 That they may nought ben deified.
 And who that taketh away thonour,
 Which due is to the creatour,
 And yiveth it to the creature,
 780 He doth to great a forfeiture.

But of Caldee netheles
 Upon this feith though it be leſſe
 They holde affermed the creaunce,
 So that of helle the penaunce
 785 As folk, which ſtant out of beleve,
 They ſhall receive, as we beleve.

Of the Caldeus ſo in this wife
 Stant the beleve out of aſſiſe.
 But in Egippte worſt of alle
 790 The feith is fals, how ſo it falle,

Et nota, quod
 Nembroth quartus
 a Noe ignem tam-
 quam deum in
 Caldea primus
 adorari decrevit.

De ſecta Egipcio-
 rum.

For they diverse bestes there
 Honour, as though they goddes were.
 And nethelesse yet forth withall
 Thre goddes most in speciall
 795 They have forth with a goddesse,
 In whome is all her fikerneffe.
 Tho goddes be yet cleped thus
 Orus, Tiphon and Ifirus.
 They were brethren alle thre
 800 And the goddesse in her degre
 Her suster was and Yfis hight,
 Whom Ifirus forlay by night
 And helde her after as his wife.
 So it befell, that upon strife
 805 Tiphon hath Ifre his brother slain,
 Which had a child to sone Orain,
 And he his faders deth to herte
 So toke, that it may nought avertere,
 That he Tiphon after ne slough,
 810 Whan he was ripe of age inough.
 But yet thegipcians trowe
 For all this errour, which they knowe,
 That these brethern ben of might
 To sette and kepe Egrypt upright
 815 And overthrowe, if that hem like.
 But Yfis, as saith the cronique,
 Fro Grece into Egypete cam
 And she than upon honde nam
 To teche hem for to sowe and ere,
 820 Which no man knew to-fore there.

And whanne thegipcians figh
 The felde full afore her eye,
 And that the lond began to greine,
 Which whilom hadde be bareine,
 825 For therthe bare after the kinde
 His due charge, this I finde,
 That she of berthe the goddesse
 Is cleped, so that in distresse
 The women therupon childing
 830 To her clepe and her offring
 They beren, whan that they ben light.
 Lo, howe Egipt all out of fight
 Fro reson stant in misbeleve
 For lacke of lore as I beleve.

835 Among the Grekes out of the wey
 As they that reson put away
 There was, as the cronique faith,
 Of misbeleve an other feith,
 That they her goddes and goddeses
 840 As who faith token all to gesses
 Of suche as weren full of vice,
 To whom they made sacrifice.

The highe god, so as they saide,
 To whom they moſte worship laide,
 845 Saturnus hight and king of Crete
 He hadde be. But of his ſete
 He was put down as he, which ſtood
 In frenesy and was ſo wode,
 That fro his wife, which Rea hight,
 850 His owne children he to plight

De ſecta Greco-
rum.

Nota, qualiter Sa-
turnus deorum
ſummus appella-
tur.

And ete hem of his comune wone.
 But Jupiter, which was his sone
 And of full age, his fader bonde
 And kut of with his owne honde
 855 His genitals, whiche also faste
 Into the depe see he caste,
 Wherof the Grekes afferme and say
 Thus, whan they were cast away,
 Came Venus forth by wey of kinde.
 860 And of Saturne also I finde,
 Howe afterwarde into an ile
 This Jupiter him didde exile,
 Where that he stood in great mischefe.
 Lo, what a god they maden chefe.
 865 And fithen that suche one was he,
 Which stood most high in his degre
 Among the goddes, thou might know
 These other, that ben more low,
 Ben litel worth, as it is founde.
 For Jupiter was the secounde,
 Whiche Juno had unto his wife.
 And yet a lechour all his life
 He was and in avouterie
 He wrought many a trecherie.
 875 And for he was so full of vices,
 They cleped him god of delices,
 Of whom if thou wolt more wite
 Ovide the poete hath write.
 But yet her sterres bothe two
 880 Saturne and Jupiter also

Jupiter deus deli-
 ciarum.

They have, although they ben to blame,
Attitled to her owne name.

Mars was an other in that lawe,
The which in Dace was forth drawe,

Mars deus belli.

285 Of whom the clerk Vegecius
Wrote in his boke and tolde thus,
Howe he into Itaile came
And such fortune there he nam,
That he a maiden hath oppressed,
890 Whiche in her ordre was professed
As she, which was the prioreffe
In Vestes temple the goddesse,
So was she well the more to blame.
Dame Ylia this lady name

895 Men clepe, and eke she was also
The kinges doughter, that was tho,
Which Minitor by name hight.
So that ayein the lawes right
Mars thilke time upon her that
900 Remus and Romulus begat,
Whiche after, whan they come in age,
Of knighthode and of vassellage
Itaile al hole they overcome
And foundeden the grete Rome.

905 In armes and of suche emprise
They weren, that in thilke wise
Her fader Mars for the merveile
The god is cleped of bataile.
They were his children bothe two,
910 Through hem he toke his name so,

There was none other cause why.
 And yet a sterre upon the sky
 He hath unto his name applied,
 In which that he is signified.

Apollo deus sapiens.

An other god they hadden eke,
 To whom for counseil they beseke,
 The which was brother to Venus,
 Apollo men him clepe thus.
 He was an hunt upon the hilles,
 920 There was with him no vertue elles,
 Wherof that any bokes carpe,
 But only that he couthe harpe,
 Which whan he walked over londe
 Full ofte time he toke on honde
 925 To get him with his sustenance
 For lack of other purveance.
 And otherwhile of his falshe
 He feigneth him to conne arede
 Of thing, which afterward shuld falle,
 930 Wherof among his sleightes alle
 He hath the leude folk deceived,
 So that the better he was received.
 Lo now, through what creacion
 He hath deificacion
 935 And cleped is the god of wit,
 To suche as be the fooles yet.

*Mercurius deus
 mercatorum et fur-
 torum.*

An other god, to whom they sought,
 Mercurie hight, and him ne rought
 What thing he stale, ne whom he slough.
 940 Of forcery he couthe inough,

That whan he wold him self transforme,
 Full ofte time he toke the forme
 Of woman and his owne lefte.
 So did he well the more thefte.

945 A great speker in alle thinges
 He was also and of lesinges
 An autor, that men wiste none
 An other fuche as he was one.
 And yet they maden of this thefe
 950 A god, which was unto hem lefe,
 And cleped him in tho beleves
 The god of marchants and of theves.
 But yet a sterre upon the heven
 He hath of the planetes seven.

955 But Vulcanus, of whom I spake,
 He had a courbe upon the back,
 And therto he was hippe-halt,
 Of whom thou understonde shalt,
 He was a shrewe in al his youth
 960 And he none other vertue couth
 Of craft to helpe him selve with
 But only that he was a smith
 With Jupiter, whiche in his forge
 Diverse thinges made him forge,
 965 So wote I nought for what desire
 They clepen him the god of fire.

King of Cicile Ypolitus
 A sone he had, and Eolus
 He hight, and of his faders graunt
 970 He held by way of covaunt

Eolus deus ventorum.

The governaunce of every ile,
Which was longend unto Cicile
Of hem that fro the lond forein
Lay ope the winde alle pleine.

975 And fro thilke iles into the londe
Full ofte cam the wind to honde,
After the name of him forthy
The windes cleped Eoly
They were, and he the god of winde.

980 Lo now, how this beleve is blinde.

Neptunus
maris.

deus The king of Crete Jupiter,
The same, whiche I spake of er,
Unto his brother, which Neptune
Was hote, it list him to comune
985 Parte of his good, so that by ship
He made him stronge of the lordship
Of all the fee in tho parties,
Where that he wrought his tirannies,
And the straunge iles aboute
990 He wan, that every man hath doubt
Upon his marche for to faile.
For he anone hem wolde affaile
And robbe what thing that they ladden,
His sauf conduit but if they hadden.
995 Wherof the comun vois aros
In every lond, that fuche a los
He caught, all nere it worth a stre,
That he was cleped of the fee
The god by name, and yet he is
1000 With hem, that so beleve amis.

This Neptune eke was thilke also,
Which was the firste founder tho
Of noble Troy, and he forthy
Was well the more lette by.*

1005 The loresman of the shepherdes
And eke of hem, that ben netherdes,
Was of Archade and highte Pan,
Of whom hath spoke many a man.
For in the wode of Nonartigne
1010 Enclosed with the trees of pigne
And on the mount of Parafie
He had of bestes the bailie,
And eke beneth in the valey,
Where thilke river, as men may say,
1015 Which Ladon highte, made his cours,
He was the chefe of governours
Of hem, that kepten tame bestes,
Wherof they maken yet the festes
In the citee of Stimfalides.
1020 And forth withall yet netheles
He taughte men the forth drawing
Of bestaile and eke the making
Of oxen and of hors the same,
How men hem shulde ride and tame,
1025 Of foules eke, so as we finde,
Full many a subtil craft of kinde
He found, which no man knew to-fore.
Men did him worship eke therfore,
That he the first in thilke londe
1030 Was, which the melodie fonde

Pan deus nature.

Of reedes, whan they weren ripe,
 With double pipes for to pipe.
 Therof he yaf the firste lore,
 Till afterward men couthe more,
 1035 To every crafte of mannes helpe
 He had a redy wit to helpe
 Through natural experience.
 And thus the nice reverence
 Of fooles, whan that he was dede,
 1040 The foot was torned to the hede
 And clepen him god of nature,
 For so they maden his figure.
 Bachus deus vini. An other god, so as they fele,
 Whiche Jupiter upon Semele
 1045 Begat in his avouterie,
 Whom for to hide his lecherie
 That none therof shall take kepe
 In a mountaigne for to kepe,
 Which Dion hight and was in Ynde,
 1050 He fend, in bokes as I finde,
 And he by name Bachus hight,
 Which afterward, whan that he might,
 A wastor was and all his rent
 In wine and bordel he despent.
 1055 But yet all were he wonder bad,
 Among the Grekes a name he had,
 They cleped him the god of wine,
 And thus a gloton was divine.

Esculapius
 medicine.

deus There was yet Esculapius
 1060 A god in thilke time as thus.

His craft stood upon surgerie,
 But for the luste of lecherie,
 That he to Daires doughter drough,
 It fell, that Jupiter him slough.*

1065 And yet they made him nought forthy
 A god and wift no cause why.

In Rome he was long time so
 A god among the Romains tho,
 For as he faide of his prefence

1070 There was destrued a pestilence,
 Whan they to thile of Delphos^y went.

And that Apollo with him sent
 This Esculapius his sone

Among the Romains for to wone,

1075 And there he dwelte for a while,
 Till afterwarde into that ile,

Fro when he cam, ayeine he torneth,

Where all his life that he sojorneth

Among the Grekes, till that he deiede.

1080 And they upon him thanne leide

His name and god of medicine

He hatte after that ilke line.

An other god of Hercules

They made, which was netheles

1085 A man, but that he was so stronge

In al this world that brode and longe

So mighty was no man as he.

Merveiles twelve in his degre,

As it was couth in sondry londes,

1090 He dide with his owne hondes

Hercules deus for-
 titudinis.

*From the notes in the text: 'Vile Durban et Joseph' a 27 - 'Pro arde in populo. Ty. dicitur loca
 filium a Jove filium procerum interisse' etc.*

See also notes on Delphos & Apollo, in the same volume, and also in the notes on the text, p. 164

Ayein geaunts and monstres both,
 The whiche horrible were and loth.
 But he with strength hem overcam,
 Wherof so great a price he nam,
 1075 That they him clepe amonges alle
 The god of strengthe and to him calle.
 And yet there is no refon inne,
 For he a man was full of sinne,
 Which proved was upon his ende,
 1100 For in a rage him self he brende.
 And fuche a cruell mannes dede
 Accordeth nothing with godhede.

Pluto deus inferni. They had of goddes yet an other,
 Which Pluto hight, and was the brother
 1105 Of Jupiter, and he fro youth
 With every word, which cam to mouth,
 Of any thing, whan he was wroth,
 He wolde fwere his comun othe
 By Lethen and by Flegeton,
 1110 By Cochitum and Acheron,
 The whiche after the bokes telle
 Ben the chefe floodes of the helle,
 By Segne and Stige he fwore also,
 That ben the depe pittes two
 1115 Of helle, the most principall.
 Pluto these othes over all
 Swore of his comun custumaunce,
 Till it befelle upon a chaunce,
 That he for Jupiters fake
 1120 Unto the goddes let do make

A sacrifice, and for that dede
 One of the pittes for his mede
 In hell, of whiche I spake of er,
 Was graunted him, and thus he there
 1125 Upon the fortune of this thinge
 The name toke of helle kinge.

Lo, these goddes and well mo
 Among the Grekes they had tho,
 And of goddesse many one,
 1130 Whose names thou shalt here anone,
 And in what wise they deceiven
 The fooles, whiche her feith receiven.

So as Saturne is soveraine
 Of false goddes, as they faine,
 1135 So is Sibeles of goddesse
 The moder, whom withoute gesses
 The folke prein honour and serve
 As they, the whiche her lawe observe.
 But for to knowen upon this,
 1140 Fro when she cam and what she is,
 Bethincia the contre hight,
 Where she cam first to mannes fight.
 And after was Saturnes wife,
 By whom thre children in her life
 1145 She bare, and they were cleped tho
 Juno, Neptunus and Pluto,
 The which of nice fantasy
 The people wolde deify.
 And for her children weren so
 1150 Sibeles thanne was also

Nota, qualiter Si-
 belesdearummater
 et origo nuncupa-
 tur.

Made a goddesse, and they her calle
 The moder of the goddes alle.
 So was that name bore forth,
 And yet the cause is litel worth.

Juno dea regno-
 rum et diviciarum.

A vois unto Saturne tolde,
 How that his owne sone him sholde
 Out of his regne put away,
 And he because of thilke wey,
 That him was shape fuche a fate,
 1160 Sibeles his wife began to hate
 And eke her progenie bothe.
 And thus while that they were wrothe
 By Philerem upon a day
 In his avouterie he lay,
 1165 On whom he Jupiter begat.
 And thilke child was after that,
 Which wrought al that was prophecied,
 As it to-fore is specified.
 So whan that Jupiter of Crete
 1170 Was king, a wife unto him mete
 The daughter of Sibeles he toke,
 And that was Juno, saith the boke
 Of his deification
 After the fals opinion,
 1175 That have I tolde, so as they mene.
 And for this Juno was the quene
 Of Jupiter and suster eke,
 The fooles unto her feke
 And sain, that she is the goddesse
 1180 Of regnes bothe and of richesse,

And eke she, as they understonde,
The water nimphes hath in honde
To leden at her owne heste.

And whan her list the sky tempeste,
1185 The reinbowe is her messagere.
Lo, which a misbeleve is here,
That she goddesse is of the sky,
I wot none other cause why.

An other goddesse is Minerve,
1190 To whom the Grekes obey and serve.
And she was nigh the greate lay
Of Triton founde, where she lay
A child for-cast, but what she was
There knew no man the sothe cas.

1195 But in Aufrique she was laide
In the maner as I have saide
And caried fro that ilke place
Into an ile fer in Trace,
The which Pallene thanne hight,
1200 Where a norice hir kepte and dight.
And after for she was so wise,
That she found first in her avise
The cloth making of woll and line,
Men saiden, that she was divine,
1205 And the goddesse of sapience
They clepen her in that credence.

Of the goddesse, which Pallas
Is cleped, sondry speche was.
One faith her fader was Pallaunt,
1210 Whiche in his time was a geaunt,

Minerva dea sapi-
enciarum.

Pallas dea bello-
rum.

A cruell man, a batailous.
 An other faith, how in his hous
 She was the caufe, why he deiede.
 And of this Pallas some eke faide
 1215 That she was Martes wife, and fo
 Among the men that weren tho
 Of misbeleve in the riot
 The goddesse of batailes hote
 She was, and yet she bereth the name.
 1220 Now loke, how they be for to blame.

Ceres dea frugum.

Saturnus after his exile
 Fro Crete cam in great perile
 Into the londes of Itaile
 And there he dide great merveile,
 1225 Wherof his name dwelleth yit.
 For he founde of his owne wit
 The firste crafte of plough tilling,
 Of ering and of corn sowing,
 And how men shulden sette vines
 1230 And of the grapes make wines.
 All this he taught. And it fell fo
 His wife, the which cam with him tho,
 Was cleped Cereres by name,
 And for she taught also the same
 1235 And was his wife that ilke throwe,
 As it was to the people knowe,
 They made of Ceres a goddesse,
 In whom her tilthe yet they blesse
 And fain that Tricolonius
 1240 Her sone goth amonges us

And maketh the corn good chepe or dere,
 Right as her list from yere to yere,
 So that this wife because of this
 Goddesse of cornes cleped is.

1245 King Jupiter, which his liking
 Whilom fulfilled in alle thing,
 So priveliche about he ladde
 His lust, that he his wille hadde
 Of Latona and on her that
 1250 Diane his doughter he begat
 Unknowen of his wife Juno.
 But afterward she knewe it so,
 That Latona for drede fled
 Into an ile, where she hid
 1255 Her wombe, which of childe aros.
 Thilke ile cleped was Delos,
 In which Diana was forth brought
 And kept so, that her lacketh nought.
 And after whan she was of age,
 1260 She toke none hede of mariage,
 But out of mannes compaigny
 She toke her all to venery
 In forest and in wilder nesse,
 For there was all her besinesse
 1265 By day and eke by nightes tide
 With arwes brode under the side
 And bow in honde, of which she slough
 And toke all that her list inough
 Of bestes, which ben chaceable,
 1270 Wherof the cronique of this fable

Diana dea moncium
 et silvarum.

See p. 163

See my note on the first page, line 1270.

Saith that the gentils most of alle
 Worshipped her, and to her calle
 And the goddesse of high hilles,
 Of grene trees, of freshe welles

1275 They clepen her in that beleve,
 Which that no reson may acheve.

Proserpina dea infernorum.

Proserpina, which doughter was
 Of Cereres, befell this cas,
 While she was dwelling in Cicile,

1280 Her moder in that ilke while
 Upon her blessing and her hest
 Bad, that she shulde ben honest
 And lerne for to weve and spinne
 And dwelle at home and kepe her inne.

1285 But she cast all that lore away,
 And as she went her out to pley
 To gader floures in a pleine,
 And that was under the mountaigne
 Of Ethna, fell the same tide

1290 That Pluto cam that waie ride.
 And sodeinly, er she was ware,
 He toke her up into his chare,
 And as they riden in the felde,
 Her grete beaute he behelde,

1295 Which was so plesaunt in his eye,
 That for to holde in compaignie
 He wedded her and helde her so
 To ben his wife for evermo.

And as thou hast to-fore herd telle,
 1300 How he was cleped god of helle,

So is she cleped the goddesse
Because of him ne more ne lesse.

Lo thus, my sone, as I the tolde

Confessor.

The Grekes whilom by daies olde

1305 Her goddes had in sondry wise,
And through the lore of her apprise

The Romains helden eke the same

And in worshippe of her name

To every god in speciall

1310 They made a temple forth withall

And eche of hem his yeres day

Attitled hadde. And of array

The temples weren than ordeigned

And eke the people was constreigned

1315 To come and done her sacrifice.

The prestes eke in her office

Solempne maden thilke festes.

And thus the Grekes lich to bestes

The men in stede of god honour,

1320 Which mighten nought hem self soccour,

While that they were alive here.

And over this as thou shalt here

The Grekes fulfilled of fantasy

Sain eke, that of the hilles high

Nota, quod dii
moncium Satiri vo-
cantur.

1325 The goddes ben in speciall,

But of her name in generall

They hoten alle Satiry.

There ben of nimphes proprely

In the beleve of hem also,

Oreades nimphe
moncium.

1330 Oreades they saiden tho

Attitled ben to the montaignes.
 And for the wodes in demeines
 Driades filvarum. To kepe tho ben Driades,
 Naiades foncium. Of freshe welles Naiades,
 Nereides marium. And of the nimphes of the see
 I finde a tale in proprete,
 How Dorus⁺ whilom king of Grece,
 Whiche had of infortune a piece,
 His wife forth with his doughter alle
 1340 So as the happes shulden falle
 With many a gentilwoman there
 Dreint in the falte see they were,
 Wherof the Grekes that time saiden
 And such a name upon hem laiden,
 1345 Nereides that they ben hote,
 The nimphes whiche that they note
 To regne upon the stremes falte.
 Lo now, if this beleve halte.
 But of the nimphes as they telle,
 1350 In every place where they dwelle
 They ben all redy obeifaunt
 As damifelles attendaunt
 To the goddeffes, whose servise
 They mote obey in alle wise,
 1355 Wherof the Grekes to hem beseke
 With tho, that ben goddeffes eke,
 And have in hem a great credence.
 And yet without experience
 Saufe onely of illusion,
 1360 Which was to hem dampnacion.

For men also that were dede
 They hadden goddes as I rede,
 And tho by name Manes highten,
 To whom ful great honour they dighten,
 1365 So as the Grekes lawe saith,
 Which was ayein the righte feith.

Manes dii mortuo-
 rum.

Thus have I tolde a great partie,
 But all the hole progenie
 Of goddes in that ilke time
 1370 To longe it were for to rime.
 But yet of that, which thou hast herde,
 Of misbeleve, howe it hath ferde,
 There is a great diversite.

My fader, right so thenketh me.

Amans.

1375 But yet o thinge I you besече,
 Which stant in alle mennes speche,
 The god and the goddesse of love,
 Of whom ye nothing here above
 Have told ne spoken of her fare,
 1380 That ye me wolde now declare,
 How they first come to that name.

My sone, I have it left for shame,
 Because I am her owne prest.

Qualiter Cupido et
 Venus deus et dea
 amoris nuncupan-
 tur.

But for they stonde nigh thy brest
 1385 Upon the shrifte of thy matere,
 Thou shalt of hem the sothe here
 And understond now well the cas.
 Venus Saturnes doughter was,
 Which alle daunger put away
 1390 Of love and found to lust a wey,

So that of her in sondry place
 Diverse men fell into grace,
 And such a lusty life she ladde,
 That she diverse children hadde,
 1375 Now one by this, now one by that.
 Of her it was that Mars begat
 A child, which cleped was Armene,*
 Of her cam also Andragene,[†]
 To whom Mercurie father was.
 1400 Anchises begat Eneas
 Of her also, and Ericon
 Biten begatte, and therupon
 Whan that she figh ther was none other
 By Jupiter her owne brother
 1405 She lay, and he begat Cupide.
 And thilke sone upon a tide,
 Whan he was come unto his age,
 He had a wonder fair visage
 And founde his mother amorous,
 1410 And he was also lecherous.
 So whan they weren bothe alone,
 As he whiche eyen hadde none
 To se refon, his mother kist,
 And she also that nothing wist
 1415 But that, whiche unto his lust belongeth,
 To bene her love him underfongeth.
 Thus was he blinde, and she unwis.
 But netheles this cause it is,
 Which Cupide is the god of love,
 1420 For he his mother derste love,

And she, which thought her lustes fonde,
 Diverse loves toke on honde
 Wel mo than I the telle here.

And for she wolde her selve skere,

1425 She made comun that disporte
 And set a lawe of such a porte,
 That every woman mighte take
 What man her list and nought forsake
 To ben as comun as she wolde.

1430 She was the first also, which tolde,
 That women shulde her body felle.
 Semiramis so as men telle
 Of Venus kepte thilke apprise.

And so did in the same wise

1435 Of Rome faire Neabolie,
 Which list her body to Regolie.

She was to every man felawe
 And held the lust of thilke lawe,
 Which Venus of her self beganne,

1440 Wherof that she the name wanne,
 Why men her clepen the goddesse
 Of love and eke of gentileffe,
 Of worldes lust and of plesaunce.

Se now the foule miscraunce

1445 Of Grekes in thilke time tho,
 Whan Venus toke her name so.

There was no cause under the mone
 Of which they hadden tho to done,
 Of wel or wo where so it was,

1450 That they ne token in that cas

A god to helpe or a goddesse,
Wherof to take my witnesse,

Nota de epistola
Dindimi regis
Bragmannorum
Alexandro magno
directa, ubi dicit,
quod Greci tunc ad
corporis conserva-
cionem pro singulis
membris singulos
deos specialiter ap-
propriari credunt.

* The king of Bragman Dindimus

Wrote unto Alifaundre thus

In blaminge of the Grekes feith

And of the misbeleve he faith,

How they for every membre hadden

A sondry god, to whom they spradden

Her armes and of help besoughten.

1460 Minerve for the hede they foughten,

For she was wise, and of a man

The wit and reson which he can

Is in the celles of the brain,

Wherof they made her soverain.

1465 Mercurie, which was in his dawes

A great speker of false lawes,

On him the keping of the tunge

They laiden, whan they speke or funge.

For Bachus was a gloton eke

1470 Him for the throte they beseke,

That he it wolde washen ofte

With fuote drinkes and with softe.

The god of shulders and of armes

Was Hercules, for he in armes

1475 The mightiest was to fight,

To him tho limes they behight.

The god whom that they clepen Mart

The brest to kepe hath for his part,

For with the herte in his ymage

1480 That he addresse to his corage.

And of the galle the goddesse,
 For she was ful of hastinesse,
 Of wrath and light to greve also,
 They made and said, it was Juno.

1485 Cupide, which the brond of fire
 Bare in his hond, he was the fire
 Of the stomack, which boileth ever,
 Wherof the lustes ben the lever.

To the goddesse Cereres,
 1490 Whiche of the corn yaf her encres,
 Upon the feith that tho was take
 The wombes cure was betake.

And Venus through the lechery,
 For whiche they her deify,
 1495 She kepte all down the remenaunt
 To thilke office appertenaunt.

Thus was dispers in sondry wise
 The misbeleve as I devise
 With many an ymage of entaile,
 1500 Of suche as might hem nought availe,
 Forthy withoute lives chere
 Unmighty ben to se or here
 Or speke or do or elles fele,
 And yet the fooles to hem knele,
 1505 Whiche is her owne handes werke.
 Ha lord, how this beleve is derke
 And fer fro resonable wit,
 And netheles they don it yit.
 That was o day a ragged tre
 1510 To morwe upon his mageste

Nota de prima y-
 dolorum cultura,
 que ex tribus pre-
 cipue statuis exorta
 est, quarum prima
 fuit illa, quam in
 filii sui memoriam
 quidam princeps
 nomine Cirophe-
 nes a sculptore
 Prometheo fabri-
 cari constituit.

Stant in the temple wel befein,
 How might a mannes refon fain,
 That fuch a ftock may helpe or greve?
 But they, that ben of fuch beleve
 1515 And unto fuche goddes calle,
 It fhall to hem right fo befall
 And failen ate moſte nede.
 But if the liſt to taken hede
 And of the firſt ymage wite,
 1520* Petronius therof hath write
 And eke Nigargorus alfo,
 And they afferme and write fo,
 That Prometheus was to-fore
 And founde the firſt craft therefore,
 1525 And Cirophanes, as they telle,
 Through counfeil, which was take in helle,
 In remembraunce of his lignage
 Let fetten up the firſt ymage.
 Of Cirophanes faith the boke,
 1530 That he for forwe, which he toke,
 Of that he figh his fone dede,
 Of comfort knew none other rede
 But let do make in remembraunce
 A faire ymage of his femblaunce
 1535 And fet it in the market place,
 Which openly to-fore his face
 Stood every day to done him eſe.
 And they that thanne wolde pleſe
 The fader, fhulden it obey,
 1540 Whan that they comen thilke wey.†

See also... Petronius, *Mythol.*, 6; 'Et quae vis Niagores in dicitur...
 See also... *Mythol.*, 3; cf. *Vindob. of Schen* XIV, 15; *M. Polo* III, 15
 See also... *Mythol.*, 3; cf. *Vindob. of Schen* XIV, 15; *M. Polo* III, 15
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 See also... *Mythol.*, 3; cf. *Vindob. of Schen* XIV, 15; *M. Polo* III, 15

And of Ninus king of Affire
I rede, how that in his empire
He was next after the secound
Of hem, that first ymages found.*

545 For he right in semblable cas
Of Belus, which his fader was
Fro Nembroth in the righte line,
Let make of gold and stoness fine
A precious ymage riche

1550 After his fader evenliche,
And therupon a law he fette,
That every man of pure dette
With sacrifice and with truage
Honoure shulde thilk ymage,
1555 So that withinne time it felle
Of Belus cam the name of Belle,
Of Bel cam Belzebub and so
The misbeleve wente tho.

Y The thrid ymage next to this
1560 Was, whan the king of Grece Apis
Was dede, they maden a figure
In refemblaunce of his stature.
Of this king Apis faith the boke,
That Serapis his name toke,

1565 In whom through long continuaunce
Of misbeleve a great creaunce
They hadden and the reverence
Of sacrifice and of encence

To him they made. And as they telle
1570 Among the wonders that befelle,

Secunda statua fuit
illa, quam ad sui
patris Beli cultu-
ram rex Ninus fi-
eri et adorari de-
crevit, et sic de no-
mine Beli postea
Bel et Belzebub
ydolum accrevit.

Tercia statua fuit
illa, que ad hono-
rem Apis regis
Grecorum sculpta
fuit, cui postea no-
men Serapis impo-
nentes ipsum quasi
deum pagani co-
luerunt.

is for Godpe of Akenon, Parthen IV: 64 is represent, the ymage as the first example of an idol made by
Oware pimen idolan in munde et quo tempore facti. of quido, not Torace 12 x

is the poudon of Egypte, Aristotellon est idellon regnum in hanc Apis, Regis hanc regem; 500
er dicitur in hanc Apis, qui liberavit eam a fame; quod idellon Serapis vocatur, quia idellon
is) Godpe, Parthen IV

* Whan Alifaundre fro Candace
 Cam ridend in a wilde place
 Under an hille a cave he fond,
 And Candalus, whiche in that lond
 1575 Was bore and was Candaces sone,
 Him told, how that of comun wone
 The goddes were in thilke cave.
 And he that wolde affay and have
 A knoulechinge, if it be soth,
 1580 Light of his hors and in he goth
 And fond therinne that he sought.
 For through the fendes sleight him thought
 Amonges other goddes mo,
 That Serapis spake to him tho,
 1585 Whom he figh there in great array.
 And thus the fend fro day to day
 The worship of ydolatrie
 Drough forth upon the fantasy
 Of hem, that weren thanne blinde
 1590 And couthen nought the trouthe finde.
 Thus haft thou herd in what degre
 Of Grece, Egipte and Caldee
 The misbeleves whilom stood,
 And how so that they be nought good
 1595 Ne trewe, yet they sprongen oute,
 Wherof the wide worlde aboute
 His parte of misbeleve toke.
 Til so befelle, as faith the boke,
 That god a people for him felve
 1600 Hath chose of the lignages twelve,

"Tunc de Alifaundre cum Candace p[ro]p[ri]et[ar]i[us] de hier[os]ol[ymis], et veni[er]unt
 ad eum et habitab[er]unt ibi. Dixitque Candace, Omnes dii crucium in ista spe-
 cie sunt. Sed in ista parte Alifaundre, statim fecit velle ad dei, velle, et ingressus in spelunca
 et ibi p[ro]p[ri]et[ar]i[us] velle stelle, que lucebat, et ibi ip[s]e stelle, quando deus rex in m[un]do

Wherof the sothe redely,
 As it is write in Genesý,
 I thenke telle in suche a wise,
 That it shall be to thin apprise.

1605 After the flood, fro which Noe
 Was fauf, the worlde in his degre
 Was made as who saith new ayein
 Of flour, of fruit, of gras, of grein,
 Of beest, of brid and of mankinde,
 1610 Whiche ever hath be to god unkinde.
 For nought withstonding all the fare
 Of that this world was made so bare,
 And afterward it was restored,
 Among the men was nothing mored
 1615 Towardes god of good living,
 But all was torned to liking
 After the flesh, so that foryete
 Was he, which yaf hem life and mete,
 Of heven and erthe creatour.
 1620 And thus cam forth the great errour,
 That they the highe god ne knewe,
 But maden other goddes newe,
 As thou hast herd me said to-fore.
 There was no man that time bore,
 1625 That he ne had after his chois
 A god, to whom he yaf his vois,
 Wherof the misbeleve cam
 Into the time of Abraham.
 But he found out the righte wey,
 1630 Howe only men shuld obey

De Hebreorum seu
 Judeorum secta,
 quorum sinagoga,
 ecclesia Christi su-
 perveniente, defe-
 cit.

The highe god, which weldeth all
 And ever hath done and ever shall
 In heven, in erth and eke in helle.
 There is no tunge his might may telle.
 1635 This patriarch to his lignage
 Forbad, that they to none ymage
 Encline sholden in no wise,
 But her offrende and sacrifice
 With all the hole hertes love
 1640 Unto the mighty god above
 They shulde yive and to no mo.
 And thus in thilke time tho
 Began that sect upon this erthe,
 Whiche of beleves was the ferthe,
 1645 Of rightwisnesse it was conceived,
 So must it nedes be received
 Of him, that alle right is inne,
 The highe god, which wolde winne
 A people unto his owne feith.
 1650 On Abraham the ground he laith
 And made him for to multiply
 Into so great a progeny,
 That they Egipte all over spradde.
 But Pharao with wrong hem ladde
 1655 In servitude ayein the pees,
 Til god let sende Moises
 To make the deliveraunce.
 And for his people great vengeaunce
 He toke, which is to here a wonder.
 1660 The king was slain, the lond put under,

God bad the redde fee deuide,
Which stood upright on every side
And yaf unto his people a wey,
That they on foot it passed drey
1665 And gone so forth into desert,
Where for to kepe hem in covert
The daies whan the sonne brent
A large cloude hem over went,
And for to wiffen hem by night
1670 A firy piller hem alight.
And whan that they for hunger pleigne,
The mighty god began to reine
Manna fro heven down to grounde,
Wherof that eche of hem hath founde
1675 His food, such right as him list.
And for they shuld upon him trift
Right as who set a tonne abroche,
He percede the harde roche
And spronge out water all at wille,
1680 That man and beste hath dronk his fille.
And afterward he yaf the lawe
To Moifes, that hem withdrawe
They shulde nought fro that he bad.
And in this wise they be lad,
1685 Til they toke in possession
The londes of promission,
Where that Caleph and Josue
The marches upon such degre
Departen after the lignage,
1690 That eche of hem as heritage

His purparty hath underfonge.
 And thus stood this beleve longe,
 Whiche of prophetes was governed.
 And they had eke the people lerned
 1695 Of great honour, that shuld hem falle,
 But ate moſte nede of alle
 They faileden, whan Criſt was bore.
 But how that they her feith have lore,
 It nedeth nought to tellen all,
 1700 The matere is ſo generall.

Whan Lucifer was beſt in heven
 And ought moſt have ſtonde in even,
 Towardes god he toke debate,
 And for that he was obſtinate
 1705 And wolde nought to trouth encline
 He fel for ever into ruine.

And Adam eke in paradis,
 Whan he ſtood moſt in all his pris
 After the ſtate of innocence,
 1710 Ayein the god brake his defence
 And fell out of his place away.
 And right by ſuch a maner wey
 The Jewes in her beſte plite,
 Whan that they ſholden moſt parſite
 1715 Have ſtonde upon the prophecy,
 Tho fellen they to moſt foly
 And him, which was fro heven come
 And of a maid his fleſh hath nome
 And was among hem bore and fed,
 1720 As men that wolden nought be ſped

Of goddes sone with o vois
 They heng and slough upon the crois,
 Wherof the parfite of her lawe
 Fro thenne forth hem was withdrawe,

1725 So that they stonde of no merit,
 But in a truage as folk subgit
 Withoute proprete of place
 They liven oute of goddes grace,
 Dispers in alle londes oute.

1730 And thus the feith is come aboute,
 That whilome in the Jewes stood,
 Whiche is nought parfitliche good.
 To speke as it is now befalle
 There is a feith aboven alle,

1735 In which the trouthe is comprehended,
 Wherof that we ben all amended.

The high almighty mageste
 Of rightwisnesse and of pite
 The sinne, which that Adam wrought,

1740 Whan he sigh time ayein he bought
 And send his sone fro the heven
 To sette mannes soule in even,
 Which thanne was so fore fall
 Upon the point which was befall,

1745 That he ne might him self arife.

Gregoire faith in his apprise :
 It helpeth nought a man be bore,
 If goddes sone were unbore,
 For thanne through the firste sinne,

1750 Which Adam whilom brought us inne,

De fide Christiana,
 in qua perfecte le-
 gis complemen-
 tum, summi miste-
 rii sacramentum
 nostreque salvacio-
 nis fundamentum
 infallibiliter con-
 sistere creditur.

Gregorius. O ne-
 cessarium Ade
 peccatum. O felix
 culpa, que talem
 ac tantum meruit
 habere redempto-
 rem.

There shulden alle men be loſt,
 But Criſt reſtoreth thilke loſt
 And bought it with his fleſhe and blood.
 And if we thenken, how it ſtood
 1755 Of thilke raunſon, which he paid,
 As faint Gregoire it wrote and ſaid,*
 All was behovely to the man.
 For that, wherof his wo began,
 Was after cauſe of all his welth,
 1760 Whan he, which is the welle of helth,
 The highe creatour of life
 Upon the nede of ſuch a ſtrife
 So wolde he for his creature
 Take on him ſelf the forfeiture
 1765 And ſuffre for the mannes ſake.
 Thus may no reſon wel forſake,
 That ilke finne original †
 Ne was the cauſe in ſpeciall
 Of mannes worſhip ate laſt,
 1770 Which ſhall withouten ende laſt.
 For by that cauſe the godhede
 Affembled was to the manhede
 In the virgine, where he nome
 Our fleſhe and verray man become
 1775 Of bodely fraternite,
 Wherof the man in his degre
 Stant more worth, as I have told,
 Than he ſtood erſt by many fold,
 Through baptiſme of the newe lawe,
 1780 Of which Criſt lord is and felawe.

In I. Reg. 21. 10. 2. et quidem non Adam peccavit, Redemptorem nostrum
 Sic ergo pro peccato illi, et ut, in peccato decessit, non servare oportet
 sed quia electus sollet priora peccata

And thus the highe goddes might,
Which was in the virgine alight,
The mannes foule has reconciled,
Which hadde longe ben exiled.

1785 So stant the feith upon beleve,
Withoute which may non acheve.
But this beleve is so certain
To bigge mannes foule ayein,
So full of grace and of vertu,
1790 That what man clepeth to Jesu
In clene life forth with good dede,
He may nought faile of heven mede,
Which taken hath the righte feith.

For elles, as the gospel faith,
1795 Salvacion there may be none.
And for to preche therupon
Crist bad to his apostles alle,
The whos power as now is falle
On us, that ben of holy chirche,
1800 If we the gode dedes werche,
For feith only sufficeth nought,
But if good dede also be wrought.

Jacobus. Fides
sine operibus mor-
tua est.
Confessor.

Now were it good, that thou forthy,
Which through baptisme proprely
1805 Art unto Cristes feith professed,
Beware that thou be nought oppressed
With anticristes lollardie.

For as the Jewes prophecie
Was set of god for avauntage,
1810 Right so this newe tapinage

Nota contra istos,
qui jam Lollardi
dicuntur.

Of lollardie goth aboute
 To sette Cristes feith in doubte.
 The faints, that weren us to-fore,
 By whom the feith was first up bore,
 1815 That holy chirche stood releved,
 That oughten better be beleved
 Than these, whiche that men knowe
 Nought holy, though they feigne and blowe
 Her lollardy in mennes ere.

1820 But if thou wolt live out of fere,
 Such newe lore I rede escheue
 And hold forth right the wey and sue,
 As thin auncestres did er this,
 So shalt thou nought beleve amis.

Incipit Iesus facere
 et docere.

Crist wroughte first and after taught
 So that the dede his word araught,
 He yaf ensample in his persone,
 And we tho wordes have alone
 Like to the tree with leves grene,

1830 Upon the which no fruit is sene.

Nota, quod cum
 Anthenor palladi-
 um Troie a templo
 Minerve abstulit,
 Thoas ibidem sum-
 mus sacerdos auro
 corruptus oculos
 avertit et sic ma-
 lum quasi non vi-
 dens scienter fieri
 permisit.

* The prest Thoas, which of Minerve
 The temple hadde for to serve
 And the palladion of Troy
 Kept under keie, for monaie
 Of Anthenor, whiche he hath nome,
 Hath suffred Anthenor to come
 And the palladion to stele,
 Wherof the worship and the wele
 Of the Troians was overthrowe.

1840 But Thoas ate same throwe,

Whan Anthenor this jeuele toke,
Winkende caft away his loke
For a deceipte and for a while,
As he that fhuld him felf beguile,
1845 He hid his eyen fro the fight
And wende wel, that he fo might
Excufe his falfe conſcience.
I wot nought if thilke evidence
Now at this time in her eſtates
1850 Excufe mighte the prelates,
Knowend how that the feith difcreseth
And alle moral vertu ceſeth,
Wherof that they the keies bere.
But yet hem liketh nought to ſtere
1855 Her goſtlich eye for to ſe
The worlde in his adverſite,
They wol no laboure undertake
To kepe that hem is betake.
Criſt deide him felf for the feith,
1860 But now our ferful prelate faith:
The life is ſwete, and that he kepeth
So that the feith unholpe ſlepeth,
And they unto her eſe entenden
And in her luſt her life deſpenden,
1865 And every man doth what him liſt.
Thus ſtant this world fulfilled of miſt,
That no man ſeeth the righte wey.
The wardes of the chirche key
Through miſhandlinge ben miſwreint,
1870 The worldes wawe hath welnigh dreint

The ship, which Peter hath to stere,
 The forme is kept, but the matere
 Transformed is in other wife.
 But if they weren goftly wise
 1875 And that the prelatz weren good,
 As they by olde daies stood,
 It were thanne litel nede
 Among the men to taken hede
 Of that they heren pſeudo telle,*
 1880 Which now is come for to dwelle
 To ſowe cockel with the corn,
 So that the tilthe is nigh forlorn,
 Which Criſt ſew firſt his owne hond.
 Now ſtant the cockel in the lond,
 1885 Where ſtood whilom the gode greine,
 For the prelatz now, as men ſain,
 Forſlouthen that they ſholden tille.
 And that I trowe be the ſkille,
 Whan there is lacke in hem above,
 1890 The people is ſtraunged to the love
 Of trouth in cauſe of ignoraunce.
 For where there is no purveaunce
 Of light, men erren in the derke.
 But if the prelatz wolden werke
 1895 Upon the feith, which they us teche,
 Men ſholden nought her waie ſeche
 Withoute light as now is uſed,
 Men ſe the charge all day reſused,
 Whiche holy chirche hath undertake.

Gregorius. *Quando Petrus cum Ju-*

But who that wolde enſample take,

Handwritten notes in a cursive script, likely a marginal gloss or commentary. The text is partially obscured and difficult to read, but appears to discuss the Latin text above, mentioning 'Pseudo' and 'prophetis'.

Gregoire upon his Omelie

Ayein the flouthe of preclacie

Compleigneth him and thus he faith :

*Whan Peter, fader of the feith,

1905 At domesday shall with him bring

Judeam, which through his preching

He wan, and Andrew with Achay

Shall come his dette for to pay,

And Thomas eke with his beyete

1910 Of Ynde, and Paul the routes grete

Of sondry londes to present,

And we fulfilled of londe and rent,

Whiche of this worlde we holden here,

With voide hondes shall appere,

1915 Touchend our cure spirituall,

Whiche is our charge in speciall,

I not what thing it may amounte

Upon thilke ende of our accompte,

Which Crist him self is auditour,

1920 Which taketh none hede of vein honour,

Thoffice of the chauncellerie

Or of the kinges tresorie

Ne for ne write ne for ne taile

To warrant may nought than availe.

1925 The world, which now so wel we trow,

Shall make us thanne but a mowe,

So passe we withoute mede,

That we none otherwise spede,

But as we rede, that he spedde,

1930 The whiche his lordes besant hadde

dea, Andreas cum
Achaia, Thomas
cum Yndia, et
Paulus cum gente
venient, quid dice-
mus nos moderni,
quorum fossum ta-
lentum pro nichilo
computabitur.

et Pierre au jour du jugement,
et il a dieu pour present
le Judioe qu'il gouverna,
Après pas tout viderment;
'Quod tulerat Petrus incriminanda fela,
Quas tulit et Paulus gens manifestat opes.'

Saint Paul, grand sceur le gent
Molt bell ceur yepostre,
Et sent Andrei lors offere,
A chose a dieu presenten,
Maison de l'Orme, 20065

Vous les deux seront present
deux, par ce que le Judioe
Lors la couronne portere
En joye par dieu alloument

Maison de l'Orme, III, 903

'il est mesme, auditour.' Maison de l'Orme, 16562

ottley xxv, 10

And therupon gat none encres.
 But at his time netheles,
 What other man his thank deserue,
 The world so lusty is to serue,
 1935 That we with him ben all accorded,
 And that is wist and well recorded
 Through out this erthe in alle londes,
 Let knightes winne with her hondes,
 For oure tunge shall be still
 1940 And stande upon the fleshes will,
 It were a travail for to preche
 The feith of Crist, as for to teche
 The folke painim, it woll nought be.
 But every prelate holde his see
 1945 With alle such as he may gete
 Of lusty drinke and lusty mete,
 Wherof the body fat and full
 Is unto gostly labour dull
 And flough to handle thilke plough.
 1950 But elles we ben swifte inough
 Toward the worldes avarice.
 And that is as a sacrifice,
 Which after that thapostle saith⁺
 Is openly ayein the feith
 1955 Unto the ydols yove and graunted,
 But netheles as it is now haunted
 And vertue chaunged into vice,
 So that largeffe is avarice,
 In whose chapitre now we trete.
 Amans. My fader, this matere is bete

So far, that ever while I live
 I shall the better hede yive
 Unto my self by many wey.
 But over this now wolde I prey
 965 To wite, what the braunches are
 Of avarice, and how they fare
 Als well in love as otherwise.

My sone, and I the shall devise
 In suche a maner as they stonde,
 970 So that thou shalt hem understonde.

Confessor.

*Agros jungit agris cupidus domibusque domosque
 Possideat totam sic quasi solus humum.
 Solus et innumeros mulierum spirat amores,
 Ut sacra millenis sit sibi culta Venus.*

3.

Dame avarice is nought soleine,
 Which is of gold the capiteine.
 But of her courte in sondry wise
 After the scole of her apprise
 975 She hath of servaunts many one,
 Wherof that covetise is one,
 Which goth the large worlde about
 To seche thavauntages out,
 Where that he may the profit winne
 980 To avarice and bringeth it inne.
 That one halt and that other draweth,
 There is no day which hem bedaweth
 No more the sonne than the mone,
 Whan there is any thing to done,
 985 And namely with covetise,
 For he stant out of all affise

Hic tractat confessor super illa specie avaricie, que cupiditas dicitur, quam in amoris causa pertractans amanti super hoc opponit.

Of resonable mannes fare,
 Where he purposeth him to fare
 Upon his lucre and his beyete.
 1990 The smalle path, the large strete,
 The furlonge and the longe mile,
 All is but one for thilke while.
 And for that he is such one holde,
 Dame avarice him hath witholde,
 1995 As he which is the principall
 Outward; for he is over all
 A purveiour and an espy.
 For right as of an hungry py
 The storve bestes ben awaited,
 2000 Right so is covetise affaited
 To loke where he may purchase,
 For by his will he wolde embrace
 All that this wide world beclippeth.
 But ever he somwhat overhippeth*,
 2005 That he ne may nought all fulfille
 The lustes of his gredy wille.
 But where it falleth in a londe,
 That covetise in mighty honde
 Is fet, it is full hard to fede.
 2010 For than he taketh none other hede,
 But that he may purchase and gete,
 His conscience hath all foryete
 And nought what thing it may amounte,
 That he shall afterwarde accompte.
 2015 But as the luce in his degre
 Of tho, that lasse ben than he,

The fishes gredily devoureth,
 So that no water hem foccoureth,
 Right so no lawe may rescowe
 Fro him, that woll no right allowe.
 For where that such one is of might,
 His will shall stonde in stede of right.
 Thus be the men destrued full ofte,
 Till that the grete god alofte
 Ayein so great a covetise
 Redresse it in his owne wise.
 And in ensample of all tho
 I finde a tale write so,
 The which for it is good to lere
 Herafterward thou shalt it here.

‡ Whan Rome stood in noble plite,
 Virgile, which was tho parfite,
 A mirroure made of his clergie
 And sette it in the townes eye
 Of marbre on a piller without,
 That they by thritty mile about
 By day and eke also by night
 In that mirroure beholde might
 Her ennemies, if any were,
 With all her ordenaunce there,
 Which they ayein the citee cast.
 So that while thilke mirroure last,
 Ther was no lond, which might acheve
 With werre Rome for to greve,
 Wherof was great envie tho.
 And fell that ilke time so,

Hic ponit exemplum
 contra magnates cu-
 pidos et narrat de
 Craffo Romanorum
 imperatore, qui tur-
 rim, in qua speculum
 Virgillii Rome fixum
 extiterat, dolosa cir-
 cumventus cupiditate
 evertit, unde non so-
 lum sui ipsius perdi-
 cionem, sed totius ci-
 vitanis intollerabile
 dampnum contingere
 causavit.

de foveo p. 100. Hic ponit exemplum contra magnates cupidos et narrat de Craffo Romanorum imperatore, qui turrim, in qua speculum Virgillii Rome fixum extiterat, dolosa circumventus cupiditate evertit, unde non solum sui ipsius perdicionem, sed totius civitanis intollerabile dampnum contingere causavit.

That Rome hadde werres stronge
 Ayein Cartage, and stoden longe
 The two citees upon debate.

- 2050 Cartage figh the strong estate
 Of Rome in thilke mirroure stonde
 And thought all prively to fonde
 To overthrowe it by some wile.
 And Hanibal was thilke while
- 2055 The prince and leader of Cartage,
 Which hadde set all his corage
 Upon knighthode in such a wise,
 That he by worthy and by wise
 And by none other was counseiled,
- 2060 Wherof the world is yet merveiled
 Of the maistries that he wrought
 Upon the marches, which he sought.
 And fell in thilke time also,
 The kinge of Puile, which was tho,
- 2065 Thought ayein Rome to rebelle,
 And thus was take the quarelle,
 How to destruie the mirroure.
 Of Rome tho was emperour
 Craffus, which was so covetous,
- 2070 That he was ever desirous
 Of gold to gete the pilage,
 Wherof that Puile and eke Cartage
 With philosophres wise and great
 Beginne of this matere to treat.
- 2075 And ate last in this degre
 There weren philosophres thre

To do this thing whiche undertoke,
And therupon they with hem toke
A great trefure of gold in cofres
2080 To Rome, and thus these philosophres
To-gider in compaignie went,
But no man wiste what they ment.
Whan they to Rome come were,
So prively they dwelte there,
2085 As they that thoughten to deceive.
Was none, that might of hem perceive,
Till they in sondry stedes have
Her gold under the erth begrave
In two trefors that to beholde
2090 They sholden seme as they were olde.
And so forth than upon a day
All openly in good array
To themperour they hem present
And tolden, it was her entent
2095 To dwellen under his servise.
And he hem axeth in what wise.
And they him told in such a plite,
That eche of hem had a spirite,
The which slepend anight appereth
2100 And hem by sondry dremes lereth
After the world that hath betid,
Under the grounde if ought be hid
Of olde trefor at any throwe,
They shall it in her swevenes knowe.
2105 And upon this condition
They sain, what gold under the town

Of Rome is hid, they woll it finde,
 There shulde nought be left behinde,
 Be so that he the halve dele
 2110 Hem graunt and he assenteth wele.
 And thus cam sleighte for to dwelle
 With covetife as I the telle.
 This emperour bad redely,
 That they be logged faste by,
 2115 Where he his owne body lay.
 And whan it was at morwe day,
 That one of hem faith, that he mette,
 Where he a gold hord shulde fette,
 Wherof this emperour was glad.
 2120 And therupon anone he bad
 His minours for to go and mine,
 And he him self of that covine
 Goth forth withall and at his honde
 The tresor redy there he fonde,
 2125 Where as they said it shulde be.
 And who was thanne glad but he?
 Upon that other day secounde
 They have an other gold hord founde,
 Which the secunde maister toke
 2130 Upon his sweven and undertoke.
 And thus the soth experience
 To themperour yaf such credence,
 That all his trust and all his feith
 So fikerliche on hem he laith,
 2135 Of that he found him so releved,
 That they ben parfitly beleved,

As though they were goddes thre.
 Now herken the subtilite
 The thridde maister shulde mete,
 2140 Whiche as they faiden was unmete
 Above hem all, and couthe most,
 And he withoute noise or boft
 All privelich, so as he wolde,
 Upon the morwe his swevenes tolde
 2145 To themperour right in his ere
 And faid him, that he wiste where
 A trefor was so plenteous
 Of golde and eke so precious
 Of jewelles and of rich stoncs,
 2150 That unto all his hors at ones
 It were a charge suffisaunt.
 This lord upon this covenant
 Was glad and axeth where it was.
 The maister faid, under the glas,
 2155 He tolde him eke as for the mine
 He wolde ordeigne such engine,
 That they the werk shulde underfette
 With timber, and withoute lette
 Men may the trefor fausly delve,
 2160 So that the mirroure by him selve
 Without empeirement shal stonde.
 All this the maister upon honde
 Hath undertake in alle wey.
 This lord, whiche had his wit away
 2165 And was with covetise blent,
 Anone therto yaf his assent.

And thus they mine forth withall,
 The timber fet up over all,
 Wherof the piller stood upright,
 2170 Till it befell upon a night
 These clerkes, whan they were ware,
 How that the timber only bare
 The piller, where the mirrour stood,
 Her sleighte no man understood,
 2175 They go by night unto the mine
 With pitch, with sulphre and rofine,
 And whan the citee was aslepe,
 A wilde fire into the depe
 They cast among the timber werke
 2180 And so forth while the night was derke
 Desguised in a pouer array
 They passeden the towne er day.
 And whan they come upon an hille,
 They fighen how the mirrour felle,
 2185 Wherof they made joy inough,
 And eche of hem with other lough
 And saiden : Lo, what covetise
 May do with hem that be nought wise?
 And that was proved afterwarde,
 2190 For every lond to Rome warde,
 Whiche hadde be subgit to-fore,
 Whan this mirrour was so forlore
 And they the wonder herde say,
 Anone begunne difobey
 2195 With werres upon every side.
 And thus hath Rome lost his pride

And was defouled over all.

For this I finde of Hanibal,

That he of Romains in a day,

2200 Whan he hem found out of array,

So great a multitude slough,

That of gold ringes, which he drough

Of gentil hondes, that ben dede,

Busshelles fulle thre, I rede,

2205 He filled and made a brigge also,

That he might over Tiber go

Upon the corps that dede were

Of the Romains, whiche he slough there.

But now to speke of the juise,

2210 The which after the covetise

Was take upon this emperour,

For he destrued the mirrour,

It is a wonder for to here

The Romains maden a chaire

2215 And set her emperour therinne

And faiden, for he wolde winne

Of gold the superfluite,

Of golde he shulde such plente

Receive, till he saide ho.

2220 And with gold, which they hadde tho

Boilende hot within a panne,

Into his mouth they poure thanne.

And thus the thurst of gold was queint

With gold, whiche hadde ben atteint.

2225 Wherof, my sone, thou might here,

Whan covetise hath lost the stere

Of resonable governaunce,
 There falleth ofte great grevaunce.
 For there may be no worfe thing
 1230 Than covetise about a king,
 If it in his persone be,
 It doth the more adverfite,
 And if it in his counseil ftonde,
 It bringeth all day mischefe to honde
 1235 Of comun harme, and if it growe
 Within his court, it woll be knowe,
 For thanne shall the king be piled.
 The man, whiche hath his londe tilled,
 Awaiteth nought more redely
 1240 The herveft, than they gredily
 Ne maken thanne warde and wacche,
 Where they the profit mighten cacche.
 And yet full oft it falleth fo,
 As men may sene among hem tho,
 1245 That he, which most coveiteth fast,
 Hath leest avauntage ate last.
 For whan fortune is there ayein,
 Though he coveite, it is in veine,
 The happes ben nought alle liche,
 1250 One is made pouer, an other riche,
 The court to some it doth profite,
 And some ben ever in o plite.
 And yet they both aliche fore
 Coveite, but fortune is more
 1255 Unto that o part favourable,
 And though it be nought resonable,

This thing a man may fene al day,
 Wherof that I the telle may
 After enfample in remembraunce,
 2160 How every man may take his chaunce
 Or of richeffe or of pouerte,
 How fo it ftonde of the deferte.
 Here is nought every thing acquit,
 For oft a man may fe this yit,
 2165 That who beft doth, leſt thank ſhal have,
 It helpeth nought the world to crave,
 Whiche out of reule and of meſure
 Hath ever ftonde in aventure
 Als well in court, as elles where,
 2170 And how in olde daies there
 It ſtood fo as the thinges felle,
 I thinke a tale for to telle.

In a cronique this I rede⁺

About a kinge, as muſt nede,

2175 There was of knightes and ſquiers
Great route and eke of officers.

Some of long time him hadden ſerved
And thoughten, that they have deſerved
Avauncement and gone withoute,

2180 And ſome alſo ben of the route,
That comen but a while agone,
And they avaunced were anone.

Theſe olde men upon this thing,
So as they durſt ayein the king

2185 Among hem ſelf compleignen ofte.

But there is nothing ſaid ſo ſofte,

Hic ponit exemplum contra illos, qui in domibus regum fervientes pro eo, quod ipsi secundum eorum cupiditatem promoti non existunt, de regio servicio quamvis in eorum defectu indiscrete murmurant.

Handwritten notes at the bottom of the page, mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through from the reverse side.

That it ne cometh out at laft.
 The king it wift anone als faft
 As he, which was of high prudence.
 2290 He fhope therefore an evidence
 Of hem that pleignen in that cas,
 To knowe in whofe default it was.
 And all within his owne entent,
 That no man wifte what it ment
 2295 Anone he let two cofres make
 Of one femblaunce and of o make
 So lich, that no life thilke throwe
 That one may fro that other knowe.
 They were into his chambre brought,
 2300 But no man wot why they be wrought.
 And netheles the king hath bede,
 That they be fet in prive ftede,
 As he that was of wifdom fligh.
 Whan he therto his time figh
 2305 All privelich, that none it wift,
 His owne hondes that o kift
 Of fine golde and of fine perrie,
 The which out of his treforie
 Was take, anone he filde full,
 2310 That other cofre of ftrawe and mull
 With ftones meind he filde alfo.
 Thus be they fulle bothe two.
 So that erliche upon a day
 He bad withinne where he lay,
 2315 There fhulde be to-fore his bedde
 A borde up fet and faire fpredded.

And than he let the cofres fet
Upon the borde and did hem fet.
He knew the names well of tho,
2320 The whiche ayein him grucche fo
Both of his chambre and of his halle,
Anone and fende for hem alle
And faide to hem in this wise :

There shall no man his hap despise,
2325 I wot well ye have longe served,
And god wot what ye have deserved.
But if it is along on me
Of that ye unavaunced be
Or elles it belonge on you,

2330 The sothe shall be proved now
To stoppe with your evil worde.
Lo here two cofres on the borde,
Chese whiche you list of bothe two
And witeth well, that one of tho
2335 Is with tresor so full begon,
That if ye happe therupon,
Ye shal be riche men for ever.

Now chese and take whiche you is lever.
But be well ware, er that ye take,

2340 For of that one I undertake,
There is no maner good therinne,
Wherof ye mighten profit winne.
Now goth to-gider of one assent
And taketh your advifement,

2345 For but I you this day avaunce,
It stant upon your owne chauce.

All only in default of grace
 So shall be shewed in this place
 Upon you alle well and fine,
 2350 That no defaulte shall be mine.

They knelen all and with one vois
 The king they thonken of this chois.
 And after that they up arife
 And gon aside and hem avise
 2355 And ate laste they accorde,
 Wherof her tale to recorde
 To what issue they be falle
 A knight shall speke for hem alle.
 He kneleth down unto the king
 2360 And faith, that they upon this thing
 Or for to winne or for to lese
 Ben all avised for to chese.

Tho toke this knight a yerd on hond
 And goth there as the cofres stond
 2365 And with thassent of everychone
 He laith his yerde upon one
 And faith the king, how thilke fame
 They chese in reguerdon by name
 And preith him, that they might it have.
 2370 The king, which wold his honour save,
 Whan he hath herd the comun vois,
 Hath graunted hem her owne chois
 And toke hem therupon the key.
 But for he wolde it were say
 2375 What good they have, as they suppose,
 He bad anone the cofre unclofe,

Which was fulfilled with straw and stones,
Thus be they served all at ones.

This king than in the same stede

2380 Anone that other cofre undede,
Where as they fighen great richeffe
Wel more than they couthen geffe.
Lo, faith the king, now may ye fe,
That there is no defaulte in me,

2385 Forthy my self I woll acquit
And bereth ye your owne wit
Of that fortune hath you refused.
Thus was this wise king excused,
And they lefte of her evil speche
2390 And mercy of her king beseche.

Somdele to this matere like
I finde a tale, how Frederike,
Of Rome that time emperour,
Herde, as he went, a great clamour

2395 Of two beggers upon the way,
That one of hem began to say :
Ha lord, wel may the man be riche,
Whom that a king list for to riche.
That other said no thinge so :

2400 But he is riche and wel bego,
To whom that god wol sende wele.
And thus they maden wordes fele,
Wherof this lord hath hede nome
And did hem bothe for to come

2405 To the paleis, where he shall ete,
And bad ordeigne for her mete

Nota hic de diviciarum accidencia, ubi narrat, qualiter Fredericus Romanorum imperator duos pauperes audivit litigantes, quorum unus dixit: bene potest ditari, quem rex vult ditare. Et alius dixit: quem deus vult ditare dives erit, que res cum ad experimentum postea probata fuisset, ille qui deum invocabat pastellum auro plenum fortitus est, alius vero caponis pastellum forte prelegit.

Two pastees which he let do make,
 A capon in that one was bake,
 And in that other for to winne
 2410 Of florens all that may withinne
 He let do put a great richeffe,
 And even aliche as man may gesse
 Outward they were bothe two.
 This begger was commaunded tho,
 2415 He that which held him to the king,
 That he first chese upon this thing.
 He sigh hem, but he felt hem nought,
 So that upon his owne thought
 He chese the capon and forfoke
 2420 That other, which his felaw toke.
 But whan he wist, how that it ferde,
 He said aloud, that men it herde :
 Now have I certainly conceived,
 That he may lightly be deceived,
 2425 That tristeth unto mannes helpe.
 But wel is him, that god wol helpe,
 For he stant on the siker side,
 Whiche elles shulde go beside.
 I se my felaw wel recouer,
 2430 And I mot dwelle still pouer.
 Thus spake the begger his entent,
 And pouer he cam, and pouer he went,
 Of that he hath richeffe sought,
 His infortune it wolde nought.
 2435 So may it shewe in sondry wise
 Betwene fortune and covetise

The chaunce is cast upon a dee,
 But yet full oft a man may see
 Inough of fuche netheles,
 2440 Which ever put hem self in pres
 To get hem good, and yet they faile.

And for to speke of this entaile
 Touchend of love in thy matere,
 My gode sone, as thou might here,
 2445 That right as it with tho men stood
 Of infortune of worldes good,
 As thou hast herd me tell above,
 Right so full ofte it stant by love,
 Though thou coveite it evermore,
 2450 Thou shalt nought have o dele the more,
 But only that, which the is shape,
 The remenaunt is but a jape.

And netheles inough of tho
 There ben, that now coveiten so,
 2455 That where as they a woman se,
 Ye ten or twelve though there be,
 The love is now so unavised,
 That where the beaute stant affised,
 The mannes herte anone is there
 2460 And rouneth tales in her ere
 And faith, how that he loveth streite.
 And thus he set him to coveite,
 An hundred though he figh a day,
 So wolde he more than he may.

2465 So for the grete covetife
 Of foty and of fool emprise

In eche of hem he fint fomwhat,
That pleseth him, or this or that.

Some one, for she is white of skinne,

2470 Some one, for she is noble of kinne,

Some one, for she hath a rody cheke,

Some one, for that she semeth meke,

Some one, for she hath eyen grey,

Some one, for she can laugh and pley,

2475 Some one, for she is longe and small,

Some one, for she is lite and tall,

Some one, for she is pale and bleche,

Some one, for she is softe of speche,

Some one, for that she is camused,

2480 Some one, for she hath nought ben used,

Some one, for she can daunce and sing,*

So that some thing of his liking

He fint, and though no more he fele,

But that she hath a litel hele,

2485 It is inough, that he therfore

Her love, and thus an hundred score,

While they be new, he wolde he had,

Whom he forsaketh, she shall be bad.

Cecus non iudicat
de coloribus. The blinde man no colour demeth,

2490 But all is one right as him semeth,

So hath his lust no jugement,

Whom covetise of love blent.

Him thenketh, that to his covetise,

How all the world ne may suffise,

2495 For by his will he wolde have all,

If that it mighte so befall.

So is he comun as the strete,
 I fette nought of his beyete.
 My sone, hast thou such covetise?

Confessor.

Amans.

2500 Nay fader, such love I despise,
 And while I live shal don ever,
 For in good feith yet had I lever
 Than to coveite in suche a wey
 To ben for ever till I deie
 2505 As pouer as Job and loveles
 Out taken one, for haveles
 His thonkes is no man alive,^{*}
 For that a man shulde all unthrive,
 There ought no wise man coveite,
 2510 The lawe was nought set so streite.
 Forthy my self with all to save
 Suche one there is I wolde have
 And none of all this other mo.

My sone, of that thou woldest so,

Confessor.

2515 I am nought wroth, but over this
 I woll the tellen, howe it is.
 For there be men, which other wise
 Right only for the covetise
 Of that they seen a woman riche,
 2520 There wol they all her love affiche.
 Nought for the beaute of her face
 Ne yet for vertu ne for grace,
 Which she hath elles right inough,
 But for the parke and for the plough
 2525 And other thing, which therto longeth,
 For in none other wise hem longeth

*Full court - good but love is lordship
 Not out to be true - love is fellowship*

To love, but they profit finde.
 And if the profit be behinde,
 Her love is ever lesse and lesse,
 2530 For after that she hath richeffe,
 Her love is of proportion.
 If thou hast such condition,
 My sone, tell right as it is.

Confessio amantis. Min holy fader, nay iwis,
 2535 Con디션 such have I none.
 For truly fader, I love one
 So well, with all min hertes thought,
 That certes though she hadde nought
 And were as pouer as Medea,
 2540 Which was exiled for Creusa,
 I wolde her nought the lasse love,
 Ne though she were at her above,
 As was the riche quene Candace,*
 Which to deserve love and grace
 2545 To Alifaundre, that was king,
 Yaf many a worthy riche thing,
 Or elles as Pantafilee,†
 Which was the quene of Feminee
 And great richeffe with her nam,
 2550 Whan she for love of Hector cam
 To Troy, in rescouffe of the town,
 I am of such con디션,
 That though my lady of her selve
 Were also riche, as suche twelve,
 2555 I couthe nought, though it were so,
 No better love her, than I do.

For I love in so pleine a wise,
That for to speke of covetise
As for pouerte or for richeffe,
2560 My love is nouthere more ne lesse.
For in good feith I trowe this,
So covetous no man there is,
For why and he my lady sigh,
That he through loking of his eye
2565 Ne shuld have such a stroke withinne,
That for no gold he mighte winne
He shulde nought her love asterte,
But if he lefte there his herte
Be so it were such a man,
2570 That couthe skille of a woman.
For there ben men so rude some,
Whan they among the women come,
They gon under protection,
That love and his affection
2575 Ne shal nought take hem by the sleve,
For they ben out of that beleve,
Hem lusteth of no lady chere,
But ever thenken there and here,
Where that her golde is in the cofre
2580 And wol none other love profer.
But who so wot what love amounteth
And by reson truliche accompteth,
Than may he knowe and taken hede,
That all the lust of womanhede,
2585 Which may ben in a ladies face,
My lady hath and eke of grace,

If men shuld yiven her apprise,
 They may wel fay, how she is wise
 And sober and simple of countenance
 2590 And all that to good governaunce
 Belongeth of a worthy wight
 She hath plainly. For thilke night
 That she was bore as for the nones
 Nature set in her at ones
 2595 Beaute with bounte so besein,
 That I may well afferme and sain,
 I figh yet never creature
 Of comly hede and of feture
 In any kinges region
 2600 Be liche her in comparison.
 And therto, as I have you tolde,
 Yet hath she more a thousand folde
 Of bounte, and shortly to telle
 She is pure hede and welle
 2605 And mirroure and ensample of good,
 Who so her vertues understood
 Me thinketh it ought inough suffise
 Withouten other covetise
 To love suche one and to serve,
 2610 Which with her chere can deserve
 To be beloved better iwis,
 Than she par cas that richest is
 And hath of golde a million.
 Suche hath be min opinion
 2615 And ever shall. But netheles
 I say she is nought haveles,

That she nis riche and well at ese
And hath inough, wherwith to plese
Of worldes good, whom that her list.

2620 But o thing wold I wel ye wist,
That never for no worldes good
Min hert unto ward her stood,
But only right for pure love,
That wot the highe god above.

2625 Now fader, what fay ye therto?

My sone, I fay it is wel do.

Confessor.

For take of this right good beleve,
What man that wol him self releve
To love, in any other wise

2630 He shall wel finde his covetise,
Shall fore greve him ate laste,
For such a love may nought laste.
But now men fain in oure daies,
Men maken but a few affaies,

2635 But if the cause be richeffe
Forthy the love is well the lesse.
And who that wold enfamples telle
By olde daies as they felle,
Than might a man wel understonde

2640 Such love may nought longe stonde.
Now herken, sone, and thou shalt here
A great enfample of this matere.

To trete upon the cas of love,

So as we tolden here above,

2645 I finde write a wonder thing.

Of Puile whilom was a king,

Hic ponit exemplum
contra istos, qui non
propter amorem sed
propter divicias spon-
salia sumunt. Et
narrat de quodam
regis Apulie fenes-

calo, qui non solum
propter pecuniam ux-
orem duxit, sed etiam
pecunie commercio
uxorem sibi desponfa-
tam vendidit.

2650 Was yet not falle in his corage
The lust of women for to knowe.
So it betid upon a throwe,
This lord fell into great fikenesse.
Phisique hath done the besinesse
2655 Of fondry cures many one
To make him hole and therupon
A worthy maister, which there was,
Yaf him counseil upon this cas,
That if he wolde have parfite hele,
2660 He shulde with a woman dele,
A freshe, a yonge, a lusty wight
To don him compaigny a night.
For than he said him redely,
That he shal be al hole therby,
2665 And other wise he knew no cure.
The king, which stood in aventure
Of life and deth for medicine,
Assented was and of covine
His steward, whom he trusteth well,
2670 He toke and told him every dele,
How that this maister hadde said.
And therupon he hath him praid
And charged upon his legeaunce,
That he do make purveaunce
2675 Of such one as be covenable
For his plesaunce and delitable

And badde him, how that ever it stood,
That he shall spare for no good,
For his will is right well to pay.

1680 The steward said, he wolde assay.

But now here after thou shalt wite,
As I finde in the bokes write,
What covetise in love doth.
This steward, for to telle soth,

1685 Amonges all the men alive
A lusty lady hath to wive,
Which netheles for gold he toke
And nought for love, as saith the boke.

A riche marchaunt of the londe
1690 Her fader was, and he her fonde
So worthely and such richeffe
Of worldes good and such largeffe
With her he yaf in mariage,
That only for thilke avauntage

1695 Of good the steward hath her take
For lucre and nought for loves sake.
And that was afterward wel sene.
Nowe herken, what it wolde mene.

This steward in his owne hert
1700 Sigh, that his lord may nought astert
His maladie, but he have
A lusty woman him to save,
And though he wolde yive inough
Of his tresor, wherof he drough
1705 Great covetise into his minde
And set his honour fer behinde.

Thus he, whom gold hath overfette,
 Was trapped in his owne nette.
 The gold hath made his wittes lame,
 2710 So that fechend his owne shame
 He rouneth in the kinges ere
 And said him, that he wiste where
 A gentil and a lusty one
 Tho was, and thider wold he gone,
 2715 But he mote give yestes great,
 For but it be through great beyete
 Of gold, he said, he shuld nought spede.
 The king him bad upon the nede,
 That take an hundred pound he sholde
 2720 And give it, where that he wolde,
 Be so it were in worthy place.
 And thus to stonde in loves grace
 This king his gold hath abandoned.
 And whan this tale was full rouned,
 2725 The steward toke the gold and went
 Within his herte and many a went
 Of covetise than he caste,
 Wherof a purpos ate laste
 Ayein love and ayein his right
 2730 He toke and faide, how thilke night
 His wife shall ligge by the king.
 And goth thenkend upon this thing
 Toward his inn till he cam home
 Into the chambre and than he nome
 2735 His wife and tolde her al the cas.
 And she, which red for shame was,

With bothe her hondes hath him praid
Knelend and in this wise said,
That she to refon and to skill
2740 In what thing that he bidde will
Is redy for to done his heste,
But this thing that were nought honeste,
That he for gold her shulde felle.
And he tho with his wordes felle
2745 Forth with his gasty countenaunce
Saith, that she shall done obeifaunce
And folwe his wille in every place.
And thus through strength of his manace
Her innocence is overladde,
2750 Wherof she was so fore adradde,
That she his will mot nede obey.
And therupon was shape a wey,
That he his owne wife by night
Hath out of alle mennes sight
2755 So prively that none it wist
Brought to the king, which as him list
May do with her what he wolde.
For whan she was there as she sholde
With him abedde under the cloth,
2760 The steward toke his leve and goth
Into the chambre faste by.
But how he slept that wot nought I,
For he sigh cause of jeloufy.
But he, which hath the compaigny
2765 Of such a lusty one as she,
Him thoughte that of his degre

There was no man so wel at ese.
 She doth all that she may to please,
 So that his hert all hole she had
 2770 And thus this kinge his joie lad,
 Till it was nigh upon the day
 The steward thanne where she lay
 Cam to the bed and in this wise
 Hath bidde she shulde arise.
 2775 The king saith : Nay, she shall nought go.
 The steward said ayein : Nought so,
 For she mot gone er it be knowe,
 And so I fwore at thilke throwe,
 Whan I her fette to you here.
 2780 The king his tale wol nought here
 And saith, how that he hath her bought,
 Forthy she shall departe nought,
 Till he the brighte day beholde.
 And caught her in her armes folde,
 2785 As he which liste for to pley
 And bad his steward gone away.
 And so he did ayein his will,
 And thus his wife abedde still
 Lay with the king the longe night,
 2790 Till that it was high sonne light.
 But who she was he knew nothing.
 Tho cam the steward to the king
 And praid him that withoute shame
 In saving of her gode name
 2795 He mighte leaden home ayeine
 This lady, and hath told him pleine,

How that it was his owne wife.
The king his ere unto this strife
Hath leid, and whan that he it herde,

2800 Well nigh out of his wit he ferde
And said: Ha, caitif most of alle,
Where was it ever er this befalle,
That any cokard in this wise
Betoke his wife for covetise.

2805 Thou hast bothe her and me beguiled
And eke thin own estate reviled,
Wherof that buxom unto the
Here after shall she never be.

For this avow to god I make
2810 After this day, if I the take,
Thou shalt be honged and to-drawe.
Now loke anone thou be withdrawe,
So that I se the never more.

This steward thanne drad him fore
2815 With all the haste that he may
And fled away the same day
And was exiled out of lond.

Lo, there a nice hufbond,
Which thus hath losste his wife for ever.

2820 But netheles she hadde a lever,
The king her weddeth and honoureth,
Wherof her name she foccoureth,
Which erst was lost through covetise
Of him, that lad her other wife

2825 And hath him self also forlore.

My sone, be thou ware therfore,

Confessor.

Where thou shalt love in any place,
 That thou no covetise embrace,
 The which is nought of loves kinde.

2830 But for all that a man may finde
 Now in this time of thilke rage
 Full great difese in mariage,
 Whan venim medleth with the sucre
 And mariage is made for lucre
 2835 Or for the lust or for the hele,
 What man that shall with other dele,
 He may nought faile to repent.

Amans. My fader, such is min entent.
 But netheles good is to have,
 2840 For good may ofte time save
 The love, which shulde elles spille.
 But god, which wot min hertes wille,
 I dar wel take to witnesse,
 Yet was I never for richeffe
 2845 Befet with mariage none,
 For all min herte is upon one
 So frely, that in the persone
 Stant all my worlde's joy alone.
 I axe nouthen park ne plough,
 2850 If I her hadde, it were inough,
 Her love shulde me suffise
 Withouten other covetise.
 Lo now, my fader, as of this
 Touchend of me right as it is
 2855 My shrifte I am beknowe plein,
 And if ye wol ought elles fain

Of covetife if there be more
In love, agropeth out the fore.

*Fallere cum nequeat, propria vir fraude subornat
Testes, sitque eis vera retorta fides.
Sicut agros cupidus dum querit amans mulieres,
Vult testes falsos falsus habere suos.
Non sine vindicta perjurus abibit in eis,
Visu qui cordis intima cuncta videt.
Fallere perjuro non est laudanda puellam
Gloria, sed false condicionis opus.*

4.

My sone, thou shalt underftonde,

1860 How covetife hath yet on honde
In fpeciall two counfeilors,
That ben alfo his procurors.
The first of hem is fals witneffe,
Which ever is redy to witneffe
2865 What thing his maifter woll him hote.
Perjurie is the fecond hote,
Which spareth nought to fwere an othe,
Though it be fals and god be wrothe,
That one shall fals witneffe bere,
2870 That other shall the thing forfwere,
Whan he is charged on the boke.
So what with hepe,* and what with croke
They make her maifter ofte winne
And woll nought knowe, what is finne
2875 For covetife, and thus men fain,
They maken many a fals bargein.
There may no trewe quarel arife
In thilke quefte of thilke affife,
Where as they two the people enforme.
2880 For they kepe ever o maner forme,

Hic tractat super illisavaricie speciebus, que falsum testimonium et perjurium nuncupantur, quorum fraudulenta circumvencio tam in cupiditatis quam in amoris causa sui desiderii propositum quam sepe fallaciter attingit.

...D. ...

That upon golde her conscience
 They founde and take her evidence.
 And thus with fals witnesse and othes
 They winne hem mete, drink and clothes.
 2885 Right so there be, who that hem knewe,
 Of these lovers ful many untrewē.
 Now may a woman finde inow,
 That eche of hem, whan he shall wowe,
 Anone he woll his hand down lain
 2890 Upon a boke and swere and fain,
 That he woll feith and trouthe bere.
 And thus he profreth him to swere
 To serven ever till he deie,
 And all is verray trechery.
 2895 For whan the soth him selven trieth,
 The more he swereth, the more he lieth,
 Whan he his feith maketh allthermest,
 Than may a woman trust him lest,
 For till he may his will acheve,
 2900 He is no lenger for to leve.
 Thus is the trouth of love exiled,
 And many a good woman beguiled.
 Confessor. And eke to speke of fals witnesse
 There be now many such I gesse,
 2905 That lich unto the provifours
 They make her prive procurors
 To tell how there is such a man,
 Which is worthy to love and can
 All that a good man shulde conne,
 2910 So that with lesing is begonne

The cause, in which they woll procede.

And also fiker as the crede

They make of that they knowen fals,

And thus full oft about the hals

2915 Love is of false men embraced.

But love, which is so purchaced,

Cometh afterward to litel prife.

Forthy, my sone, if thou be wise,

Now thou hast herd this evidence,

2920 Thou might thin owne conscience

Oppose, if thou hast be such one.

Nay god wot, fader, I am none

Amans.

Ne never was, for as men faith,

Whan that a man shall make his feith,

2925 His hert and tunge must accorde.

For if so be that they discorde,

Than is he fals and elles nought,

And I dare say, as of my thought

In love it is nought discordable

2930 Unto my word, but accordable.

And in this wise, fader, I

May right well swere and saufly,

That I my lady love well,

For that accordeth every dele,

2935 It nedeth nought to my soth sawe,

That I witnesse shulde drawe

Into this day, for ever yit

Ne might it sinke into my wit,

That I my counseil shulde say

2940 To any wight or me bewrey

To fechen helpe in fuch manere,
 But onely for my lady dere.
 And though a thousand men it wiste,
 That I her love, and than hem lifte
 2945 With me to fwere and to witneffe,
 Yet were that no fals witneffe.
 For I dare unto this trouth dwelle,
 I love her more, than I can telle.
 Thus am I, fader, gilteles,
 2950 As ye have herde, and netheles
 In your dome I put it all.

Confessor. My fone, wite in speciall
 It shall nought comunliche faile,
 All though it for a time availe,
 2955 That fals witneffe his cause fpede
 Upon the point of his falshede,
 It shall well afterward be kid,
 Wherof fo as it is betid
 Enfample of fuch thinges blinde
 2960 In a cronique write I finde.

Hic ponit exemplum de illis, qui falsum testificantes, amoris innocenciam circumveniunt, et narrat, qualiter Thetis Achillem filium suum adulescentem muliebri vestitu apparatu asserens esse puellam inter regis Lichomedis filias ad educandum produxit, et sic Achilles decepto rege filie sue Deidamie forcia et cubicularia effectus super ipsam

*The goddesse of the see Thetis,
 She had a fone, and his name is
 Achilles, whom to kepe and warde,
 While he was yonge, and into warde
 She thought him fausly to betake
 As she, which dradde for his sake
 Of that was said of prophecie,
 That he at Troie sholde deie,
 Whan that the citee was belein.
 Forthy so as the bokes sain,

She cast her wit in sondry wise,
 How she him mighte so defguise,
 That no man shuld his body knowe.

And so befell that ilke throwe,

2975 While that she thought upon this dede,

There was a king, which Lichomede

Was hote, and he was well begone

With faire doughters many one

And dwelte fer out in an ile.

2980 Now shalt thou here a wonder wile.

This quene, which the mother was

Of Achilles, upon this cas

Her sone, as he a maiden were,

Let clothen in the same gere,

2985 Which longeth unto womanhede.

And he was yonge and toke none hede,

But suffreth all that she him dede,

Wherof she hath her women bede

And chargeth by her othes alle,

2990 How so it afterward befallle,

That they discover nought this thing,

But feigne and make a knouleching

Upon the counfeil, which was nome,

In every place where they come

2995 To telle and to witnesse this,

Howe he her ladies doughter is.

And right in such a maner wise

She bad they shuld her don servise,

So that Achilles underfongeth

3000 As to a yong lady belongeth

Pirrum genuit, qui
 postea mire probita-
 tis miliciam affectus
 mortem patris sui a-
 pud Trojam in Po-
 lixenem tyrannice vin-
 dicavit.

Honour, service and reverence.
 For Thetis with great diligence
 Him hath so taught and so affaited,
 That how so that he were awaited
 3005 With sobre and goodly contenance
 He shuld his womanhede avaunce,
 That none the sothe knowe might,
 But that in every mannes fight
 He shulde seme a pure maide.
 3010 And in such wise, as she him said,
 Achilles, which that ilke while
 Was yonge, upon him selfe to smile
 Began, whan he was so besein.
 And thus after the bokes fain
 3015 With frette of perle upon his hede
 All freshe betwene the white and red
 As he, which tho was tender of age,
 Stood the colour in his visage,
 That for to loke upon his cheke
 3020 And seen his childly maner eke
 He was a woman to beholde.
 And than his moder to him tolde,
 That she him hadde so begone
 By cause that she thoughte gone
 3025 To Lichomede at thilke tide,
 Where that she said, he shulde abide
 Amonge his daughters for to dwelle.
 Achilles herd his moder telle
 And wiste nought the cause why.
 3030 And netheles full buxomly

He was redy to that she bad,
Wherof his moder was right glad.
To Lichomede and forth they went,
And whan the king knewe her entent
3035 And sigh this yonge doughter there,
And that it came unto his ere
Of such record, of such witnesse,
He hadde right a great gladnesse
Of that he bothe sigh and herde
3040 As he, that wot nought how it ferde
Upon the counseil of the nede.
But for all that king Lichomede
Hath toward him his doughter take
And for Thetis his moder sake,
3045 He put her into compaigny
To dwelle with Deidamy,
His owne doughter the eldest,
The fairest and the comliest
Of al his doughters, which he had.
3050 Lo, thus Thetis the cause lad
And lefte there Achilles feigned,
As he, which hath him self restreigned
In all that ever he may and can
Out of the maner of a man
3055 And toke his womanishe chere,
Wherof unto his bedfere
Deidamy he hath by night,
Where kinde will him selve right
After the philosophres sain,
3060 There may no wight be there ayein.

And that was thilke time fene,
 The longe nightes hem betwene
 Nature, which may nought forbere,
 Hath made hem bothe for to ftere,
 3065 They kiffen first and overmore
 The highe wey of loves lore
 They gone, and all was done in dede,
 Wherof loft is the maidenhede.
 And that was afterward well knowe.
 3070 For it befell that ilke throwe
 At Troie, where the siege lay
 Upon the cause of Menelay
 And of his quene dame Heleine,
 The Gregois hadden mochel peine
 3075 All day to fight and to affaile.
 But for they mighten nought availe
 So noble a citee for to winne
 A prive counfeil they beginne
 In fondry wise where they treat
 3080 And ate laft among the great
 They fellen unto his accorde,
 That Protheus^s of his recorde,
 Which was an astronmien
 And eke a great magicien,
 3085 Shulde of his calculation
 Seche of constellation,
 How they the citee mighten gette.
 And he, which hadde nought foryete
 Of that belongeth to a clerke,
 3090 His study fet upon this werke,

... Achilles, ... makes Protheus ... Achilles, ...
 ... the ... of Protheus ...
 ... (p. 352), ...
 ... (David, 1948, XI, 271).

So longe his wit about he caste,
 Till that he founde out at laste,
 But if they hadden Achilles
 Her werre shall ben endeles.

3095 And over that he tolde hem pleine,
 In what maner he was beseine
 And in what place he shall be founde,
 So that within a litel stounde
 Ulixes forth with Diomede

3100 Upon this point to Lichomede
 Agamenon to-gider sente.
 But Ulixes, er he forth wente,
 Which was one of the most wise
 Ordeined hath in such a wise,

3105 That he the most riche array,
 Wherof a woman may be gay,
 With him he toke manifolde
 And overmore, as it is tolde,
 An harneis for a lusty knight,
 3110 Which burned was as silver bright,
 Of swerde, of plate and eke of maile,
 As though he shulde do bataile,
 He toke also with him by ship.
 And thus to-gider in felaship

3115 Forth gone this Diomede and he
 In hope till they mighten se
 The place, where Achilles is.
 The wind stood thanne nought amis,
 But every topfailecole⁺ it blewe,

3120 Till Ulixes the marches knewe,

*word in founde ... 340 (168) ... 738) ... the ... all ... (top) ... one ...
 ... the ... of ... water ...*

Where Lichomede his regne had.
 The firesman so well him lad,
 That they ben comen sauf to londe,
 Where they gone out upon the stonde
 3125 Into the burgh, where that they founde
 The king, and he which hath facoude
 Ulixes dide the message.
 But the counseile of his corage,
 Why that he came, he tolde nought,
 3130 But underneth he was bethought,
 In what maner he might asprie
 Achilles fro Deidamy
 And fro these other, that there were,
 Full many a lusty lady there.
 3135 They plaide hem there a day or two,
 And as it was fortunéd so,
 It fell that time in suche a wise
 To Bachus that a sacrifice
 These yonge ladies shulden make.
 3140 And for the straunge mennes sake,
 That comen fro the siege of Troy,
 They maden well the more joy.
 There was revell, there was dauncing,
 And every life, which couthe sing
 3145 Of lusty women in the route
 A freshe caroll hath song aboute.
 But for all this yet netheles
 The Grekes unknowe of Achilles
 So weren, that in no degre
 3150 They couthen wite, which was he

Ne by his vois, ne by his pas.
Ulixes than upon the cas
A thing of high prudence hath wrought.
For thilk array, which he hath brought,
3155 To yive among the women there
He let do fetten all the gere
Forth with a knightes harneis eke.
In all the contre for to feke
Men sholden nought a fairer fe.
3160 And every thing in his degre
Endelong upon a bourde he laide.
To Lichomede and than he preide,
That every lady chese sholde
What thing of alle that she wolde
3165 And take it as by way of yift,
For they hem self it shulde shift
He faide after her owne wille.
Achilles thanne stood nought stille,
Whan he the bryghte helm behelde,
3170 The sward, the hauberk and the shelde,
His herte fell therto anone,
Of all that other wold he none,
The knightes gere he underfongeth
And thilke array, which that belongeth
3175 Unto the women he forsoke.
And in this wise, as saith the boke,
They knowen thanne whiche he was,
For he goth forth the grete pas
Into the chambre, where he lay,
3180 Anone and made no delay,

He armeth him in knightly wise,
 That better can no man devise.
 And as fortune shulde falle,
 He came so forth to-fore hem alle
 3185 As he, which tho was glad inough.
 But Lichomede nothing lough,
 Whan that he figh, how that it ferde.
 For than he wiste well and herde,
 His doughter hadde be forlain.
 3190 But that he was so oversein,
 The wonder overgoth his wit.
 For in cronique is write yit
 Thing, which shall never be foryete,
 How that Achilles hath begete
 3195 Pirrus upon Deidamy,
 Wherof came out the trechery
 Of fals witnesse when he saide,
 How that Achilles was a maide.
 But that was nothing sene tho,
 3200 For he is to the siege go
 Forth with Ulixes and Diomede.
 Confessor. Lo, thus was proved in the dede
 And fully spoke at thilke while,
 If o woman an other beguile,
 3205 Where is there any sikerneffe,
 Whan Thetis which was than the goddesse
 Deidamy hath so bejaped,
 I not how it shall bene escaped
 With tho women, whose innocence
 3210 Is now al day through such credence

Deceived ofte, as it is sene
 With men, that such untrouthe mene.
 For they ben fligh in fuche a wife,
 That they by sleight and by queintise
 3215 Of fals witnesse bringen inne
 That doth hem ofte for to winne,
 Where they ben nought worthy therto.
 Forthy, my sone, do nought so.

My fader, as of fals witnesse

Amans.

3220 The trouth and the matere expresse
 Touchend of love, howe it hath ferde,
 As ye have tolde, I have well herde.
 But for ye saiden other wife,
 How thilke vice of covetise
 3225 Hath yet perjurie of his accorde,
 If that you list of some recorde
 To tellen an other tale also
 In loves cause of time ago,
 What thing it is to be forswore,
 3230 I wolde preie you therefore,
 Wherof I might ensample take.

My gode sone, and for thy sake

Confessor.

Touchend of this I shall fulfill
 Thin axing at thin owne will
 3235 And the matere I shall declare,
 How the women deceived are,
 Whan they so tendre hertes bere,
 Of that they heren men so fwere.
 But whan it cometh unto thassay,
 3240 They finde it fals another day,

As Jason did unto Medee,
Which stant yet of auctorite
In token and in memoriall,
Wherof the tale in speciall
3245 Is in the boke of Troie write,
Which I shall do the for to wite.

Hic in amoris causa ponit exemplum contra perjuros et narrat, qualiter Jason, priusquam ad insulam Colchos pro aureo vellere ibidem conquestando transiret, in amorem et conjugium Medee regis Othonis filie juramento firmiter se astrinxit, sed suo postea completo negotio cum ipsam secum navigio in Greciam perduxisset, ubi illa festam patris sui Esonis in floridam juventutem mirabili sciencia reformavit, ipse Jason fidei sue ligamento aliisque beneficiis postpositis, dictam Medeam pro quadam Creusa regis Creontis filia perjurus dereliquit.

* In Grece whilom was a king,
Of whom the fame and knowleching
Beleveth yet, and Peleus
He highte, but it fell him thus,
That his fortune her whele so lad,
That he no childe his owne had
To regnen after his decefs.
He had a brother netheles,
Whose righte name was Eson,
And he the worthy knight Jason
Begot, the which in every londe
All other passed of his honde
In armes, so that he the best
Was named and the worthiest.
He foughte worship over all.
Now herken, and I telle shall
An adventure that he fought,
Which afterward full dere he bought.

3265 There was an ile, which Colchos
Was cleped, and therof aros
Great speche in every londe aboute,
That such merveile was none oute
In all the wide world no where,
3270 As tho was in that ile there.

There was a shepe, as it was tolde,
The which his flees bare all of golde,
And so the goddes had it fette,
That it ne might away be fette
3275 By power of no worldes wight.
And yet full many a worthy knight
It had affaied, as they dorste,
And ever it fell hem to the worste.
But he that wolde it nought forfake,
3280 But of his knighthode undertake
To do, what thing therto belongeth,
This worthy Jafon fore alongeth
To se the straunge regions
And knowe the conditions
3285 Of other marches, where he went.
And for that cause his hole entent
He fette Colchos for to seche
And therupon he made a speche
To Peleus his eme the king.
3290 And he wel paid was of that thing
And shope anone for his passage
And such as were of his lignage
With other knightes, whiche he chees,
With him he toke, and Hercules,
3295 Which full was of chivalerie,
With Jafon went in compaignie,
And that was in the month of may,
Whan colde stormes were away,
The wind was good, the ship was yare,
3300 They toke her leve, and forth they fare

Toward Colchos. But on the way
 What hem befelle is long to fay,
 How Lamedon the king of Troy,
 Which ought well have made hem joy,
³³⁰⁵ Whan they to rest a while him preide,
 Out of his lond he them congeide.
 And so fell the diffention,
 Whiche after was destruction
 Of that citee, as men may here.
³³¹⁰ But that is nought to my matere,
 But thus the worthy folke Gregois
 Fro that king, which was nought curtois,
 And fro his londe with sail updrawe
 They went hem forth and many a sawe
³³¹⁵ They made and many a great manace,
 Till ate last into that place,
 Which as they foughte, they arrive
 And striken sail and forth as blive
 They sent unto the king and tolden,
³³²⁰ Who weren there and what they wolden.
 Oetes, which was thanne king,
 Whan that he herde this tiding
 Of Jafon, which was comen there,
 And of these other, what they were,
³³²⁵ He thoughte done hem great worship.
 For they anone come out of ship
 And straught unto the king they wente
 And by the honde Jafon he hente,
 And that was at the paleis gate,
³³³⁰ So fer the king came on his gate

Toward Jafon to done him chere.
 And he, whom lacketh no manere,
 Whan he the king figh in prefence,
 Yaf him ayein fuch reverence

3335 As to a kinges ftate belongeth.
 And thus the king him underfongeth
 And Jafon in his arme he caught
 And forth into the hall he ftraught,
 And there they fit and fpeke of thinges.

3340 And Jafon tolde him tho tidinges,
 Why he was come, and faire him preide
 To hafte his time, and the kinge faide :

Jafon, thou art a worthy knight,
 But it lieth in no mannes might

3345 To done, that thou art come fore.
 There hath bene many a knight forlore
 Of that they wolden it affaie.

But Jafon wolde him nought efmaie
 And faide : Of every worldes cure

3350 Fortune ftant in aventure
 Paraunter well, paraunter wo.
 But how as ever that it go,
 It fhall be with min honde affaied.
 The king tho helde him nought wel paied

3355 For he the Grekes fore dredde,
 In aunter if Jafon ne fpedde,
 He mighte therof bere a blame,
 For tho was all the worldes fame
 In Grece, as for to fpeke of armes.

3360 Forthy he drad him of his harmes

And gan to preche and to prey.
 But Jafon wolde nought obey,
 But said, he wolde his purpos holde
 For ought that any man him tolde.
 3365 The king whan he these wordes herde
 And figh how that this knight answerde,
 Yet for he wolde make him glad,
 After Medea gone he bad,
 Which was his doughter, and she cam
 3370 And Jafon, which good hede nam,
 Whan he her figh, ayein her goth.
 And she, which was him nothing loth,
 Welcomed him into that londe
 And softe toke him by the honde
 3375 And down they fetten bothe same.
 She had herd spoken of his name
 And of his grete worthineffe,
 Forthy she gan her eye impresse
 Upon his face and his stature
 3380 And thought, how never creature
 Was so welfarend, as was he.
 And Jafon right in such degre
 Ne mighte nought witholde his loke,
 But so good hede on her he toke,
 3385 That him ne thought under the heven
 Of beaute figh he never her even
 With all that felle to womanhede.
 Thus eche of other token hede,
 Though there no word was of recorde,
 3390 Her hertes both of one accorde

Ben fette to love, but as tho
 There mighten ben no wordes mo.
 The king made him great joy and feſt,
 To all his men he gaf an heſt,
 3375 So as they wolde his thank deſerve,
 That they ſhulde alle Jaſon ſerve,
 While that he wolde there dwelle.
 And thus the day, ſhortly to telle,
 With many merthes they diſpent,
 3400 Till night was come, and tho they went,
 Echone of other toke his leve,
 Whan they no lenger mighten leve.
 I not how Jaſon that night flepe,
 But well I wot, that of the ſhepe,
 3405 For which he cam into that ile,
 He thoughte but a litel while,
 All was Medea that he thought,
 So that in many wiſe he fought
 His wit wakend, er it was day,
 3410 Some time ye, ſome time nay,
 Some time thus, ſome time ſo,
 As he was ſtered to and fro
 Of love and eke of his conqueſt,
 As he was holde of his beheſt.
 3415 And thus he roſe up by the morwe
 And toke him ſelf feint John to borwe
 And faide, he wolde fiſt beginne
 At love, and after for to winne
 The flees of gold, for which he come,
 3420 And thus to him good herte he nome.

Medea right the fame wife
 Till day cam, that she must arise,
 Lay and bethought her all the night,
 How she that noble worthy knight
 3425 By any waie mighte wedde.
 And wel she wist, if he ne spedde
 Of thing, which he had undertake,
 She might her self no purpose take.
 For if he deiede of his bataile,
 3430 She muste than algate faile
 To geten him, whan he were dede.
 Thus she began to sette rede
 And torne about her wittes all
 To loke how that it mighte fall,
 3435 That she with him had a leifer
 To speke and telle of her desir.
 And so it fell the same day
 That Jafon with that swete may
 To-gider set and hadden space
 3440 To speke, and he besought her grace.
 And she his tale goodly herde
 And afterward she him answerde
 And saide: Jafon, as thou wilt
 Thou might be sauf, thou might be spilt,
 3445 For wite well, that never man,
 But if he couthe that I can,
 Ne mighte that fortune acheve,
 For which thou comest. But as I leve,
 If thou wolt holde covenaut
 3450 To love of all the remenaunt,

I shall thy life and honour save,
 That thou the flees of gold shalt have.
 He said: Al at your owne wille,
 Madame, I shall truly fulfille
 3455 Your heste, while my life may last.
 Thus longe he praid and ate last
 She graunteth and behight him this,
 That whan night cometh and it time is,
 She wolde him fende certainly
 3460 Such one, that shulde him prively
 Alone into her chambre bringe.
 He thonketh her of that tidinge,
 For of that grace is him begonne,
 Him thenketh al other thinges wonne.
 3465 The day made ende and lost his fight
 And comen was the derke night,
 The whiche all the daies eye blent.
 Jafon toke leve and forth he went,
 And whan he cam out of the prees,
 3470 He toke to counseil Hercules
 And tolde him, how it was betid,
 And praide it shulde well ben hid,
 And that he wolde loke about
 The whiles that he shall be out.
 3475 Thus as he stood and hede name,
 A maiden fro Medea came
 And to her chambre Jafon ledde,
 Where that he found redy to bedde
 The fairest and the wifest eke.
 3480 And she with simple chere and meke,

Whan she him figh, wax all asfamed.
 Tho was her tale newe entamed
 For fikerneffe of mariage,
 She fette forth a riche ymage,
 3485 Which was the figure of Jupiter,
 And Jafon fwore and faide there,
 That also wis god shuld him helpe,
 That if Medea did him helpe,
 That he his purpose mighte winne,
 3490 They shulde never part atwinne,
 But ever while him lasteth life,
 He wolde her holde for his wife.
 And with that word they kisten both.
 And for they shulde hem uncloth
 3495 There come a maid and in her wise
 She did hem bothe full servise,
 Till that they were in bedde naked,
 I wot that night was well bewaked.
 They hadden bothe what they wolde.
 3500 And than at leifer she him tolde
 And gan fro point to point enforme
 Of this bataile and all the forme,
 Whiche as he shulde finde there,
 Whan he to thile come were.
 3505 She faide, at entre of the pas
 How Mars, which god of armes was,
 Hath set two oxen sterne and stoute,
 That casten fire and flame aboute
 Both ate mouth and at the nase,
 3510 So that they fetten all on blafe

3485 The place was null and the figure of the longer side of the table.
 3490 The place was null and the figure of the longer side of the table.
 3495 The place was null and the figure of the longer side of the table.
 3500 The place was null and the figure of the longer side of the table.
 3505 The place was null and the figure of the longer side of the table.
 3510 The place was null and the figure of the longer side of the table.

What thing that passeth hem betwene.
And furthermore upon the grene
There goth the flees of gold to kepe
A serpent, which may never slepe.
3515 Thus who that ever it shulde winne,
The fire to stoppe he mot beginne
Which that the fierce bestes caste,
And daunt he mot hem ate laste,
So that he may hem yoke and drive,
3520 And there upon he mot as blive
The serpent with such strength affaile,
That he may sleen him by bataile
Of which he mot the teeth outdrawe,
As it belongeth to that lawe.
3525 And than he must the oxen yoke,
Til they have with a plough to-broke
A furch of lond, in which a row
The teeth of thadder he must sow.
And therof shall arise knightes
3530 Well armed at alle rightes,
Of hem is nought to taken hede,
For eche of hem in hastihede
Shall other flee with dethes wounde.
And thus whan they ben laid to grounde
3535 Than mot he to the goddes pray
And go so forth and take his pray.
But if he faile in any wise
Of that ye here me devise,
There may be set non other wey,
3540 That he ne must algates deie.

Now have I told the peril all,
 I woll you tellen forth withall,
 Quod Medea to Jafon tho,
 That ye fhull knowen er ye go
 3545 Ayein the venim and the fire,
 What fhall be the recoverir.
 But, fire, for it is nigh day,
 Arifeth up, fo that I may
 Deliver you what thing I have,
 3550 That may your life and honour fave.
 They weren bothe loth to rife,
 But for they weren bothe wife
 Up they arifen ate laft.
 Jafon his clothes on him caft
 3555 And made him redy right anon,
 And fhe her fherte did upon
 And caft on her a mantel clofe
 Withoute more, and than arofe.
 Tho toke fhe forth a riche tie
 3560 Made all of gold and of perrie,
 Out of the which fhe nam a ring,
 The ftone was worth all other thing.
 She faide, while he wold it were,
 There mighte no peril him dere,
 3565 In water may it nought be dreint,
 Where as it cometh the fire is queint,
 It daunteth eke the cruel hefte,
 There may none quad that man arefte,
 Where fo he be on fee or londe,
 3570 That hath this ring upon his honde.

And over that she gan to fain,
 That if a man will ben unfein,
 Within his hond hold clofe the stone
 And he may invifible gone.
 3575 The ring to Jafon she betaught
 And fo forth after she him taught,
 What facrifice he fhulde make.
 And gan out of her cofre take
 Him thought an heavenly figure,*
 3580 Which all by charme and by conjure
 Was wrought, and eke it was through-writ
 With names, which he fhulde wite,
 As she him taughte tho to rede
 And bad him as he wolde fpede
 3585 Withoute rest of any while,
 Whan he were loded in that ile,
 He fhulde make his facrifice
 And rede his carect in the wife,
 As she him taught on knees down bent
 3590 Thre fithes toward orient.
 For fo shuld he the goddes plese
 And win him felven mochel ese.
 And whan he had it thries radde
 To open a buift she him badde,
 3595 That she there toke him in present,
 And was full of fuch oignement,
 That there was fire ne venim none,
 That fhulde fastne him upon,
 Whan that he were anoint withall.
 3600 Forthy she taught him how he shall

*not under Medea gave him just a magic figure the contract of the words of which
 repeat these lines she he loved the place from which she took the ring to the present*

Anoint his armes all aboute,
 And for he shulde nothing doubt
 She toke him than a maner glue,
 The which was of so great vertue,
 3605 That where a man it shulde cast
 It shulde binde anon so fast,
 That no man might it done away.
 And that she bad by alle way
 He shulde into the mouthes throw
 3610 Of tho twein oxen that fire blow,
 Therof to stoppen the malice
 The glue shall serve of that office.
 And over that her oignement
 Her ring and her enchauntement
 3615 Ayein the serpent shulde him were,
 Till he him flee with sward or spere.
 And than he may saufly inough
 His oxen yoke into the plough
 And the teeth sowe in such a wise,
 3620 Till he the knightes se arise
 And eche of other down be laide,
 In suche a maner as I have saide.
 Lo, thus Medea for Jason
 Ordeineth and praieth therupon,
 3625 That he nothing foryete sholde,
 And eke she praieth him that he wolde,
 Whan he hath all his armes done,
 To grounde knele and thonke anone
 The goddes, and so forth by ese
 3630 The flees of golde he shulde sese.

And whan he had it fefed fo,
That than he were fone ago
Withouten any tarieng.

Whan this was faid into weping
3635 She fel, as ſhe that was through-nome
With love, and fo fer overcome,
That all her worlde on him ſhe fette.
But whan ſhe figh there was no lette,
That he mot nedes part her fro,

3640 She toke him in her armes two
An hunderd times and gan him kiſſe
And faid : O, all my worldes bliſſe,
My truſt, my luſt, my life, min hele,
To ben thin helpe in this quarele

3645 I pray unto the goddes alle.
And with that word ſhe gan down falle
Of ſwoune, and he her uppe nam,
And forth with that the maiden cam,
And they to bed anone her brought,

3650 And thanne Jaſon her befought
And to her faide in this manere :
My worthy luſty lady dere,
Comforteth you, for by my trouth
It ſhall nought fallen in my flouth,

3655 That I ne woll throughout fulfille
Your heſtes at your owne wille.
And yet I hope to you bringe
Within a while ſuch tidinge,
The which ſhall make us bothe game.

3660 But for he wolde kepe her name,

Whan that he wist it was nigh day,
 He faide : Adewe my fwete may.
 And forth with him he nam his gere,
 Which as she hadde take him there,
 3665 And straught unto his chambre went
 And goth to bedde and flepe him hent
 And lay, that no man him awoke,
 For Hercules hede of him toke,
 Till it was underne high and more.
 3670 And than he gan to fighe fore
 And sodeinlich he braide of flepe,
 And they than token of him kepe,
 His chamberleins ben sone there
 And maden redy all his gere,
 3675 And he arofe and to the king
 He went and said, how to that thing,
 For which he cam, he wolde go.
 The king therof was wonder wo
 And for he wolde him fain withdraw,
 3680 He told him many a dredefull sawe.
 But Jafon wolde it nought recorde
 And ate laste they accorde,
 Whan that he wolde nought abide,
 A bote was redy ate tide,
 3685 In which this worthy knight of Grece
 Full armed up at every piece
 To his bataile which belongeth
 Toke ore in hond and fore him longeth,
 Till he the water passed were.
 3690 Whan he cam to that ile there,

He fet him on his knees down straught

And his carecte, as he was taught,

He rad and made his sacrifice

And sith anoint him in that wise,

3695 As Medea him hadde bede,

And than arose up fro that stede

And with the glue the fire he queint

And anone after he atteint

The grete serpent and him slough.

3700 But erst he hadde forwe inough,

For that serpent made him travaile

So hard and fore of his bataile,

That now he stood and nowe he fell,

For longe time it so befell,

3705 That with his sward and with his spere

He mighte nought that serpent dere,

He was so sberded* all aboute

It held all egge tole withoute,

He was so rude and hard of skin,

3710 There might no thinge go therein.

Venim and fire to-gider he cast,*

That he Jafon so fore ablast,

That if ne were his oignement,

His ring and his enchaument,

3715 Which Medea toke him before,

He hadde with that worm be lore.

But of vertu, which therof cam,

Jafon the dragon overcam

And he anone the teeth out drough

3720 And fet his oxen in his plough,

and suggested by Benoit 'les esclaves de la mort' dans le 12^e chant

andly for Benoit 12^e 'see at venim, 3^o ensemble'

With which he brake a piece of lond
 And fewe hem with his owne hond.
 Tho might he great merveile se,
 Of every toth in his degre
 3725 Sprong up a knight with spere and sheld,
 Of which anone right in the feld
 Echone slough other, and with that
 Jason Medea not foryat,
 On both his knees he gan down falle
 3730 And yaf thank to the goddes alle.
 The flees he toke and goth to bote,
 The sonne shineth bright and hote,
 The flees of gold shone forth with all,
 The water gliftred over all.
 3735 Medea wept and fighed ofte
 And stood upon a toure alofte
 All prively within her selve,
 There herd it nouter ten ne twelve.
 She praid and said : O, god him spede,
 3740 The knight, which hath my maidenhede.
 And ay she loketh toward thile,
 But whan she sigh within a while
 The flees gliftrend ayein the sonne,
 She said : Ha lord, now all is wonne,
 3745 My knight the feld hath overcome,
 Now wolde god, he were come.
 Ha lord, I wold he were a londe.
 But I dare take this on honde,
 If that she hadde winges two,
 3750 She wold have flowe unto him tho

Straught there he was unto the bote.
The day was clere, the sonne hote,
The Gregois weren in great doubt
The while that her lord was out,
3755 They wisten nought what shuld betide,
But waited ever upon the tide
To se what ende shulde falle.
There stoden eke the nobles alle
Forth with the comunes of the town,
3760 And as they loken up and down,
They weren ware within a throwe,
Where cam the bote, which they wel knowe,
And sigh, how Jason brought his prey.
And tho they gonnen alle say
3765 And criden alle with o steven :
Ha, where was ever under the heven
So noble a knight, as Jason is ?
And wel nigh alle saiden this,
That Jason was a faire knight,
3770 For it was never of mannes might
The flees of gold so for to winne,
And thus tellen they beginne.
With that the king cam forth anone
And sigh the flees, how that it shone.
3775 And whan Jason cam to the londe,
The kinge him selve toke his honde
And kist him, and great joy him made.
The Gregois weren wonder glade
And of that thing right merry hem thought
3780 And forth with hem the flees they brought,

And eche on other gan to ligh.
 But wel was him that mighte nigh
 To fe there of the proprete,
 And thus they passen the citee
 3785 And gone unto the paleis straught.
 Medea, which foryat her nought,
 Was redy there and said anon :
 Welcome, O worthy knight Jafon.
 She wolde have kist him wonder fain,
 3790 But shame torned her ayeyn,*
 It was nought the maner as tho.
 Forthy she dorste nought do so
 She toke her leve, and Jafon went
 Into his chambre and she him sent
 3795 Her maiden to sene how he ferde.
 The which whan that he figh and herde,
 How that he hadde faren out
 And that it stood well all about,
 She tolde her lady what she wist,
 3800 And she for joy her maiden kist.
 The bathes weren than araied
 With herbes tempred and affaied
 And Jafon was unarmed sone
 And dide, as it befell to done,
 3805 Into his bathe he went anone
 And wishe him clene as any bone,
 He toke a foppe and out he cam
 And on his best array he nam
 And kempt his hede, whan he was clad,
 3810 And goth him forth all merry and glad

Right straught into the kinges halle.
 The king cam with his knightes alle
 And maden him glad welcoming.

And he hem tolde tho tiding
 3815 Of this and that, how it befell,
 Whan that he wan the shepes fell.

Medea whan she was asent
 Come sone to that parlement,
 And whan she mighte Jason se,

3820 Was none so glad of all as she.
 There was no joie for to seche,
 Of him made every man a speche,
 Some man said one, some said other,
 But though he were goddes brother

3825 And mighte make fire and thonder,
 There mighte be no more wonder
 Than was of him in that citee.

Echone taught other this is he,
 Whiche hath in his power withinne,

3830 That all the world ne mighte winne,
 Lo, here the best of alle good.

Thus saiden they, that there stood
 And eke that walked up and down
 Both of the court and of the town.

3835 The time of soupper cam anon,
 They wisshen and therto they gon,
 Medea was with Jason fet,

Tho was there many a deinte fet
 And fet to-fore hem on the bord,

3840 But none so liking as the word,

Which was there spoke among hem two,
 So as they dorste speke tho.
 But though they hadden litel space,
 Yet they accorden in that place,
 3845 How Jafon shulde come at night,
 Whan every torche and every light
 Were out, and than of other thinges
 They speke aloud for supposinges
 Of hem that stoden there aboute,
 3850 For love is evermore in doubtte,
 If that it be wisly governed
 Of hem that ben of love lerned.
 Whan al was done, that dissh and cup
 And cloth and bord and all was up,
 3855 They waken, while hem list to wake,
 And after that they leve take
 And gon to bedde for to reſte.
 And whan him thoughte for the beſte,
 That every man was faſt a ſlepe,
 3860 Jafon, that wolde his time kepe,
 Goth forth ſtalkend all prively
 Unto the chambre and redely
 There was a maide, which him kept,
 Medea woke and no thing ſlept,
 3865 But netheles ſhe was a bedde,
 And he with alle haſte him ſpedde
 And made him naked and all warm.
 Anone he toke her in his arm,
 What nede is for to ſpeke of eſe,
 3870 Hem liſt eche other for to pleſe,

So that they hadden joy inow.
 And tho they fetten, whan and how,
 That she with him away shal stele,
 With wordes such and other fele.

3875 Whan all was treted to an ende,
 Jason toke leve and gan forth wende
 Unto his owne chambre in pees.
 There wist it non but Hercules.

He slept and ros, whan it was time,

3880 And whan it fel towards prime,
 He toke to him such as he triste
 In secre, that none other wiste,
 And told hem of his counseil there
 And saide, that his wille were,

3885 That they to ship had alle thing
 So privelich in thevening,
 That no man might her dede asprie
 But tho that were of compaignie,
 For he woll go withoute leve

3890 And lenger woll he nought beleve,
 But he ne wolde at thilke throwe
 The king or quene shulde it knowe.
 They said, all this shall well be do.
 And Jason truste well therto.

3895 Medea in the mene while,
 Which thought her fader to beguile,
 The tresor, which her fader hadde,
 With her all prively she ladde
 And with Jason at time set
 3900 Away she stole and found no let

And straught she goth her into ship
Of Grece with that felaship.

And they anone drough up the faile,
And all that night this was counseil,

3905 But erly whan the sonne shone,
Men sigh, how that they were gone
And come unto the kinge and tolde.
And he the sothe knowe wolde
And axeth, where his doughter was.

3910 There was no word, but out alas,
She was ago, the moder wept,
The fader as a wodeman lept
And gan the time for to warie
And swore his othe he wold nought tarie,

3915 That with caliphe and with galey
The same cours, the same wey,
Which Jafon toke, he wolde take,
If that he might him overtake.
To this they saiden alle ye.

3920 Anone as they were ate fee
And all as who saith at one worde,
They gone withinne shippes borde,
The fail goth up, and forth they straught,
But none esplot therof they caught,

3925 And so they tornen home ayein,
For all that labour was in vein.

* Jafon to Grece with his pray
Goth through the see the righte way.
Whan he there come and men it tolde,

3930 They maden joie yong and olde.

Eson whan that he wist of this,
 How that his sone comen is
 And hath acheved that he fought
 And home with him Medea brought,
 3935 In all the wide world was none
 So glad a man as he was one.
 To-gider ben these lovers tho,
 Till that they hadden sones two,
 Wherof they weren bothe glade
 3940 And olde Eson great joie made
 To seen thencrees of his lignage,
 For he was of so great an age,
 That men awaiten every day,
 Whan that he shulde gone away.
 3945 Jason, which figh his fader olde,
 Upon Medea made him bolde
 Of art magique, which she couth,
 And praieth her, that his faders youth
 She wolde make ayeinward newe.
 3950 And she that was toward him trewe,
 Behight him, that she wolde it do,
 Whan that she time figh therto.
 But what she did in that matere
 It is a wonder thing to here,
 3955 But yet for the novelrie
 I thenke tellen a great partie.
 Thus it befell upon a night,
 Whan there was nought but sterre light,
 She was vanished right as her list,
 3960 That no wight but her self it wist.

Nota, quibus medi-
 camentis Esonem
 senectute decrepi-
 tum ad sue juven-
 tutis adolescenciam
 prudens Medea re-
 duxit.

And that was ate midnight tide,
 The world was still on every side,
 With open hede and foot all bare
 Her hair to-sprad she gan to fare,
 3965 Upon her clothes gert she was
 All specheles and on the gras
 She glode forth as an adder doth.
 None other wise she ne goth,
 Till she came to the freshe flood,
 3970 And there a while she withstood,
 Thries she torned her aboute
 And thries eke she gan down loute
 And in the flood she wete her hair,
 And thries on the water there
 3975 She gaspeth with a drecchinge onde
 And tho she toke her speche on honde.
 First she began to clepe and calle
 Upwarde unto the sterres alle,
 To winde, to air, to see, to londe
 3980 She preide and eke helde up her honde
 To Echates and gan to crie,
 Whiche is goddeffe of forcerie,
 She saide : Helpeth at this nede,
 And as ye maden me to spede,
 3985 Whan Jason came the flees to seche,
 So help me now, I you besече.
 With that she loketh and was ware,
 Down fro the sky there came a chare,
 The which dragons aboute drowe.
 3990 And tho she gan her hede down bowe

And up she stige and faire and well
 She drove forth by chare and wheel
 Above in thaire among the skies,
 The londe of Crete in tho parties
 3995 She fought, and faste gan her hie,
 And therupon the hulles high
 Of Othrin and Olimpe also
 And eke of other hulles mo
 She founde and gadreth herbes fuote,
 4000 She pulleth up some by the rote
 And many with a knife she shereth
 And all into her char she bereth.
 Thus whan she hath the hulles fought,
 The floodes there foryate she nought
 4005 Eridian and Amphrifos,
 Peneie and eke Spercheidos,
 To hem she went and there she nome
 Both of the water and of the fome,
 The sonde and eke the smalle stons,
 4010 Whiche as she chese out for the nones,
 And of the redde see a part,
 That was behovelich to her art,
 She toke, and after that about
 She foughte sondry fedes out
 4015 In feldes and in many greves
 And eke a part she toke of leves.
 But thing, which might her most availe,
 She found in Crete and in Theffaile
 In daies and in nightes nine,
 4020 With great travaile and with peine

She was purveyed of every piece
 And torneth homward into Grece.
 Before the gates of Eson
 Her chare she let away to gone
 4025 And toke out first that was therinne,
 For tho she thoughte to beginne
 Such thing, as semeth impossible
 And made her selven invifible,
 As she, that was with thaire enclosed
 4030 And might of no man be desclosed.
 She toke up turves of the londe
 Withoute helpe of mannes honde
 And heled with the grene gras,
 Of whiche an alter made there was
 4035 Unto Echates the goddeffe
 Of art magique and the maistresse.
 And este an other to invent,
 As she, which did her hole intent,
 Tho toke she feldwode[†] and verveine,
 4040 Of herbes ben nought better tweine,
 Of which anone withoute let
 These alters ben aboute set.
 Two sondry pittes faste by
 She made and with that hastely
 4045 A wether, which was black, she slough,
 And out therof the blood she drough
 And did into the pittes two,
 Warm milk she put also therto
 With hony meind, and in such wise
 4050 She gan to make her sacrifice

† See also the 'Silene' (see 'Silene' in 'Med. III', 242) for the name of a herb, 'weld' of 'held wood'

And cried and praide forth withall
 To Pluto the god infernal
 And to the quene Proserpine.
 And so she fought out all the line
 4055 Of hem, that longen to that craft,
 Behinde was no name laft,
 And praid hem all, as she well couth
 To graunt Eson his firfte youth.
 This olde Eson brought forth was tho,
 4060 Away she bad all other go
 Upon peril, that mighte falle,
 And with that word they wenten alle
 And left hem there two alone.
 *And tho she gan to gaspe and gone
 4065 And made signes many one
 And said her wordes therupon,
 And with spellinge and her charmes
 She toke Eson in both her armes
 And made him for to slepe fast
 4070 And him upon her herbes cast.
 The blacke wether tho she toke
 And hew the fleshe, as doth a coke,
 On either alter part she laide,
 And with the charmes that she saide
 4075 A fire down fro the sky alight
 And made it for to brenne light.
 And whan Medea sigh it brenne,
 Anone she gan to sterte and renne
 The fry alters all about.
 4080 There was no beste, which goth out,

Medea's proceedings (4064-4080) are mostly original

More wilde, than she semeth there.
 Aboute her sholders heng her hair,
 As though she were oute of her minde
 And torned into another kinde.

4085 Tho lay there certain wode cleft,
 Of which the pieces now and eft
 She made hem in the pittes wete
 And put hem in the firy hete
 And toke the bronde with all the blafe

4090 And thries she began to rafe
 About Eson, there as he slept.
 And eft with water, which she kept,
 She made a cercle about him thries
 And eft with fire of sulphre twies

4095 Full many another thing she dede,
 Whiche is nought writen in the stede.
 But tho she ran so up and doune,
 She made many a wonder sounne,
 Somtime lich unto the cock,

4100 Somtime unto the laverock,
 Somtime caceth as an hen,
 Somtime speketh as don men.

And right so as her jargon straungeth
 In sondry wise her forme chaungeth,

4105 She semeth faire and no woman,
 For with the craftes that she can
 She was as who saith a goddesse,
 And what her liste more or lesse
 She did, in bokes as we finde,

4110 That passeth over mannes kinde.

But who that woll of wonders here,
 What thing she wrought in this matere
 To make an ende of that she gan
 Such merveil herde never man.

- 4115 Apointed in the newe mone,
 Whan it was time for to done,
 She fet a caldron on the fire,
 In which was al the hole attire,
 Whereon the medicine stood,
 4120 Of use, of water and of blood,
 And let it boile in fuche a plite,
 Till that she sigh the spume white.
 And tho she cast in rinde and rote
 And fede and floure, that was for bote
 4125 With many an herbe and many a stone,
 Wherof she hath there many one.
 And eke Cimpheius, the serpent,
 To her hath all her scales lent,
 Chelidre her yafe her adders skin,
 4130 And she to boilen cast hem in,
 And parte eke of the horned oule,
 The which men here on nightes houle,
 And of a raven, which was tolde
 Of nine hundred winter olde,
 4135 She toke the hede with all the bille.
 And as the medicine it wille,
 She toke her after the bowele
 Of the seewolf,† and for the hele
 Of Eson with a thousand mo
 4140 Of thinges, that she hadde tho,

Sycamore, Amygdalus amara, Malva, Colchicum, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000

and for the sake of the seewolf (Med. 272-273)

In that caldron to-gider as blive
 She put and toke than of olive
 A drie braunche hem with to stere,
 The which anon gan floure and bere
 4145 And waxe all freshe and grene ayein.
 Whan she this vertue hadde sene,
 She let the leeste droppe of alle
 Upon the bare floure down falle.
 Anon there sprong up floure and gras,
 4150 Where as the droppe fallen was,
 And waxe anone all medow grene,
 So that it mighte well be sene.
 Medea thanne knewe and wist
 Her medicine is for to trift
 4155 And goth to Eson there he lay
 And toke a sward was of assay,
 With which a wounde upon his side
 She made, that there out may slide
 The blood withinne, which was olde
 4160 And sike and trouble and feble and colde.
 And tho she toke unto his use
 Of herbes of all the best juse
 And poured it into his wounde,
 That made his veines full and founde.
 4165 And tho she made his woundes close
 And toke his honde, and up he rose.
 And tho she yaf him drinke a draught,
 Of which his youth ayein he caught,
 His hede, his herte and his visage
 4170 Lich unto twenty winter age,

His hore haire were away
 And lich unto the freshe may,
 Whan passed ben the colde shoures,
 Right so recovereth he his floures.

4175 * Lo, what might any man devise,

A woman shewe in any wise
 More hertely love in any stede
 Than Medea to Jafon dede.

First she made him the flees to winne

4180 And after that fro kith and kinne
 With great trefor with him she stale

And to his fader forth with all
 His elde hath torned into youthe,
 Which thing none other woman couthe.

4185 But how it was to her aquit,
 The remembraunce dwelleth yit.

King Peleus his eme was dede,
 Jafon bare croune on his hede,
 Medea hath fulfilled his will,

4190 But whan he shuld of right fulfill
 The trouthe, which to her afore
 He had in thile of Colchos fwore,
 Tho was Medea most deceived.

For he an other hath received,

4195 Which doughter was to king Creon,
 Creufa she hight, and thus Jafon,
 As he, that was to love untrewed,
 Medea left and toke a newe.

But that was after sone about.

4200 Medea with her art hath wrought

is part of the story, summarized in Helios's plan, 1205, 1240-1242, 1244. Medea's plan is the same.

Of cloth of golde a mantel riche,
 Which semeth worth a kinges riche,
 And that was unto Creusa sent
 In name of yest and of present,
 4205 For sufferhode hem was betwene.
 And whan that yonge freshe quene
 That mantel lapped her aboute,
 Anon therof the fire sprang oute
 And brent her bothe fleshe and bon.
 4210 Tho cam Medea to Jason
 With both his fones on her honde
 And said: O thou of every londe
 The most untrew creature,
 Lo, this shall be thy forfeiture.
 4215 With that she both his fones slough
 Before his eye, and he out drough
 His swerd and wold have slain her tho,
 But farewell she was ago
 Unto Pallas the court above,
 4220 Where as she pleigneth upon love,
 As she, that was with that goddesse,
 And he was leste in great distresse.

Confessor. Thus might thou se, what forwe it doth
 To swere an oth, which is nought soth,
 4225 In loves cause namely.
 My sone, be well ware forthy
 And kepe, that thou be nought forswore.
 For this, whiche I have told to-fore,
 Ovide telleth every dele.

Amans. My fader, I may leve it wele,

For I have herde it ofte fay,
 How Jafon toke the flees away
 Fro Colchos, but yet herde I nought,
 By whom it was first thider brought.

4235 And for it were good to here,
 If that you list at my praier
 To telle I wold you beseche.

My sone, who that woll it seche,
 In bokes he may finde it write.

4240 And netheles, if thou wolt wite
 In the maner as thou hast preide,
 I shall the tell, how it is saide.

The fame of thilke shepes felle,
 Whiche in Colchos, as it befelle,

4245 Was all of gold, shal never deie,
 Wherof I thenke for to say,
 Howe it cam first into that ile.

There was a king in thilke while
 Towardes Grece, and Athemas

4250 The cronique of his name was.

And had a wif, which Philen^{*} hight,
 By whom, so as fortune it dight,
 He had of children yonge two.

Frixus the firste was of tho,

4255 A knave child, right faire with all.

A doughter eke, the which men call
 Hellen, he hadde by his wife.

But for there may no mannes life
 Endure upon this erthe here,

4260 This worthy quene, as thou might here,

Confessor.

Nota, qualiter aureum
 vellus in partes insule
 Colchos primo deve-
 nit. Athemas rex
 Philen habuit conju-
 gem, ex qua Frixum
 et Hellen genuit,
 mortua autem Philen
 Athemas Ynonem
 regis Cadmi filiam
 postea in uxorem dux-
 it, que more noverce
 dictos infantes in
 tantum recollegit o-
 dium, quod ambos in
 mari proici penes re-
 gem procuravit, unde
 Juno compaciens
 quendam arietem
 grandem aureo vesti-
 tum vellere ad litus
 natantem destinavit,
 super cuius dorsum
 pueros apponi iussit,
 quo facto aries super
 undas regressus cum
 solo Frixo sibi adhe-
 rente in Colchos ap-
 plicuit, ubi Juno dic-
 tum arietem cum suo
 vellere, prout in aliis
 caniturronicis, sub
 arcta custodia collo-
 cavit.

Er that the children were of age,
 Toke of her ende the passage
 With great worship and was begrave.
 What thing it liketh god to have
 4265 It is great refon to ben his.
 Forthy this king, so as it is,
 With great suffrance it underfongeth.
 And afterward, as him belongeth,
 Whan it was time for to wedde,
 4270 A newe wife he toke to bedde,
 Whiche Yno hight and was a maide
 And eke the doughter, as men saide,
 Of Cadme, whiche a king also
 Was holde in thilke daies tho.
 4275 Whan Yno was the kinges make,
 She cast, how that she mighte make
 These children to her fader loth
 And shope a wile ayein hem both,
 Which to the king was all unknowe.
 4280 A yere or two she let do sowe
 The lond with sode whete aboute,
 Wherof no corn may springen oute.
 And thus by fleight and by covine
 Aros the derth and the famine
 4285 Through out the londe in such a wise,
 So that the king a sacrifice
 Upon the point of this distresse
 To Ceres, which is the goddesse
 Of corne, hath shapen him for to give
 4290 To loke, if it may be foryive

The mischefe, which was in his londe.
But she, which knewe to-fore the honde,
The circumstance of all this thing,
Ayein the coming of the king
4295 Into the temple hath shape so
Of her accord, that alle tho,
Which of the temple prestes were,
Have said and full declared there
Unto the king, but if so be,
4300 That he deliver the contre
Of Frixus and of Hellen bothe,
With whom the goddes ben so wrothe,
That while tho children ben withinne,
Such tilthe shall no man beginne,
4305 Wherof to get him any corne.
Thus was it said, thus was it sworne
Of all the prestes, that there are.
And she, which causeth all this fare,
Said eke therto, what that she wolde.
4310 And every man than after tolde
So as the quene had hem preide.
The king, which hath his ere leide
And leveth all, that ever he herde,
Unto her tales thus answerde
4315 And saith, that lever him is to chese
His children bothe for to lese
Than him and all the remenaunt
Of hem, which are appertenaunt
Unto the lond, whiche he shall kepe.
4320 And bade his wife to take kepe

In what manere is best to done,
 That they delivered were sone
 Out of this worlde. And she anone
 Two men ordeineth for to gone,
 4325 But first she made hem for to fwere,
 That they the children shulde bere
 Unto the see, that none it knowe,
 And hem therinne bothe throwe.
 The children to the see ben lad,
 4330 Where in the wise, as Yno bad,
 These men be redy for to do.
 But the goddesse, which Juno
 Is hote, appereth in the stede
 And hath unto the men forbede,
 4335 That they the children nought ne flee,
 But bad hem loke into the see
 And taken hede of that they fighen.
 There swam a shepe to-fore her eyen,
 Whose flees of burned gold was all.
 4340 And this goddesse forth with all
 Commaundeth, that withoute let
 They shulde anon the children set
 Above upon the shepes back.
 And all was do, right as she spak,
 4345 Wherof the men gone home ayein.
 And fell so, as the bokes fain,
 Hellen the yonge maiden tho,
 Whiche of the see was wo bego,
 For pure drede her hert hath lore,
 4350 That fro the shepe, which hath her bore,

As she, that was fwounende feint,
 She fell and hath her self adreint.
 With Frixus and this shepe forth fwam,
 Till he to thile of Colchos cam,

4355 Where Juno the goddesse he fonde,
 Which toke the shepe unto the londe
 And fet it there in such a wife,
 As thou to-fore hast herd devise,
 Wherof cam after all the wo,
 4360 Why Jason was forswore so
 Unto Medee, as it is spoke.

My fader, who that hath to-broke
 His trouth, as ye have tolde above,
 He is nought worthy for to love

Amans.

4365 Ne be beloved, as me semeth.
 But every newe love quemeth
 To him, that newe fangel is.
 And netheles now after this,
 If that you list to taken hede

4370 Upon my shrifte to procede
 In loves cause ayein the vice
 Of covetise and avarice,
 What there is more I wolde wite.

My sone, this I finde write,

Confessor.

4375 There is yet one of thilke brood,
 Which only for the worldes good
 To make a tresor of money
 Put alle conscience away.

Wherof in thy confession
 4380 The name and the condition

I shall here afterward declare,
Which maketh one riche, an other bare.

5. *Plus capit usura sibi, quam debetur, et illud
 Fraude collocata sepe latenter agit.
 Sic amor excessus quam sepe suos ut avarus
 Spirat et unius tres capit ipse loco.*

Hic tractat de illa specie avaricie, que usura dicitur, cuius creditor in pecunia tantum numerata plus quam sibi de jure debetur incrementum lucri adauget.

Upon the bench sittend on high
With avarice usure I figh,
Ful clothed of his owne suite,
Which after gold maketh chafe and suite
With his brocours, that renne aboute,
Liche unto racches in a route.
Such lucre is none above grounde,
4390 Which is nought of tho racches founde.
For where they se beyete sterte,
That shall hem in no wise asterte,
But they it drive into the net
Of lucre, whiche usure hath set.
4395 Usure with the riche dwelleth,
To all that ever he bieth and selleth,
He hath ordeined of his sleight
Mesure double and double weight.
Outward he selleth by the lasse
4400 And with the more he maketh his tasse,
Wherof his hous is full withinne.
He recheth nought be so he winne,
Though that there lese ten or twelve.
His love is all toward him selve
4405 And to none other but he se,
That he may winne fuche thre.

For where he shall ought yive or lene,
 He woll ayeinward take a bene,
 There he hath lent the smalle pese.
 4410 And right so there ben many of these
 Lovers, that though they love a lite,
 That scarsly wolde it weie a mite,
 Yet wol they have a pound ayein,
 As doth usure in his bargain.
 4415 But certes such usure unliche
 It falleth more unto the riche
 Als well of love as of beyete,
 Than unto hem, that ben nought grete.
 And as who faith ben simple and pouer,
 4420 For selden is, whan they recouer,
 But if it be through great deserte
 And netheles men se pouerte
 With pursuit of contenaunce
 Full ofte make a great chevaunce
 4425 And take of love his avauntage
 Forth with the helpe of his brocage,
 That maken seme where it is nought.
 And thus full ofte is love bought
 For litel what and mochel take
 4430 With false weightes that thy make.

Now sone, of that I saide above
 Thou wost what usure is of love.
 Tell me forthy what so thou wilt,
 If thou therof hast any gilt?

Confessor.

4435 My fader nay, for ought I here.
 For of tho points ye tolden here

Amans.

I will you by my trouth affure,
 My weight of love and my mesure
 Hath be more large and more certeine
 4440 Than ever I toke of love ayeine.
 For so yet couthe I never of fleighte
 To take ayein by double weighte
 Of love more than I have yive.
 For also wis mote I be shrive
 4445 And have remission of finne,
 As so yet couth I never winne
 Ne yet so mochel soth to fain,
 That ever I might have half ayein
 Of so full love, as I have lent.
 4450 And if mine hap were so well went,
 That for the hole I might have half,
 Me thenketh I were a goddes half.
 For where usure wold have double,
 My conscience is nought so trouble,
 4455 I bidde never as to my dele
 But of the hole an halven dele.
 That is none excess as me thenketh,
 But netheles it me forthenketh.
 For well I wot, that wol nought be,
 4460 For every day the better I se,
 That how so ever I yive or lene
 My love in place that I mene,
 For ought that ever I axe or crave
 I can nothing ayeinwarde have.
 4465 But yet for that I wol nought lete
 What so befall of my beyete,

That I ne shall her yive and lene
 My love and all my thought fo clene,
 That toward me shall nought beleve.

4470 And if she of her gode leve
 Rewarde wol me nought ayein,
 I wot the last of my bargein
 Shall stonde upon so great a loft,
 That I may never more the cost

4475 Recouer in this world till I deie,
 So that touchend of this partie
 I may me well excuse and shall
 And for to speke forth withall,
 If any brocour for me went,

4480 That point come never in min entent,
 So that the more me merveileth
 What thing it is, my lady eileth,
 That all min herte and all my time
 She hath and do no better byme.

4485 I have herd said, that thought is free
 And netheles in privete
 To you, my fader, that bene here
 Min hole shrifte for to here,
 I dare min herte well disclose

4490 Touchend usurie, as I suppose,
 Whiche, as ye telle, in love is used.
 My lady may nought ben excused,
 That for o loking of her eye
 Min hole herte till I deie

4495 With all that ever I may and can
 She hath me wonne to her man,

Wherof me thenketh, good refon wolde,
 That ſhe ſomdele rewarde ſholde
 And yive a part, there ſhe hath all,
 4500 I not what falle hereafter ſhall.
 But into now yet dare I ſain,
 Her liſte never yive ayein
 A goodly word in ſuch a wiſe,
 Wherof min hope might ariſe
 4505 My grete love to recompenſe,
 I not how ſhe her conſcience
 Excufe wol of this uſure
 By large weight and great meſure.
 She hath my love and I have nought
 4510 Of that, which I have dere abought
 And with min herte I have it paide,
 But all this is aſide laide,
 And I go loveles aboute.
 Her oughte ſtonde in full great doubte,
 4515 Till ſhe redreſſe ſuche a finne,
 That ſhe wol al my love winne
 And yiveth me nought to live by.
 Nought al ſo moch as graunt mercy
 Her liſt to ſay, of which I might
 4520 Some of my grete peine alight.
 But of this point, lo, thus I fare,
 As he, that paieth for his chaffare
 And bieth it dere and yet hath none,
 So mote he nedes pouer gone.
 4525 Thus bie I dere and have no love,
 That I ne may nought come above

To winne of love none encrese,
 But I me wille nethelese
 Touchend usure of love aquite,
 4530 And if my lady be to wite,
 I pray to god such grace her fende,
 That she by time it mot amende.

My sone, of that thou hast answerde

Confessor.

Touchend usure I have al herde,
 4535 How thou of love hast wonne smale.
 But that thou tellest in thy tale
 And thy lady therof accusfest,
 Me thenketh tho wordes thou misufest.
 For by thin owne knouleching
 4540 Thou saist, how she for one loking
 Thy hole hert fro the she toke,
 She may be such, that her o loke
 Is worth thine herte many folde,
 So hast thou well thin herte solde,
 4545 Whan thou hast that is more worthe.
 And eke of that thou tellest forthe,
 How that her weight of love uneven
 Is unto thine, under the heven
 Stood never in even that balaunce,
 4550 Which stont in loves governaunce.
 Such is the statute of his lawe,
 That though thy love more drawe
 And peise in the balaunce more,
 Thou might nought axe ayein therfore
 4555 Of duete, but all of grace.
 For love is lorde in every place,

There may no lawe him justify
 By reddour ne by compaigny,
 That he ne wol after his wille,
 4560 Whom that him liketh spede or spille.
 To love a man may well beginne,
 But whether he shall lese or winne,
 That wot no man, til ate last.
 Forthy coveite nought to fast,
 4565 My sone, but abide thin ende,
 Parcas all may to good wende.
 But that thou hast me tolde and faide
 Of o thing I am right well paide,
 That thou by sleighte, ne by guile
 4570 Of no brocour hast otherwhile
 Engined love, for fuche dede
 Is fore venged as I rede.

Hic ponit exemplum
 contra istos maritos,
 qui ultra id quod
 proprias habent uxores
 ad nove voluptatis
 incrementum alias
 mulieres superflue lu-
 crari non verentur.
 Et narrat, qualiter Ju-
 no vindictam suam in
 Eccho in huiusmodi
 mulierum lucris ad-
 quirendis de consilio
 mariti sui Jovis me-
 diatrix exstiterat.

Brocours of love, that deceiven,
 No wonder is though they receiven
 After the wrong, that they deserven
 For whom as ever that they serven
 And do plesaunce for a while.
 Yet ate last her owne guile
 Upon her owne hede descendeth,
 Which god of his vengeaunce fendeth.
 As by ensample of time ago
 A man may finde it hath be so.
 *It fell some time, as it was sene,
 The high goddeffe and the quene
 4585 Juno tho had in compaigny
 A maiden full of trechery.

For ſhe was ever in accorde
With Jupiter, that was her lorde,
To get him other loves newe
4590 Through ſuch brocage and was untrewe,
All other wiſe than him nedeth.
But ſhe, the which no ſhame dredeth,
With queinte wordes and with flie
Blent in ſuch wiſe her ladies eye
4595 As ſhe, to whom that Juno triſt,
So that therof ſhe nothing wiſt.
But ſo prive may be nothing,
That it ne cometh to knouleching,
Thing done upon the derke night
4600 Is after knowe on daies light.
So it befell, that ate laſt
All that this ſlighe maiden caſt
Was overcaſt and overthrowe.
For as the ſothe mot be knowe,
4605 To Juno it was done underſtonde,
In what manere her huſbonde
With fals brocage hath take uſure
Of love more than his meſure,
Whan he toke other than his wife,
4610 Wherof this maiden was giltife,
Whiche hadde ben of his aſſent.
And thus was all the game ſhent.
She ſuffed him, as ſhe mot nede,
But the brocour of his miſdede,
4615 She, which her counſeil yaſ therto,
On her is the vengeaunce do,

For Juno with her wordes hote,
 This maiden, which Eccho was hote,
 Reproveth and faith in this wife :

- 4620 O traitereffe, of which service
 Haft thou thin owne lady served,
 Thou haft great peine well deserved,
 That thou canst maken it so queint.*
 Thy slighe wordes for to peint
- 4625 Towardes me, that am thy quene,
 Wherof thou madest me to wene,
 That my husbonde trewe were,
 Whan that he loveth elles where,
 All be it so him nedeth nought.
- 4630 But upon the it shall be bought
 Whiche art prive to tho doinges,
 And me full ofte of thy lesinges
 Deceived haft. Nowe is the day,
 That I thy wile quite may,
- 4635 And for thou hast to me conceled,
 That my lorde hath with other deled,
 I shall the sette in suche a kinde,
 That ever unto the worldes ende
 All that thou herest thou shalt telle
- 4640 And clappe it out as doth a belle.
 And with that word she was forshape,
 There may no vois her mouthe escape,
 What man that in the wodes crieth,
 Withouten faile Eccho replieth.
- 4645 And what word, that him lust to sain,
 The fame word she faith ayein.

Thus she, which whilome hadde leve
To dwelle in chambre, mot beleve
In wodes and on hilles both.

4650 For such brocage as wives loth,
Which doth her lordes hertes chaunge
And love in other places straunge.

Forthy if ever it so befalle,
That thou, my sone, amonges alle
4655 Be wedded man, hold that thou hast.
For than all other love is waste,
O wife shal wel to the suffise,
And than if thou for covetise
Of love woldest axe more,
4660 Thou shuldest don ayein the lore
Of alle hem that trewe be.

My fader, as in this degre
My conscience is nought accused,
For I no such brocage have used,
4665 Wherof that lust of love is wonne.
Forthy speke forth, as ye begonne,
Of avarice upon my shrifte.

My sone, I shall the braunches shifte
By order so as they ben fet,
4670 On whom no good is wel beset.

*Pro verbis verba, munus pro munere reddi
Convenit, ut pondus equa statera gerat.
Propterea cupido non dat sua dona Cupido.
Nam qui nulla ferit, gramina nulla metet.*

Blind avarice of his lignage
For counfeil and for coufnage

Confessor.

Amans.

Confessor.

6.

Hic tractat super
illa specie avaricie,
que parcimonia di-

citur, cuius natura
tenax aliqualem
sue substantie por-
cionem aut deo
aut hominibus
participare nulla-
tenus consentit.

To be witholde ayein largeffe
Hath one, whose name is said scarsnesse,
The which is keper of his hous
And is so throughout avarous,
That he no good let out of honde,
Though god him self it wolde fonde,
Of yifte shuld he no thing have.
4680 And if a man it wolde crave,
He muste thanne faile nede,
Where god him selve may nought spede.
And thus scarsnesse in every place
By reson may no thank purchase.
4685 And netheles in his degre
Above all other most prive
With avarice stant he this.
For he governeth that there is
In eche estate of his office,
4690 After the reule of thilke vice
He taketh, he kepeth, he halt, he bint,
That lighter is to fle the flint
Than gete of him in hard or neishe
Only the value of a reishe
4695 Of good in helping of an other
Nought, though it were his owne brother.
For in the cas of yift and lone
Stant every man for him alone.
Him thenketh of his unkindship,
4700 That him nedeth no felaship
Be so the bagge and he accorden,
Him reccheth nought, what men recorden

Of him or be it evil or good.

For all his truste is on his good,

4705 So that alone he falleth ofte,

Whan he best weneth stonde alofte

Als well in love as other wise.

For love is ever of some reprice

To him that woll his love holde.

4710 Forthy my sone, as thou art holde

Touchend of this tell me thy shrifte,

Haft thou be scarce or large of yifte

Unto thy love, whom thou servest.

For after that thou well deservest

4715 Of yifte, thou might be the bet.

For that good holde I well be fet,

For which thou might the better fare,

Than is no wisdom for to spare.

For thus men sain in every nede,

4720 He was wise, that first made mede.

For where as mede may nought spede,

I not what helpeth other dede.

Full ofte he faileth of his game,

That will with idel hond reclame

4725 His hawke, as many a nice doth.

Forthy my sone, tell me soth

And say the trowth, if thou haft be

Unto thy love or scarce or fre?

My fader, it hath stonde thus,

Amans.

4730 That if the tresor of Cresus

And all the golde of Octavien,^y

Forth with the richesse of Yndien

Octavian's riches were proverbial. Cf. M. G. M. v. 1, p. 107. "Octavian's riches were proverbial." He is the Octavian of the Roman Empire, the son of Augustus. The first conquest of the world was the Roman Empire. The Roman Empire was the first world empire.

Of perles and of riche stones
 Were all to-gider min at ones,
 4735 I fet it at no more accompt
 Than wolde a bare straw amount
 To yive it her all in a day,
 Be so that to that fwete may
 It mighte like or more or lesse.
 4740 And thus because of my scarfnesse
 Ye may well understond and leve,
 That I shall nought the worse acheve
 The purpos, which is in my thought,
 But yet I yaf her never nought
 4745 Ne therto durst a profre make.
 For well I wot, she woll nought take
 And yive woll she nought also,
 She is escheue of bothe two.
 And this I trowe be the skill
 4750 Towardes me, for she ne will,
 That I have any cause of hope,
 Nought also mochel as a drope.
 But toward other as I may se,
 She taketh and yiveth in such degre,
 4755 That as by wey of frendelyhede
 She can so kepe her womanhede,
 That every man speketh of her wele.
 But she wol take of me no dele,
 And yet she wot wel, that I wolde
 4760 Yive and do bothe what I sholde
 To plesen her in all my might,
 By reson this wote every wight.

For that may by no wey aſterte,
 There ſhe is maiſter of the herte,
 4765 She mot be maiſter of the good.
 For god wot wel, that all my mood
 And all min herte and all my thought
 And all my good, while I have ought,
 Als frely as god hath it yive,
 4770 It ſhall be hers, while I live,
 Right as her liſt her ſelf commaunde.
 So that it nedeth no demaunde
 To axe me, if I have be ſcarſe
 To love, for as to tho parſe
 4775 I will anſwere and ſay no.
 My ſone, that is right well do.
 For often time of ſcarſneſſe
 It hath ben ſeen, that for the leſſe
 Is loſt the more, as thou ſhalt here
 4780 A tale, lich to this matere.
 Scarſneſſe and love accorden never,
 For every thing is wel the lever,
 Whan that a man hath bought it dere.
 And for to ſpeke in this matere
 4785 For ſparing of a litel coſt
 Full ofte time a man hath loſt
 The large cote for the hood.
 What man that ſcarſe is of his good
 And wol nought yive, he ſhall nought take,
 4790 With yiſt a man may undertake
 The highe god to pleaſe and queme,
 With yiſt a man the world may deme.

Confeffor.

Hic loquitur con-
 tra iſtos, qui avari-
 cia ſtricti largitatis
 beneficium in amo-
 ris cauſa confun-
 dunt. Et ponit ex-
 emplum, qualiter
 Croceus largus et
 hillaris Babionem
 avarum et tenacem
 de amore Viole,
 que pulcherrima
 fuit, donis largiffi-
 mis circumvenit.

For every creature bore,
 If thou him yive, is glad therefore,
 4795 And every gladship, as I finde,
 Is comfort unto loves kinde
 And caufeth ofte a man to spede.
 So was he wise, that first yaf mede.
 For mede kepeth love in hous,
 4800 But where the men ben coveitous
 And sparen for to yive a parte,
 They knowen nought Cupides arte.
 For his fortune and his apprise
 Disdeigneth alle covetise
 4805 And hateth alle nigardie.
 And for to loke of this partie
 A sothe enfample, howe it is so,
 * I finde write of Babio,
 Which had a love at his menage,
 4810 There was no fairer of her age,
 And highte Viola by name,
 Which full of youth and full of game
 Was of her selfe and large and free.
 But such an other chinche as he
 4815 Men wisten nought in all the londe,
 And had affaited to his honde
 His servent, the which Spodius
 Was hote. And in this wise thus
 The worldes good of suffisaunce
 4820 Was had, but liking and plesaunce
 Of that belongeth to richeffe
 Of love stode in great distresse,

This is the story of the famous Italian Novella, the *Confessio Amantis* of Geoffrey Chaucer. The story is taken from the *Decamerone* of Giovanni Boccaccio. The story is of a man who is in love with a woman, and who is in great distress because she is married to another man. The man is called Babio, and the woman is called Viola. The story is told in the form of a confession to a priest. The story is one of the most beautiful and touching stories of the *Decamerone*. It is a story of love, of sacrifice, and of the power of love to overcome all obstacles. The story is a beautiful example of the power of love to overcome all obstacles. The story is a beautiful example of the power of love to overcome all obstacles.

So that this yonge lusty wight
Of thing, which fell to loves right,
4825 Was evil served over all,

That she was wo bego withall.

Til that Cupide and Venus eke
A medicine for the feke
Ordeine wolden in this cas,

4830 So as fortune thanne was

Of love upon the destine
It fell right, as it shulde be.

A freshe, a free, a frendly man,
That nought of avarice can,

4835 Which Croceus by name hight,

Toward this swete cast his fight
And there she was cam in presence,
She figh him large of his despense,
And amorous and glad of chere,

4840 So that her liketh well to here

The goodly wordes, which he saide,
And therupon of love he praide.

Of love was all that he ment,
To love and for she shulde assent,

4845 He yaf her yiftes ever among.

But for men sain, that mede is strong,

It was well sene at thilke tide

For as it shulde of right betide,

This Viola largeffe hath take

4850 And the nigard she hath forsake.

Of Babio she will no more,

For he was grucchend evermore,

There was with him none other fare,
 But for to pinche and for to spare,
 4855 Of worldes muck to get encres.
 So goth the wrecche loveles
 Bejaped for his scarfite.
 And he that large was and fre
 And fet his herte to despende,
 4860 This Croceus his bowe bende,
 Which Venus toke him for to holde,
 And shot as ofte as ever he wolde.

Lo, thus departeth love his lawe,
 That what man woll nought be felawe
 4865 To yive and spende, as I the telle,
 He is nought worthy for to dwelle
 In loves court to be relieved.
 Forthy my sone, if I be leved,
 Thou shalt be large of thy despende.

Amans. My fader, in my conscience
 If there be any thinge amis,
 I wolde amende it after this
 Toward my love namely.

Confessor. My sone, well and redely
 4875 Thou saist, so that well paid withall
 I am, and further if I shall
 Unto thy shrifte specifie
 Of avarice the progenie,
 What vice sueth after this,
 4880 Thou shalt have wonder how it is
 Among the folke in any regne,
 That such a vice mighte regne,

Whiche is comune at all affaies,
As men may finde now a daies.

*Cun̄cta creatura, deus et qui cun̄cta creavit,
Damnant ingrati diētaque facta viri.
Non dolor a longe stat, quo sibi talis amicam
Traxit, et in fine deserit esse suam.*

7.

4885 The vice like unto the fende,
Which never yet was mannes frende,
And cleped is unkindeship,
Of covine and of felaship
With avarice he is witholde.
4890 Him thenketh he shuld nought ben holde
Unto the moder, which him bare.
Of him may never man beware,
He wol nought knowe the merite,
For that he wolde it nought aquite,
4895 Which in this worlde is mochel used,
And fewe ben therof excused.
To tell of him is endeles,
But thus I saie netheles,
Where as this vice cometh to londe,
4900 There taketh no man his thanke on honde,
Though he with all his mightes serve,
He shall of him no thank deserve,
He taketh what any man will yive,
But while he hath o day to live,
4905 He wol nothing rewarde ayein,
He gruccheth for to yive o grein,
Where he hath take a berne full.
That maketh a kinde herte dull,

Hic loquitur supra
illa aborta specie
avaricie, que in-
gratitudo dicta est,
cuius condicionem
non solum creator,
sed eciam cun̄cte
creature abhomi-
nabilem detestan-
tur.

To set his trust in such frendship,
 4910 There as he fint no kindeship.
 And for to speke wordes pleine,
 Thus here I many a man compleigne,
 That howe on daies thou shalt finde
 At nede fewe frendes kinde.
 4915 What thou haft done for hem to-fore,
 It is foryeten, as it were lore.
 The bokes speken of this vice
 And telle how god of his justice
 By way of kinde and eke nature
 4920 And every liflich creature,
 The lawe also, who that it can,
 They dampnen an unkinde man.

It is all one, to fay unkinde
 As thing, which done is ayein kinde,
 4925 For it with kinde never stood
 A man to yelden evil for good.
 For who that wolde taken hede,
 A beste is glad of a good dede
 And loveth thilke creature
 4930 After the lawe of his nature
 And doth him ese. And for to se
 Of this matere auctorite,
 Full ofte time it hath befallē,
 Wherof a tale amonges alle,
 4935 Which is of olde enfamplarie,
 I thanke for to specifie.

Hic dicit, qualiter
 bestie in suis benefi-
 ciis hominem ingra-

* To speke of an unkinde man
 I finde, how whilome Adrian

[Faint handwritten notes at the bottom of the page, including references to "the end. there the", "Malle Paris", "the cause of Christendom", "the general", "the animal", "the good", "the justice", "the lawe", "the nature", "the bestie", "the creature", "the unkinde man", "the benefi- ciis hominem ingra-"]

Of Rome, which a great lorde was,
 4940 Upon a day as he par cas
 To wode in his hunting went,
 It hapneth at a fodein went,
 After the chafe as he purfueth,
 Through happe, which no man escheueth,
 4945 He felle unware into a pit,
 Where that it mighte nought be let.
 The pit was depe, and he fell lowe,
 That of his men none mighte knowe,
 Where he became, for none was nigh,
 4950 Which of his fall the mischefe figh.
 And thus alone there he lay
 Clepende and criend all the day
 For focoure and deliverance,
 Till ayein eve it fell per chance,
 4955 A while er it began to night,
 A pouer man, which Bardus hight,
 Cam forth walkend with his affe
 And hadde gadered him a taffe
 Of grene sticke and of drie
 4960 To felle, whom that wolde hem bie,
 As he, which had no livelode,
 But whan he mighte suche a lode
 To towne with his affe carie.
 And as it fel him for to tarie,
 4965 That ilke time nigh the pit
 And hath the trusse faste knit,
 He herde a vois, which cried dimme,
 And he his ere to the brimme

tum naturaliter pre-
 cellunt. Et ponit ex-
 emplum de Adriano
 Romano senatore, qui
 in quadam foresta ve-
 nacionibus insistens,
 dum predam perse-
 queretur, in cisternam
 profundam nefcia fa-
 milia corrui, ubi su-
 perperueniens quidam
 pauper, nomine Bar-
 dus, immissa cordula
 putans hominem ex-
 traxisse, primo si-
 meam extraxit, secundo
 serpentem, tercio A-
 drianum, qui paupe-
 rem despiciens aliquid
 ei pro benefacto red-
 dere recusabat. Sed
 tam serpens quam si-
 mea gratuita benevo-
 lencia ipsum singulis
 donis sufficienter re-
 muneraverunt.

Hath leide and herde it was a man,
 4970 Which saide : O helpe here Adrian,
 And I will yive half my good.
 The pouer man this understood,
 As he that wolde gladly win,
 And to this lord, which was within,
 4975 He spake and said : If I the save,
 What fikerneffe shall I have
 Of covenant, that afterwarde
 Thou wolt me yive such rewarde,
 As thou behightest now before ?
 4980 That other hath his othes swore
 By heven and by the goddes alle,
 If that it mighte so befalle,
 That he out of the pit him brought,
 Of all the goodes, which he ought,
 4985 He shall have even halven dele.

This Bardus said, he wolde wele.
 And with this worde his affe anon
 He let untruffe and therupon
 Down goth the corde into the pit,
 4990 To whiche he hath at ende knit
 A staff, wherby, he saide, he wolde,
 That Adrian him shulde holde.*
 But it was tho per chauce falle,
 Into that pit was also falle
 4995 An ape, which at thilke throwe,
 Whan that the corde cam down lowe,
 All fodeinly therto he skipte
 And it in both his armes clipte.

[Handwritten marginal notes in cursive script, partially illegible due to fading and bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

And Bardus with his affe anone
 5000 Him hath up draw, and he is gon.
 But whan he figh it was an ape,
 He wend all hadde ben a jape
 Of faierie and fore him dradde.
 And Adrian eft fone gradde
 5005 For helpe and cride and preide fafte.
 And he eftfone his corde caste.
 But whan it came unto the grounde,
 A great ferpent it hath bewounde,
 The which Bardus anone up drough.
 5010 And than him thoughte wel inough,
 It was fantafme that he herde
 The vois, and he therto answerde :
 What wight art thou in goddes name ?
 I am, quod Adrian, the fame,
 5015 Whose good thou shalt have even halfe.
 Quod Bardus than a goddes halfe,
 The thridde time affaie I shall.
 And cast his corde forth withall
 Into the pit, and whan it came
 5020 To him, this lord of Rome it name
 And therupon him hath adressed
 And with his hond ful ofte blessed.
 And than he bad to Bardus hale.
 And he, which understood his tale,
 5025 Betwene^{*} him and his affe all softe
 Hath drawe and fet him up a lofte
 Withouten harm all esely. †
 He faith not ones graunt mercy,

and usage (as in Boccaccio, Decamerone, 5877), reading "and his as together"

the Paris (continued): "Immediately the lion and serpent, having come together in front of the temple, the lion laid
 some hands on the serpent, and thus at his feet, for their deliverance. The serpent, after a while, having kissed
 the lion, saying: "Love him this hand! I am glad to say that I have learned my lesson;" and with these words, he
 died. Vitellius, when he came to the temple, found the serpent and the lion together."

But straught him forth to the citee
 5030 And let this pouer Bardus be.
 And netheles this simple man
 His covenant, so as he can,
 Hath axed. And that other saide,
 If so be that he him upbraide
 5035 Of ought, that hath be spoke or do,
 It shall be venged of him so,
 That him were better to be dede.
 And he can tho no other rede,
 But on his affe ayein he cast
 5040 His truffe and hieth homward fast.
 And whan that he came home to bed,
 He tolde his wife, how that he sped.
 But finally to speke ought more
 Unto this lorde, he drad him fore,
 5045 So that a word ne durst he sain.
 And thus upon the morwe ayein
 In the maner, as I recorde,
 Forth with his affe and with his corde,
 To gader wode, as he did er,
 5050 He goth, and whan that he cam ner
 Unto the place, where he wolde,
 He gan his ape anone beholde,
 Which had gadered al aboute
 Of sticke here and there a route
 5055 And leide hem redy to his honde,
 Wherof he made his truffe and bonde.
 Fro daie to daie and in this wife
 This ape profreth his fervise,

And thus he made his truffe and bonde. Wherof he made his truffe and bonde. Fro daie to daie and in this wife This ape profreth his fervise.

So that he had of wode inough.

5060 Upon a time and as he drough
Toward the wode, he figh beside
The greate gastly serpent glide,
Till that she cam in his prefence
And in her kinde a reverence
5065 She hath him do and forth withall
A stone more bright than a cristall
Out of her mouth to-fore his way
She let down fall and went away,
For that he shall nought bèn adrad.

5070 Tho was this pouer Bardus glad,
Thonkende god and to the stone
He goth and taketh it up anone
And hath great wonder in his witte,
How that the beste him hath aquitte,
5075 Where that the mannes sone hath failed,
For whom he hadde most travailed.
But all he put in goddes honde
And torneth home and what he fonde
Unto his wife he hath it shewed

5080 And they, that weren bothe lewed,
Accorden, that he shulde it felle.
And he no lenger wolde dwelle,
But forth anone upon the tale
The stone he profreth to the fale,
5085 And right as he him selfe it sette,
The jueller anone forth fette
The golde and made his paiement,
Therof was no delaiement.

After Paris (continued): 'The wrightman returned home to his dwelling and was so glad of the stone that he could not sleep. He had a dead goat as a present to give for his deliverance, and when he had it ready to give he went to the king's court. The wrightman, however, wishes to see the stone in some of his own hands, and he took it out of the king's hand, and then came back to his dwelling. To make a stone of gold and silver will cost a great deal of money, so he had it made in the king's court. The same proceeding was done with these stones.'

Thus whan this stone was bought and fold,
 5090 Homward with joie many fold
 This Bardus goth, and whan he cam
 Hom to his hous and that he nam
 His gold out of his purs withinne,
 He fonde his stone also therinne,
 5095 Wherof for joy his herte plaide,
 Unto his wife and thus he saide :
 Lo, here my golde, lo, here my stone.
 His wife hath wonder therupon,
 And axeth him how that may be.
 5100 Now by my trouth, I not, quod he,
 But I dare swere upon a boke,
 That to my marchant I it toke,
 And he it hadde whan I went.
 So know I nought to what entent
 5105 It is now here, but it be grace.
 Forthy to morwe in other place
 I will it founde for to felle,
 And if it woll nought with him dwelle,
 But crepe into my purse ayein,
 5110 Than dare I fauflly swere and sain,
 It is the vertue of the stone.

The morwe came, and he is gone
 To seche about in other stede
 His stone to felle and so he dede
 5115 And leste it with his chapman there.
 But whan that he came elles where,
 In presence of his wife at home,
 Out of his purs and that he nome

His golde, he founde his stone withal.

20 And thus it felle him overal,
Where he it folde in fondrie place,
Such was the fortune and the grace.
But so well may nothing be hid,
That it nis ate lafte kid.

4 p 25

25 This fame goth aboute Rome
So ferforth, that the wordes come
To themperour Justinian,
And he let sende for the man
And axed him, how that it was.

30 And Bardus tolde all the cas,
How that the worme and eke the beste,
Al though they made no beheste,
His travaile hadden well aquit.
But he, which had a mannes wit
35 And made his covenant by mouth
And swore therto all that he couth
To parte and yive half his good,
Hath now foryete how that it stood,
As he, which wol no trouthe holde.

40 This emperour al that he tolde
Hath herde and thilke unkindenesse,
He said, he wolde him self redresse.

And thus in court of jugement
This Adrian was than assent,

45 And the quarell in audience
Declared was in the prefence
Of themperour and many mo,
Wherof was mochel speche tho

class Paris (continued). After two or three days he went... Vitahis his promise. He found he feasting with his... "I am art... talants you promised me?" "So you expect," replied Vitahis... he by a sudden spring escaped out of the house... a little more... my net it was of great value... by a conductive... ne. The judges were thus convinced of his truth... ne action for the... relief man?

And great wondring among the pres.

5150 But ate laste nethelss,
For the partie, which hath pleigned,
The law hath demed and ordeigned
By hem, that were avised wele,
That he shal have the halven dele

5155 Throughout of Adrianes good.
And thus of thilke unkinde blood
Stant the memoire unto this day,
Where that every wise man may
Ensamplen him and take in minde,
5160 What shame it is to ben unkinde,
Ayein the which reson debateth
And every creature it hateth.

Confessor. Forthy my sone, in thy office
I rede flee that ilke vice.

5165 For right as the cronique faith
Of Adrian, how he his feith
Foryat for worldes covetise,
Ful oft in suche a maner wise
Of lovers now a man may se
5170 Ful many, that unkinde be,
For wel behote and evil last
That is her life, for ate last,
Whan that they have her wille do,
Her love is sone after ago.

5175 What saist thou, sone, to this cas?

Amans. My fader, I wil say helas,
That ever such a man was bore,
Which whan he hath his trouthe fwoore

And hath of love what he wolde,
 5180 That he at any time sholde
 Ever after in his herte finde
 To falsen and to ben unkinde.

But, fader, as touchend of me,
 I may nought stond in that degre.

5185 For I toke never of love why,
 That I ne may wel go therby
 And do my profite elles where.
 For any spede I finde there,
 I dare wel thenken all about.

5190 But I ne dare nought speke it out,
 And if I dorst, I wolde pleigne,
 That she, for whom I suffre peine
 And love her ever aliche hote,
 That nouthur yive ne behote

5195 In rewarding of my service
 It list her in no maner wise.
 I wol nought say, that she is kinde,
 And for to say she is unkinde,
 That dare I nought by god above,
 5200 Which demeth every herte of love,
 He wot, that on min owne side
 Shall none unkindeship abide,
 If it shall with my lady dwelle,
 Therof dare I no more telle.

5205 Now, gode fader, as it is
 Tell me, what thenketh you of this?

My sone, of that unkindship,
 The which toward thy ladiship,

Confessor.

Thou pleignest, for she woll the nought,
 5210 Thou art to blamen of thy thought.
 For it may be, that thy desire,
 Though it brenne ever as doth the fire,
 Parcas to her honour missfet,
 Or elles time come nought yet,
 5215 Which stant upon thy destine.
 Forthy my sone, I rede the,
 Think well, what ever the befalle.
 For no man hath his lustes alle,
 But as thou toldest me before,
 5220 That thou to love art nought forswore
 And hast done non unkindenesse,
 Thou might therof thy grace bleffe
 And leve nought that continuance,
 For there may be no such grevance
 5225 To love, as is unkindeship,
 Wherof to kepe thy worship,
 So as these olde bokes tale,
 I shall the telle a redy tale.
 Now herken and be ware therby,
 5230 For I will telle it openly.

Hic ponit exemplum
 contra viros amori
 ingratos. Et narrat,
 qualiter Theseus Cad-
 mi filius consilio suf-
 fultus Adriagne regis
 Minos filie in domo,
 que Labyrinthus di-
 citur, Minotaurum
 vicit, unde Theseus
 Adriagne sponsalia
 certissime promittens
 ipsam una cum Fedra
 sorore sua a Creta

* Minos, as telleth the poete,
 The which whilom was king of Crete,
 A sone had and Androchee
 He hight. And so befell that he
 Unto Athenes for to lere
 Was sent and so he bare him there,
 For that he was of high lignage,
 Such pride he toke in his corage,

The story of Theseus is found in Ovid, Heroides 2, or Hyginus, Fab. 40-43; but some details suggest an earlier source. Some accounts tell of a dragon, king of the island (Androchee de Minos), regarding Minos's son as his prey. Theseus killed the dragon, & married the king's daughter; but his story is quite independent, so it may well be that the poet's source is Ovid, who clearly follows more closely.

That he foryeten hath the scoles
 And in riot among the fooles
 He didde many thinges wronge
 And used thilke life so longe,
 Til ate last of that he wrought
 He found the mischefe, which he fought,
 Wherof it fell, that he was slain.
 His fader, which it herde sain,
 Was wroth, and all that ever he might,
 Of men of armes he him dight
 A stronge power and forth he went
 Unto Athenes, where he brent
 The pleine contre al aboute.
 The cites stood of him in doubte,
 As they, that no defence had
 Ayein the power, which he lad.
 Egeus, which was there king,
 His counseil toke upon this thing,
 For he was than in the citee,
 So that of pees into treetee
 Betwene Minos and Egeus
 They fell and bene accorded thus,
 That king Minos fro yere to yere
 Receive shal as thou shalt here
 Out of Athenes for truage
 Of men, that were of mighty age,
 Persones nine, of which he shall
 His wille don in speciall
 For vengeaunce of his sones deth,
 None other grace there ne geth,

fecum navigio duxit.
 Sed statim postea ob-
 lito gratitudinis bene-
 ficio Adriagnam ip-
 sum salvantem in
 insula Chio spretam
 post tergum reliquit
 et Fedram Athenis
 sibi sponfatam ingra-
 tus coronavit.

But for to take the iuife,
 5270 And that was don in fuche a wife,
 Upon which stood a wonder cas.
 For thilke time fo it was,
 Wherof that men yet rede and fing,
 King Minos had in his keping
 5275 A cruel monfter, as faith the gef.
 For he was half man and half beſte,
 And Minotaurus he was hote,
 Which was begotten in a riot
 Upon Paſiphe, his owne wife,
 5280 Whil he was out upon the ſtrife
 Of thilke greate ſiege at Troie.
 But ſhe, which loſt hath alle joie,
 Whan that ſhe ſigh this monſter bore,
 Bad men ordeigne anon therfore,
 5285 And fell that ilke time thus,
 There was a clerke one Dedalus,
 Which hadde ben of her aſſent,
 Of that her world was fo miſwent,
 And he made of his owne wit,
 5290 Wherof the remembraunce is yit,
 For Minotaure fuche a hous,
 That was fo ſtronge and merveilous,
 That what man that withinne went,
 There was ſo many a ſondry went,
 5295 That he ne ſhulde nought come out,
 But gone amaſed all about.
 And in this hous to locke and warde
 Was Minotaurus put in warde,

That what life, that therinne cam,
 5300 Or man or beste, he overcam
 And slough and fed him therupon.
 And in this wise many one
 Out of Athenes for truage
 Devoured weren in that rage.
 5305 For every yere they shopen hem so,
 They of Athenes er they go
 Toward that ilke wofull chaunce,
 As it was set in ordenaunce,
 Upon fortune her lot they cast,
 5310 Till that Theseus ate laste,
 Which was the kinges sone there,
 Amonges other that there were,
 In thilke yere, as it befell,
 The lot upon his chaunce fell.
 5315 He was a worthy knight withall.
 And whan he sigh his chaunce fall,
 He ferde, as though he toke none hede,
 But all that ever he might spede
 With him and with his felaship
 5320 Forth into Crete he goth by ship,
 Where that the king Minos he fought
 And profreth all that he him ought
 Upon the point of her accorde.
 This sterne king, this cruel lorde
 5325 Toke every day one of the nine
 And put him into the discipline
 Of Minotaure to be devoured.
 But Theseus was so favoured,

That he was kept till ate last,
 5330 And in the meane while he cast,
 What thing him were best to do.
 And fell, that Adriagne tho,
 Which was the doughter of Minos,
 And hadde herd the worthy los
 5335 Of Theseus and of his might
 And figh he was a lusty knight,
 Her hole herte on him she laide.
 And he also of love her praide
 So ferforth, that they were alone,
 5340 And she ordeineth than anone,
 In what maner she shuld him save.
 And shope so, that she did him have
 A clue of threde, of which withinne
 First ate dore he shall beginne
 5345 With him to take that one ende,
 That whan he wold ayeinward wende
 He mighte go the fame wey.
 And over this so as I say,
 Of pitch she toke him a pelote,
 5350 The which he shulde into the throte
 Of Minotaure caste right.
 Such wepon also for him she dight,
 That he by reson may nought faile
 To make an ende of his bataile.
 5355 For she him taught in sondry wise,
 Till he was knowe of thilke emprise,
 How he this beste shulde quelle.
 And thus short tale for to telle,

So as this maiden him had taught,
 5360 Theseus with this monster faught
 And smote of his hede, the whiche he nam,
 And by the thred, so as he cam,
 He goth ayein, til he were out.
 So was great wonder all about.

5365 Minos the tribute hath relefed,
 And so was all the werre cefed
 Betwene Athenes and hem of Crete.

But now to speke of thilke swete,
 Whose beaute was withoute wan,

5370 This faire maiden Adriane,
 Whan that she sigh Theseus sounde,
 Was never yet upon this grounde
 A gladder wight than she was tho.

Theseus dwelt a day or two,
 5375 Where that Minos great chere him ded.

Theseus in a prive sted
 Hath with this maiden spoke and rouned,
 That she to him was abandouned
 In al that ever that she couth,

5380 So that of thilke lusty youth
 All prively betwene hem twey
 The firste floure he toke away.

For he so faire tho behight,
 That ever while he live might

5385 He shuld her take for his wife
 And as his owne hertes life
 He wolde her love and trouthe bere.

And she, which mighte nought forbere,

So fore loveth him ayein,
 5390 That what as ever he wold fain
 With all her herte she beleveth.
 And thus his purpos he acheveth,
 So that affured of his trouthe
 With him she went, and that was routhe.
 5395 Fedra her yonge suster eke,
 A lusty maide, a sibre, a meke,
 Fulfilled of all curtesie,
 For susterhode and compaignie
 Of love, which was hem betwene,
 5400 To sen her suster made a quene
 Her fader lefte and forth she went
 With him, which all his first entent
 Foryat within a litel throwe,
 So that it was all over throwe,
 5405 Whan she best wend it shulde stonde.
 The ship was blowe fro the londe,
 Wherinne that they sailend were.
 This Adriagne had mochel fere,
 Of that the wind so loude blewe,
 5410 As she, which of the see ne knewe,
 And praide for to reste a while.
 And so fell, that upon an ile,
 Which Chio highte, they ben drive,
 Where he to her leve hath yive,
 5415 That she shall lond and take her rest,
 But that was nothing for her best.
 For whan she was to londe brought,
 She, which that time thoughte nought

But alle trouth and toke no kepe,
5420 Hath laid her softe for to flepe,
As she, which longe hath ben forwacched.

But certes she was evil macched
And fer from alle loves kinde.

For more than the beste unkinde

5425 Theseus, which no trouthe kept,
While that this yonge lady slept,
Fulfilled of all unkindeship
Hath all foryeten the gode ship,
Whiche Adriagne him hadde do,

5430 And bad unto the shipmen tho
Hale up the saile and nought abide,
And forth he goth the same tide
Towarde Athenes, and her on londe
He lefte, which lay nigh the stronde

5435 Slepnd, til that she awoke.

But whan that she cast up her loke
Toward the stronde and sigh no wight,
Her herte was so fore aflight,
That she ne wiste what to thinke,

5440 But drough her to the water brinke,
Where she beheld the see at large.

She sigh no ship, she sigh no barge
Als ferforth as she mighte kenne.

Ha lord, she saide, which a fenne,

5445 As all the world shall after here,

Upon this wofull woman here
This worthy knight hath done and wrought,
I wend I had his love bought,

And so deferved ate nede,
⁵⁴⁵⁰ Whan that he stood upon his drede,
 And eke the love he me behight.
 It is great wonder, how he might
 Towardes me now ben unkinde,
 And so to let out of his minde
⁵⁴⁵⁵ Thing, which he said his owne mouth.
 But after this, whan it is couth
 And drawe into the worldes fame,
 It shall ben hindring of his name.
 For well he wote and so wote I,
⁵⁴⁶⁰ He yafe his trouthe bodily,
 That he min honour shulde kepe.
 And with that word she gan to wepe
 And forweth more than inough.
 Her faire tresses she to-drough
⁵⁴⁶⁵ And with her self toke such a strife,
 That she betwene the deth and life
 Swounende lay full oft amonge.
 And all was this on him alonge,
 Which was to love unkinde so,
⁵⁴⁷⁰ Wherof the wrong shall evermo
 Stond in cronique of remembraunce,
 And eke it axeth a vengeaunce
 To ben unkinde in loves cas,
 So as Theseus thanne was,
⁵⁴⁷⁵ All though he were a noble knight.
 For he the lawe of loves right
 Forfeited hath in alle way,
 That Adriagne he put away,

Which was a great unkinde dede.

5480 And after this, so as I rede,
Fedra, the which her suster is,
He toke in stede of her, and this
Fell afterward to mochel tene,
For thilke vice, of whiche I mene,
5485 Unkindeship where it falleth,
The trouthe of mannes hert it palleth,
That he can no good dede acquite,
So may he stonde of no merite
Towardes god and eke also
5490 Men clepen him the worldes fo.
For he no more than the fende
Unto none other man is frende,
But all toward him self alone.

Forthy my sone, in thy persone
5495 This vice above all other fle.

My fader, as ye techen me,
I thenke don in this matere.
But over this now wold I here,
Wherof I shall me shrive more.

Amans.

5500 My gode sone, as for thy lore,
After the reule of covetise,
I shall the proprete devise
Of every vice by and by.
Now herken and be wel ware therby.

Confessor.

*Viribus ex clara res tollit luce rapina,
Floris et in vita virgini mella capit.*

8.

5505 In the lignage of avarice,
My sone, yet there is a vice,

Hic tractat super
illa specie cupida,
que rapina nuncu-

patur, cuius mater
extorcio ipsam ad
deserviendum
magnatum curiis
specialius com-
mendavit. 5510

His righte name it is ravine,
Which hath a route of his covine.
Ravine among the maisters dwelleth,
And with his servants as men telleth
Extorcion is now witholde.
Ravine of other mennes folde
Maketh his larder and paieth nought.
For where as ever it may be fought,
5515 In his hous there shall no thing lacke,
And that ful ofte abieth the packe
Of pouer men, that dwelle aboute.
Thus stant the comune people in doubtte,
Which can do none amendement.

5520 For whan him faileth paiement,
Ravine maketh non other skille,
But taketh by strenght al that he wille.
So ben there in the same wise
Lovers, as I the shall devise,
5525 That whan nought elles may availe,
Anone with strengthe they affaile
And get of love the sesine,
Whan they se time by ravine.

Confessor. Forthy my sone, shrive the here,

5530 If thou hast ben a ravinere

Amans. Of love. Certes fader no,
For I my lady love so.

For though I were as was Pompey,
That all the world me wolde obey,

5535 Or elles such as Alifaundre,
I wolde nought do fuche a sclaunder.

It is no good man, which so doth.

In gode feith, sone, thou faist soth.

Confessor.

For he that woll of purveance

5540 By such a wey his lust avance

He shall it after fore abie,

But if these olde ensamples lie.

Now, gode fader, tell me one,

Amans.

So as ye connen many one,

5545 Touchend of love in this matere.

Now list, my sone, and thou shalt here, Confessor.

So as it hath befall er this

In loves cause how that it is

A man to take by ravine

5550 The preie, which is feminine.

* There was a roial noble kinge,

A riche of alle worldes thinge,

Which of his propre enheritaunce

Athenes had in governaunce,

5555 And who so thenke therupon,

His name was king Pandion.

Two daughters had he by his wife,

The which he loved as his life.

The first daughter Progne hight,

5560 And the seconde, as she well might,

Was cleped faire Philomene,

To whom fell after mochel tene.

The fader of his purveance

His daughter Progne wolde avance,

5565 And yafe her unto mariage

A worthy king of high lignage,

Hic ponit exemplum contra istos in amoris causa raptores et narrat, qualiter Pandion rex Athenarum duas filias, videlicet Prognem et Philomenam habuit. Progne autem Tereo regi Tracie desponsata contigit, quod cum Tereus, ad instantiam uxoris sue Philomenam de Athenis in Traciam sororie visitationis causa secum quadam vice perduceret, in concupiscenciam Philomene tanta severitate in itinere dilapsus est, quod ipse non solum sue violencia rapine virginitatem eius oppressit, sed et ipsius linguam, ne factum detegeret, forcipe mutilavit, unde in perpetue memorie croni-

cam tanti raptoris
 auferitatem miro or-
 dine dii postea vindic-
 arunt.

A noble knight eke of his honde,
 So was he kid in every londe.
 Of Trace he hight Tereus,
 5570 The clerke Ovide telleth thus.
 This Tereus his wife home lad,
 A lusty life with her he had,
 Till it befell upon a tide,
 This Progne, as she lay him beside,
 5575 Bethought her, how it mighte be,
 That she her suster mighte se,
 And to her lorde her will she saide
 With goodly wordes and him praide,
 That she to her mighte go.
 5580 And if it liked him nought so,
 That than he wolde him selve wende
 Or elles by some other sende,
 Which might her dere suster grete
 And shape, how that they mighten mete.
 5585 Her lorde anone to that he herde
 Yaf his accorde and thus answerde :
 I woll, he saide, for thy fake,
 The wey after thy suster take
 My self and bring her, if I may.
 5590 And she with that, there as she lay,
 Began him in her armes clippe
 And kist him with her softe lippe
 And saide : Sire, graunt mercy.
 And he sone after was redy
 5595 And toke his leue for to go.
 In fory time did he so.

This Tereus goth forth to shippe
With him and his felashippe.

By sea the righte cours he nam

5600 Unto the contre till he cam,
Where Philomene was dwelling,
And of her fuster the tiding
He tolde, and tho they weren glad
And mochel joie of him they made.

5605 The fader and the moder bothe
To leve her doughter were lothe,
But if they were in prefence,
And netheles at reverence
Of him that wolde him self travaile,

5610 They wolde nought he shulde faile,
And that they praide yive her leve.
And she that wolde nought beleve
In alle haste made her yare
Toward her fuster for to fare

5615 With Tereus, and forth she went.
And he with al his hole entent,
Whan she was fro her frendes go,
Affoteth of her love so,
That his eye might he nought witholde,

5620 That he ne must on her beholde,
And with the sight he gan desire
And fet his owne hert a fire.

And fire, whan it to tow approcheth,
To him anon the strength accrocheth,
5625 Till with his hete it be devoured,
The tow ne may nought be foccoured.

And so the tirann raver,
 Whan that she was in his power,
 And he therto figh time and place,
 5630 As he, that lost hath all his grace,
 Foryate, he was a wedded man,
 And in a rage on her he ran
 Right as a wolf, that taketh his pray.
 And she began to crie and pray :
 5635 O fader, o moder dere,
 Now help, but they ne might it here,
 And she was of to litel might
 Defence ayein so rude a knight
 To make, whan he was so wode,
 5640 That he no reson understode,
 But helde her under in such wise,
 That she ne mighte nought arise,
 But lay oppressed and difefed,
 As if a gohawk hadde seifed
 5645 A brid, which durste nought for fere
 Remue. And thus this tirant there
 Beraft her such thing, as men fain,
 May never more be yolde ayein,
 And that was the virginite,
 5650 Of such ravine it was pite.
 But whan she to her selve come
 And of her mischefe hede nome
 And knewe, how that she was no maide,
 With wofull herte thus she saide :
 5655 O thou of alle men the worst,
 Where was there ever man that dorst

Do such a dede, as thou hast do?
That day shall falle, I hope so,
That I shall tell out all my fille
5660 And with my speche I shall fulfille
The wide worlde in brede and length,
That thou hast do to me by strength,
If I among the people dwelle,
Unto the people I shall it telle.
5665 And if I be withinne wall
Of stones closed, than I shall
Unto the stones clepe and crie,
And tellen hem thy felonie.
And if I to the wodes wende,
5670 There shall I telle tale and ende,
And crie it to the briddes out,
That they shall here it all about.
For I so loude it shall reherce,
That my vois shall the heven perce,
5675 That it shall soun in goddes ere.
Ha false man, where is thy fere?
O more cruel than any beste,
How hast thou holden thy behest,
Which thou unto my suster madest?
5680 O thou, which alle love ungladest
And art ensample of all untrewes,
Now wolde god my suster knewe
Of thin untrouthe, how that it stood.
And he than as a leon wode
5685 With his unhappy hondes strong
He caught her by the tresses long,

With whiche he bonde both her armes,
 That was a feble dede of armes,
 And to the grounde anone her cast,
 5690 And out he clippeth also fast
 Her tunge with a paire of sheres.
 So what with blode, and what with teres
 Out of her eyen and of her mouth
 He made her faire face uncouth,
 5695 She lay fwounend unto the dethe,
 There was unnethes any brethe.
 But yet whan he her tunge refte,
 A litel part therof he lefte.
 But she withall no word may founne
 5700 But chitre and as a brid jargoune.
 And netheles that wode hounde
 Her body hent up fro the grounde
 And sent her there, as by his will
 She shulde abide in prison still
 5705 For ever mo. But now take hede,
 What after fell of this misdede.
 Whan all this mischefe was befallle,
 This Tereus, that foule him falle,
 Unto his contre home he tigh.
 5710 And whan he cam his paleis nigh,
 His wife alredy there him kept.
 Whan he her sigh, anon he wept,
 And that he dide for deceit,
 For she began to axe him streit :
 5715 Where is my suster? And he faide,
 That she was dede, and Progne abraide,

As she, that was a wofull wife,
 And stood betwene her deth and life,
 Because she herde such tiding.

5720 But for she sigh her lord weping,
 She wende nought but alle trouth
 And hadde wel the more routh.

The perles were tho forfake
 To her and blacke clothes take,

5725 As she that was gentil and kinde,
 In worship of her fusters minde
 She made a riche enterement,

For she found none amendement
 To fighen or to sobbe more,

5730 So was there guile under the gore.
 Now leve we this king and quene,
 And torne ayein to Philomene.

* As I began to tellen erst,
 Whan she cam into prison ferst,

5735 It thought a kinges doughter straunge
 To make so sodein a chaunge
 Fro welth unto so great a wo.

And she began to thenke tho,
 Though she by mouthe nothing praide,

5740 Within her herte thus she saide :

O thou, almighty Jupiter,
 That highe fittest and lokest fer,
 Thou suffrest many a wrong doing,
 And yet it is nought thy willing.

5745 To the there may nothing ben hid,
 Thou wost, how it is me betid.

See p 235, vol. II, f 22

line to line 5768 (Philomene's death) is yale v. 22

I wolde I hadde nought be bore.
 For than I hadde nought forlore
 My speche and my virginite.

5750 But gode lord, all is in the,
 Whan thou therof wolt do vengeaunce
 And shape my deliveraunce.

And ever among this lady wepte
 And thought that she never kepte

5755 To be a worldes woman more,
 And that she wissheth evermore.

But ofte unto her suster dere
 Her herte speketh in this manere
 And faide: Ha suster, if ye knewe

5760 Of min estate, ye wolde rewe,
 I trowe, and my deliveraunce
 Ye wolde shape and do vengeaunce
 On him, that is so fals a man.

And netheles, so as I can,

5765 I woll you fend some tokening,
 Wherof ye shall have knouleching
 Of thing I wot that shall you loth,
 The which you toucheth and me both.

And tho within a while als tite

5770 She wafe a cloth of filke all white
 With letters and ymagery,
 In which was all the felony,
 Which Tereus to her hath do,

And lapped it to-gider tho

5775 And fet her fignet therupon

And sent it unto Progne anon.

The meffager, which forth it bare,
 What it amounteth is nought ware,
 And netheles to Progne he goth
 5780 And prively taketh her the cloth
 And went ayein right as he cam,
 The court of him none hede name.

Whan Progne of Philomene herde,
 She wolde knowe how that it ferde
 5785 And openeth that the man hath brought
 And wot therby, what hath be wrought
 And what mifchefe there is befallle.
 In fwoune tho fhe gan down falle
 And efte arofe and gan to ftonde
 5790 And eft fhe taketh the clothe on honde,
 Beheld the letters and thymages,
 But ate laft of fuche outrages
 She faid : Weping is nought the bote,
 And fwereth, if that fhe live mote,
 5795 It fhall be venged other wife.
 And with that fhe gan her avife,
 How firft fhe might unto her winne
 Her fufter, that no man withinne
 But only they, that were fwore,
 5800 It fhulde knowe, and fhope therfore,
 That Tereus nothing it wift,
 And yet right as her felven lift,
 Her fufter was delivered fone
 Out of prifon, and by the mone
 5805 To Progne fhe was brought by night.
 Whan eche of other had a fight

In chambre there they were alone,
They maden many a pitous mone.
But Progne most of forwe made,
5810 Which sigh her suster pale and fade
And specheles and deshonoured
Of that she hadde be defloured,
And eke upon her lord she thought
Of that he so untruely wrought
5815 And had his espousaile broke,
She maketh a vow it shall be wroke.
And with that word she kneleth down
Weping in great devocion,
Unto Cupide and to Venus
5820 She praid and faide thanne thus :
O ye, to whom no thing avertere
Of love may, for every herte
Ye knowe, as ye that ben above
The god and the goddesse of love,
5825 Ye witen well, that ever yit
With al min herte and all my wit
Sith first ye shopen me to wedde,
That I lay with my lord a-bedde,
I have ben trewe in my degre
5830 And ever thoughte for to be
And never love in other place,
But all only the king of Trace,
Whiche is my lord and I his wife.
But now alas this wofull strife,
5835 That I him thus ayeinward finde
The most untrewes and most unkinde,

That ever in ladies armes lay,
 And wel I wot that he ne may
 Amend his wronge, it is so great,

⁵⁸⁴⁰ For he to litel of me lete,
 Whan he min owne fuster toke
 And me that am his wife forfoke.

Lo, thus to Venus and Cupide
 She praid, and furthermore she cride

⁵⁸⁴⁵ Unto Apollo the highest
 And said: O mighty god of rest,
 Thou do vengeaunce of this debate,
 My fuster and all her estate
 Thou wost, and how she hath forlore

⁵⁸⁵⁰ Her maidenhede, and I therfore
 In all the world shall bere a blame
 Of that my fuster hath a shame,
 That Tereus to her I sent.

And well thou wost, that min entent
⁵⁸⁶⁵ Was all for worship and for good.

O lord, that yivest the lives food
 To every wight, I pray the here
 These wofull fusters, that ben here,
 And let us nought to the ben loth,

⁵⁸⁶⁰ We ben thin owne women both.

Thus pleigneth Progne and axeth wreche,
 And though her fuster lacke speche,
 To him, that alle thinges wote
 Her forwe is nought the lasse hote.

⁵⁸⁶⁵ But he, that thanne herd hem two,
 Him ought have forwed evermo

For forwe, which was hem betwene.
 With signes pleigneth Philomene,
 And Progne faith : It shal be wreke,
 5870 That all the world therof shal speke.
 And Progne tho sikenesse feigned,
 Wherof unto her lord she pleigned
 And preith, she mote her chambre kepe
 And as her liketh wake and slepe.
 5875 And he her graunteth to be so.
 And thus to-gider ben they two,
 That wold him but a litel good.
 Now herke hereafter, how it stood
 Of wofull auntres that befelle.
 5880 These susters, that ben bothe felle,
 And that was nought on hem alonge
 But only on the greate wronge,
 Which Tereus hem hadde do,
 They shopen for to venge hem tho.
 5885 This Tereus by Progne his wife
 A sone hath, which as his life
 He loveth, and Ithis he hight.
 His moder wiste well she might
 Do Tereus no more greve
 5890 Than flee his child, which was so leve.
 Thus she that was as who faith mad
 Of wo, which hath her overlad,
 Without insight of moderhede
 Foryat pite and losse drede
 5895 And in her chambre prively
 This childe without noise or cry

She slough and hewe him all to pieces.
And after with diverse spieces
The flesh, whan it was so to-hewe,
5900 She taketh and maketh therof a sewe,
With which the fader at his mete
Was served, till he had him ete,
That he ne wist, how that it stood.
But thus his owne flesh and blood
5905 Him self devoureth ayeine kinde,
As he that was to-fore unkinde.
And than er that he were arise,
For that he shulde bene agrife
To shewen him the child was dede,
5910 This Philomene toke the hede
Betwene two dishes, and all wrothe
Tho camen forth the susters bothe
And setten it upon the bord.
And Progne than began the word
5915 And saide : O werst of alle wicke,
Of conscience whom no pricke
May stere, lo, what thou hast do,
Lo, here ben now we susters two.
O raviner, lo here thy prey,
5920 With whom so falslich on the wey
Thou hast thy tirannie wrought,
Lo, now it is somedele abought
And bet it shall, for of thy dede
The world shall ever sing and rede
5925 In remembraunce of thy defame,
For thou to love hast done such shame,

Though I have lost my maidenhede,
 Shall no man see my chekes rede.
 Thus medleth she with joye wo
 5990 And with her sorwe merth also,
 So that of loves maladie
 She maketh divers melodie
 And faith : Love is a wofull blisse,
 A wisdom, which can no man wisse,
 5995 A lusty fever, a wounde softe.
 This note she reherfeth ofte
 To hem, which understonde her tale.
 Now have I of this nightingale,
 Which erst was cleped Philomene,
 6000 Told all that ever wolde mene,
 Both of her forme and of her note,
 Wherof men may the story note.
 And of her suster Progne I finde,
 How she was torned out of kinde
 6005 Into a swalwe swift of wing,
 Which eke in winter lith fwounding
 There as she may no thing be sene,
 But whan the world is woxe grene
 And comen is the somer tide,
 6010 Than fleeth she forth and ginneth to chide
 And chitereth out in her langage,
 What falskede is in mariage,
 And telleth in a maner speche
 Of Tereus the spouse breche.
 6015 She wol nought in the wodes dwelle,
 For she wold openliche telle,

And is the brid falsest of alle.*

Confessor. Beware, my sone, er the so falle,
 For if thou be of such covine
 6050 To get of love by ravine
 Thy lust, it may the falle thus,
 As it befell of Tereus.

Amans. My fader, goddes forbode*,
 Me were lever be fortrode
 6055 With wilde hors and be to-drawe,
 Er I ayein love and his lawe
 Did any thing or loude or still,
 Which were nought my ladies will.
 Men faien, that every love hath drede,
 6060 So folweth it, that I her drede,
 For I her love, and who so dredeth
 To plese his love and serve him nedeth.
 Thus may ye knowen by this skill,
 That no ravine done I will
 6065 Ayein her will by such a wey.
 But while I live, I will obey
 Abiding on her courtesie,
 If any mercy wolde her plie.

Forthy my fader, as of this
 6070 I wot nought I have do amis.
 But furthermore I you besече,
 Some other point that ye me teche,
 And axeth forth if there be ought,
 That I may be the better taught.

9. *Vivat ut ex spoliis grandi quam sepe tumultu,
 Quo graditur populus, latro perurget iter.*

the fader of the sonne, fader of the sonne. Clarendon, Parliament of Poole, 1417.

the fader of the sonne, fader of the sonne. Clarendon, Legend of Good Women (A Text), line 10

*Sic amor ex casu poterit quo carpere predam,
Si locus est aptus, cetera nulla timet.*

75 Whan covetise in pouer estate
Stont with him self upon debate
Through lacke of his misgovernance,
That he unto his sustenance
Ne can non other waie finde
80 To get him good, than as the blinde,
Which seeth nought what shal after fall,
That ilke vice, which men call
Of robbery, he taketh on honde,
Wherof by water and by londe
85 Of thing, which other men beswinke
He get him cloth and mete and drinke,
Him reccheth nought, what he beginne
Through thefte, so that he may winne.
Forthy to maken his purchas
90 He lith awaitend on the pas,
And what thing that he seeth ther passe
He taketh his parte or more or lasse,
If it be worthy to be take
He can the packes well ransake.
95 So prively bereth none about
His gold, that he ne fint it out,
Or other juell what it be
He taketh it as his proprete
In wodes and in feldes eke.
100 Thus robberie goth to seke,
Where as he may his purchas finde.
And right so in the same kinde

Hic loquitur super
illa cupiditatis specie,
quam furtum vocant,
cuius ministri alicuius
legis offensam non
metuentes tam in
amoris causa quam
aliter suam quam sepe
conscienciam offen-
dunt.

My gode sone, as thou might here,
 To speke of love in the matere
 6105 And make a verray resemblance
 Right as a thefe maketh his chevefance
 And robbeth mennes goodes about
 In wode and felde, where he goth out,
 So be there of these lovers some
 6110 In wilde stedes where they come
 And finden there a woman able
 And therto place covenable,
 Withoute leve er that they fare
 They take a parte of that chaffare.
 6115 Ye, though she were a shepherdesse
 Yet woll the lorde of wantonneffe
 Affay, all though she be unmete.
 For other mennes good is fwete.
 But therof wot nothing the wife
 6120 At home, which loveth as her life
 Her lord and sit all day wishing
 After her lordes home coming.
 But whan he cometh home at eve,
 Anone he maketh his wife beleve,
 6125 For she nought elles shulde knowe
 He telleth her, how his hunt hath blowe,
 And howe his houndes have well ronne,
 And how there shone a mery sonne,
 And how his hawkes flownen wele.
 6130 But he wol telle her never a dele,
 How he to love untrewes was
 Of that he robbed in the pas

And toke his lust under the shawe
Ayein love and ayein his lawe.

6135 Which thing, my sone, I the forbede,

Confessor.

For it is an ungoodly dede.

For who that taketh by robberie

His love, he may nought justifie

His cause, and so ful ofte sithe

6140 For ones that he hath ben blithe

He shall ben after sory thries.

Ensamplers for such robberies

I finde write as thou shalt here

Accordend unto this matere.

6145 * I rede, how whilom was a maide

The fairest, as Ovide saide,

Which was in her time tho.

And she was of the chambre also

Of Pallas, which is the goddesse

6150 And wife to Marte, of whom prowesse

Is yove to these worthy knightes,

For he is of so greate mightes,

That he governeth the bataile,

Withouten him may nought availe

6155 The stronge hond, but he it helpe,

There may no knight of armes yelpe,

But he fight under his banere.

But now to speke of my matere

This faire, freshe, lusty may

6160 Alone as she went on a day

Upon the stronde for to play,

There came Neptunus in the way,

Hic loquitur contra istos in amoris causa predones, qui cum suam furtive concupiscenciam aspirant, fortuna in contrarium operatur, et narrat, quod cum Neptunus quandam virginem nomine Cornicem solam juxta mare deambulantem opprimere suo furto voluisset, superveniens Pallas ipsam e manibus eius virginitate servata graciosius liberavit.

Which hath the fee in governaunce,
 And in his herte such plesaunce
 6165 He toke, whan he this maiden sigh,
 That all his hert aros on high.
 For he so sodeinlich unware
 Beheld the beaute, that she bare,
 And cast anone within his hert,
 6170 That she him shall no way astert,
 But if he take in avauntage
 Fro thilke maide some pilage,
 Nought of the broches ne the ringes,
 But of some other smale thinges
 6175 He thoughte parte, er that he went,
 And her in bothe his armes hent
 And put his hond toward the cofre,
 Wherefor to robbe he made a profre
 That lusty tresor for to stele,
 6180 Which passeth other goodes fele
 And cleped is the maidenheed,
 Which is the flour of womanheed.
 This maiden which Cornix by name
 Was hote, dredend alle shame,
 6185 Sigh, that she mighte nought debate,
 And well she wist, he wolde algate
 Fulfill his lust of robberie,
 Anone began to wepe and crie
 And said: O Pallas noble quene,
 6190 Shew now thy might and let be sene
 To kepe and save min honour,
 Help, that I lese nought my flour,

Which now under thy key is loke.
That word was nought so sone spoke,

6195 Whan Pallas shope recoverir
After the will and the desire
Of her, which a maiden was,
And sodeinlich upon this cas
Out of her womanishe kinde

6200 Into a briddes like I finde
She was transformed forth withall,
So that Neptunus nothing stal
Of such thing that he wolde have stole.
With fethers blacke as any cole

6205 Out of his armes in a throwe
She fleigh before his eyen a crowe,

*Which was to her a more delite
To kepe her maidenhede white
Under the wede of fethers blacke,

6210 In perles white than forsake
That no life may restore ayein.
But thus Neptune his hert in vein
Hath upon robberie set.

The brid is flowe, and he was let,
6215 The faire maid him hath escaped,
Wherof for ever he was bejaped
And scorned of that he hath lore.

My sone, be thou ware therfore,
That thou no maidenhede stele,

Confessor.

6220 Wherof men see diseses fele,
So as I shall the yet devise
Another tale therupon,
Which fell by olde daies gone.

Hic ponit exemplum
 contra istos in causa
 virginitatis lese pre-
 dones, et narrat, quod
 cum Calisto regis Li-
 chaontis mire pulcri-
 tudinis filia suam vir-
 ginitatem Diane con-
 fervandam castissima
 vovisset et in silvam,
 que Tegea dicitur,
 inter alias ibidem
 nymphas moraturam
 se transtulisset, Jupi-
 ter virginis castitatem
 subtili furto furrapi-
 ens, quendam filium,
 qui postea Archas
 nominatus est, ex ea
 genuit, unde Juno in
 Calistonam feviens
 eius pulcritudinem in
 urse turpissime defor-
 mitatem subito trans-
 figuravit.

King Lichaon upon his wife
 A daughter had, a goodly life
 And clene maide of worthy fame,
 Calistona whose righte name
 Was cleped, and of many a lorde
 She was befought, but her accorde
 To love mighte no man winne,
 As she, whiche hath no lust therinne,
 But swore within her hert and faide,
 That she woll ever ben a maide.
 Wherfore to kepe her selfe in pees
 With suche, as Amadriades
 Were cleped wodemaicens tho,
 And with the nimphes eke also
 Upon the spring of freshe welles
 She shope to dwelle and no where elles.
 6240 And thus came this Calistona
 Into the wode of Tegea,
 Where she virginite behight
 Unto Diane, and therto plight
 Her trouth upon the bowes grene
 6245 To kepe her maidenhede clene,
 Which afterward upon a day
 Was priveliche stole away.
 For Jupiter through his queintise
 From her it toke in suche a wise,
 6250 That sodeinliche forth withall
 Her wombe arose and she to-swall,
 So that it mighte nought be hid.
 And therupon it is betid,

Diane, whiche it herde tell,
 6255 In prive place unto a welle
 With nimphes al a compaigny
 Was come and in a ragery
 She faide, that she bathe wolde,
 And bad that every maiden sholde
 6260 With her all naked bath also.
 And tho began the prive wo,
 Calistona wax red for shame,
 But they that knewe nought the game,
 To whom no such thing was befall,
 6265 Anone they made hem naked alle,
 As they nothings wolden hide.
 But she withdrewe her ever aside
 And netheles into the flood,
 Where that Diane her selve stood,
 6270 She thought to come unapperceived.
 But therof she was all deceived.
 For whan she came a litel nigh,
 And that Diane her wombe figh,
 She said: Away, thou foule beste,
 6275 For thin estate is nought honest
 This chaste water for to touche,
 For thou hast take suche a couche,
 Which never may ben hole ayein.
 And thus goth she, which was forlein,
 6280 With shame, and the nimphes fledde,
 Till whanne that nature her spedde,
 That of a sone, which Archas
 Was named, she delivered was.

And tho Juno, which was the wife
 6285 Of Jupiter, wrothe and haſtife
 In purpoſe for to do vengeance,
 Came forth upon this ilke chaunce,
 And to Califtona ſhe ſpake
 And ſet upon her many a lacke
 6290 And ſaid :^{*} Ha, now thou art atake,
 That thou thy werk might nought forfake.
 Ha, thou ungoodly ypocrite,
 How thou art greatly for to wite.
 But now thou ſhalt full fore abie
 6295 That ilke ſtelthe of micherie,
 Which thou haſt bothe take and do,
 Whereof thy fader Lichao
 Shall nought be glad, whan he it wote,
 Of that his doughter was ſo hote,
 6300 That ſhe hath broken her chaſte vow.
 But I the ſhall chaſtife now,
 Thy grete beaute ſhall be torned,
 Through which that thou haſt be miſtorned,
 Thy large front, thy eyen gray
 6305 I ſhall hem chaunge in other way,
 And all the ſeture of thy face
 In ſuch a wiſe I ſhall deface,
 That every man the ſhall forbere.
 With that the likeneſſe of a bere
 6310 She toke and was forſhape anone.
 Within a time and therupon
 Befell, that with a bow in honde
 To hunte and game for to fonde

Into that wode goth to play
 6315 Her sone Archas, and in his way
 It hapneth that this bere came.
 And whan that he good hede name,
 Where that he stood under the bough,
 She knewe him well and to him drough,
 6320 For though she had her forme lore,
 The love was nought lost therfore,
 Which kinde hath set under his lawe.
 Whan she under the wode shawe
 Her child beheld, she was so glad,
 6325 That she with both her armes sprad,
 As though she were in womanhede
 Toward him come, and toke none hede
 Of that he bare a bow bent.
 And he with that an arwe hath hent
 6330 And gan to teise it in his bowe,
 As he, that can none other knowe,
 But that it was a beste wilde.
 But Jupiter, which wolde shilde
 The moder and the sone also,
 6335 Ordeineth for hem bothe two,
 That they for ever were save.

But thus, my sone, thou might have
 Enfample, how that it is to flee
 To robbe the virginite
 6340 Of a yonge innocent away.
 And over this by other wey
 In olde bokes as I rede,
 Such robberie is for to drede,

Confessor.

And namelich of thilke good,
 Whiche every woman that is good
 6345 Defireth for to kepe and holde,
 As whilom was by daies olde.
 For if thou here my tale wele
 Of that was tho, thou might somdele
 Of olde enfamples taken hede,
 6350 How that the floure of maidenhede
 Was thilke time holde in pris.
 And so it was, and so it is,
 And so it shall for ever stonde,
 And for thou shalt it understonde,
 6355 Now herken a tale next suend,
 How maidenhede is to commend.

10. *Ut rosa de spinis spineto prevalet orta,
 Et lilii flores cespite plura valent,
 Sic sibi virginitas carnis sponsalia vincit,
 Eternos fetus que sine labe parit.*

Hic loquitur de
 virginitatis com-
 mendacione, ubi
 dicit, quod nuper
 imperatores ob
 tanti status digni-
 tatem virginibus
 cedebant in via.

Of Rome among the gestes olde
 I find, how that Valery tolde,
 That what man tho was emperour
 Of Rome, he sholde done honour
 To the virgin and in the wey,
 Where he her mete, he shulde obey
 In worship of virginite,
 Which tho was a great dignite,
 6365 Nought onlich of the women tho,
 But of the chaste men also
 It was commended over all.
 And for to speke in speciall

[Faint handwritten notes and bleed-through text from the reverse side of the page, including phrases like "the virgin belle et chere" and "Monsieur de la Roche, 17119"]

Touchend of men enfample I finde.

6370 * Phirinus, which was of mannes kinde
Above all other the fairest
Of Rome and eke the comeliest,
That well was her, which him might
Beholde and have of him a fight.

6375 Thus was he tempted ofte fore,
But for he wolde be no more
Among the women so coveited,
The beaute of his face streited
He hath, and thruft out both his eyen,
6380 That alle women, whiche it sein
Than afterwarde of him ne rought.
And thus his maidenhede he bought.

So may I prove wel forthy
Above all other under the sky,

6385 Who that the vertues wolde peife,
Virginite is for to preife,
Which, as thapocalips recordeth,
To Criste in heven best accordeth.
So may it shewe well therefore,

6390 As I have tolde it here to-fore,
In heven and eke in erth also
It is accept to bothe two.

[Out of his fleshe a man to live*
Gregoire hath this enfample yive

6395 And faith: It shall rather be told
Lich to an aungel manyfold

Hic loquitur, qualiter Phirinus, juvenum Rome pulcherrimus, ut illam suam virginitatem conservaret, ambos oculos eruens vultus sui decorem abhominabilem constituit.

* The verses included in brackets occur only in MS. Stafford, and in the printed editions.

avec les Valerius Maximo, rom. II, 5, où il est dit que les deux frères se sont
Su les vers, registes de romain
Valere dist, des citoyens
De un jeune homme a romain
Qu'estoit de se grand beaulte plain
Qu'en luy amant paroit en luy
Blaise Spinosa ad. dicitur, que deux frères se sont
Des tentes se sont de romain
Pour pour destreindre leur yeux,
Se sont de se sont de se sont
C'este se sont de se sont
Dont l'oldeit est en delecta.

Than to the life of mannes kinde,*
 There is no reſon for to finde,
 But only through the grace above,
 6400 In fleſhe without fleſhly love
 A man to live chaſte here.
 And netheles a man may here
 Of ſuche, that have ben er this,
 And yet there ben, but for it is
 6405 A vertue, which is ſelde wonne,
 Now I this matter have begonne
 I thenke tellen over more,
 Which is, my ſone, for thy lore,
 If that the liſt to taken hede
 6410 To trete upon the maidenhede.
 The boke ſaith that a mannes life
 Upon knighthode in werre and ſtrife
 Is ſet among his enemies,
 The freile fleſh, whoſe nature is
 6415 Ay redy for to ſporne and fall,
 The firſte foman is of all.
 For thilke werre is redy ay,
 It werreth night, it werreth day,
 So that a man hath never reſt.
 6420 Forthy is thilke knight the beſt
 Through might and grace of goddeſs fonde,
 Which that bataile may withſtonde,
 Wherof yet dwelleth the memoire
 Of hem, that whilome the victoire
 6425 Of thilke dedly werre hadden,
 The high prowefſe, which they ladden,

'Vierge qui breuement
 tout l'ame digne son de l'ame,
 son saint qu'on a vu d'abord,
 Qu'il se soit de la...

Et contre elle se la restreint,
 Se g'ia ne d'un West chassant
 En son bon a pas...

Gregory I. The Pope...
 'Adieu',...
 of also...

'harperolle'...
 'The way, of course, be from Gregory'
 '17065'
 '17053'

Wherof the foule ftood amended
Upon this erth yet is commended.

An emperour by olde daies

6430 There was, and he at all affaies
A worthy knight was of his honde,
There was none fuch in all the londe,
But yet for all his vaffellage
He ftood unwedded all his age,
6435 And in cronique as it is tolde
He was an hundred winter olde.]

And if I fhall more over this
Declare what this vertue is,

* I finde write upon this thing

6440 Of Valentinian the king
And emperour be thilke daies,
A worthy knight at alle affaies,
How he withoute mariage
Was of an hundred winter age

6445 And hadde ben a worthy knight
Both of his lawe and of his might.
But whan men wolde his dedes peife
And of his knighthode of armes preife,
Of that he dide with his hondes,

6450 Whan he the kinges and the londes
To his subjection put under,
Of all that prife hath he no wonder,
For he it fet of none accompte
And faid, all that may nought amounte

6455 Ayein a point, whiche he hath nome,
That he his flesh hath overcome.

Hic loquitur, qualiter Valentinianus imperator, cum ipse octogenarius plures provincias Romano imperio belliger subjugasset, dixit se super omnia magis gaudere de eo, quod contra sue carnis concupiscentiam victoriam optinuisset, nam et ipse virgo omnibus diebus vite sue castissimus permanfit.

perhaps from Epistola Valerii ad Rufinum

Un empereur jadis estoit
Roi ou Valentinien nomoit;
Cel avoit citante ses enfans:
Souvent fortune lui donnoit

Victime, et quant on en parloit
Par lui leur, il s'en tint pris,
Avec dist qu'essete plus de ce pris
De ce qu'il se sould enorg.

Vanen de sa bataille avoit,
Ce de tout autre a son avoit;
C'estoit sa char et de son pris,
Sot sa berge de son oil. *Truché de l'ave*

'Cel rois que Valentinien ot nome
As les Roisens ces dest de son avoit

qui en son vent sur toutz n'est porter pris.

Truché, 282, 1, 5-7.

He was a virgine, as he said,
On that bataile his pris he laid.

Confessor. Lo now, my sone, avise the.

Amans. Ye, fader, all this may well be.

But if all other dide so,

The world of men were sone ago,
And in the lawe a man may finde,
How god to man by wey of kinde

6465 Hath fet the world to multiply.

And who that woll him justify,

It is inough to do the lawe.

And netheles your gode sawe

Is good to kepe, who so may,

6470 I woll nought there ayein say nay.

Confessor. My sone, take it as I say,

If maidenhed be take away

Withoute lawes ordenaunce,

It may nought failen of vengeance.

6475 † And if thou wolt the sothe wite,

Behold a tale, which is write,

How that the king Agamenon,

Whan he the citee of Lesbon

Hath won, a maiden there he fonde,

6480 Which was the fairest of the londe

In thilke time, that men wift.

He toke of her what him list

Of thing which was most precious,

Wherof that she was daungerous.

6485 This faire maiden cleped is

Crifeid, the doughter of Crifis,

Which was that time speciall
Of thilke temple principall,
Where Phebus had his sacrifice,
6490 So was it well the more vice.
Agamenon was than in way
To Troie ward and toke away
This maiden, whiche he with him lad,
So greate lust in her he had.
6495 But Phebus, which hath great disdein
Of that his maiden was forlein,
Anone as he to Troie came,
Vengeaunce upon this dede he name
And send a comune pestilence.
6500 They foughten than her evidence
And maden calculacion,
To knowe in what condicion
This deth cam in so sodeinly,
And ate laste redely
6505 The cause and eke the man they founde,
And forth with al the same stounde
Agamenon opposed was,
Whiche hath beknowen all the cas
Of the folie, which he wrought.
6510 And therupon mercy they sought
Toward the god in sondry wise
With praier and with sacrifice,
The maiden home ayein they sende
And yaf her good inough to spende,
6515 For ever whiles she shulde live,
And thus the sinne was foryive

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Handwritten note: The name of the maiden is Crifeid, the daughter of Crifis, as in the text. The name is probably the same as Troilus's Crosside daughter of the ...

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Of thilke temple principall,
Where Phebus had his sacrifice,
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The maiden home ayein they sende
And yaf her good inough to spende,
6515 For ever whiles she shulde live,
And thus the sinne was foryive

And all the pestilence cesed.

Confessor. Lo, what it is to ben encrefed
Of love, whiche is evil wonne.

6520 It were better nought begonne
Than take a thing withoute leve,
Which thou must after nedes leve,
And yet have malgre forth with all.
Forthy to robben over all

6525 In loves cause if thou beginne,
I not what ese thou shalt winne.
My sone, be well ware of this,
For thus of robbery it is.

Amans. My fader, your enfamplarie
6530 In loves cause of robberie
I have it right well understonde.
But over this how so it stonde,
Yet wol I wite of your apprise,
What thing is more of covetise.

11. *Insidiando latens tempus rimatur et horam
Fur, quibus occulto tempore furta parat.
Sic amor insidiis vacat, ut sub tegmine ludos
Prendere furtivos nocte favente queat.*

Hic tractat super
illa cupiditatis spe-
cie, que secretum
latrocinium dicitur,
cuius natura
custode rerum nef-
ciente ea, que cupit,
tam per diem quam
per noctem absque
strepitu clanculo
furatur.

With covetise yet I finde
A fervaunt of the same kinde,
Which stelth is hote and micherie
With him is ever in compaignie.
Of whom if I shall telle soth
He stalketh as a peacock doth
And taketh his preie so coverte,
That no man wote it in aperte.

11. Hic tractat super illa cupiditatis specie, que secretum latrocinium dicitur, cuius natura custode rerum neficiente ea, que cupit, tam per diem quam per noctem absque strepitu clanculo furatur. The peacock being ashamed of his ugly feet. In Secretum. Secretum occurs: 'Hic tractat super illa cupiditatis specie, que secretum latrocinium dicitur, cuius natura custode rerum neficiente ea, que cupit, tam per diem quam per noctem absque strepitu clanculo furatur.' Albertus Magnus, De Animalibus 23, sup: 'C'.

For whan he wot the lord from home,
Than woll he stalke about and come,

6545 And what thing he fint in his wey,
Whan that he seeth the men away,
He steleth it and goth forth withall,
That therof no man knowe shall.

And eke full ofte he goth anight

6550 Withoute mone or sterre light
And with his craft the dore unpiketh
And taketh therinne what him liketh.
And if the dore be so shet,
That he be of his entre let,

6555 He woll in ate window crepe,
And while the lord is fast aslepe,
He steleth what thing him best list,
And goth his wey er it be wift.

Full ofte also by light of day

6560 Yet woll he stele and make assay,
Under the cote his honde he put,
Till he the mannes purs have kut
And rifleth that he fint therinne.

And thus he auntreth him to winne

6565 And bereth an horn and nought ne bloweth,
For no man of his counseil knoweth,
What he may get of his miching,
It is all bile under the wing.

And as an hound that goth to folde

6570 And hath there take what he wolde
His mouth upon the gras he wipeth,
And so with feigned chere him slipeth,

That what as ever of shepe he strangle,
 There is no man therof shall jangle,
 6575 And for to knowen who it dede.
 Right so doth stelthe in every stede,
 Where as him list his preie take.
 He can so well his cause make
 And so well feigne and so well glose,
 6580 That there ne shall no man suppose,
 But that he were an innocent.
 And thus a mannes eye he blent,
 So that this crafte I may remeve
 Withouten helpe of any meve.
 6585 There be lovers of that degre,
 Which all her lust in privete
 As who faith gotten all by stelth
 And ofte atteignen to great welth
 And for the time that it lasteth.
 6590 For love awaiteth ever and casteth,
 How he may stele and cacche his pray,
 Whan he therto may finde a way.
 For be it night, or be it day
 He taketh his part, whan that he may,
 6595 And if he may no more do,
 Yet woll he stele a cufs or two.

Confessor. My sone, what saist thou therto,
 Telle, if thou diddest ever so.
 My fader, how? My sone, thus,
 6600 If thou hast stole any cufs
 Or other thing, which therto longeth,
 For no man fuche thieves hongeth,

Tell on forthy and say the trowth.

My fader, nay, and that is routh.

Confessio amantis.

- 6605 For by my will, I am a thefe,
 But she, that is to me most lese,
 Yet durst I never in privete
 Nought ones take her by the kne
 To stele of her or this or that.
- 6610 And if I durst I wot well what,
 And netheles but if I lie
 By stelthe ne by robberie
 Of love, which fell in my thought,
 To her did I never nought,
- 6615 But as men sain, where hert is failed,
 There shall no castel be affailed,
 But though I hadde hertes ten
 And were as stronge as alle men,
 If I be nought min owne man
- 6620 And dare nought usen, that I can,
 I may my selve nought recouer,
 Though I be never man so pouer.
 I bere an herte and here it is,
 So that me faileth wit in this,
- 6625 How that I shulde of mine accorde
 The servant lede ayein the lorde.
 For if my foot wold owhere go,
 Or that min hond wolde elles do,
 Whan that min hert is there ayein,
- 6630 The remenaunt is all in vein.
 And thus me lacketh alle wele.
 And yet ne dare I nothing stele

Of thing, which longeth unto love,
 And eke it is so high above,
 6635 I may nought well therto arecche.
 But if so be at time of speche
 Full felde, if than I stele may
 A worde or two and go my way,
 Betwene her high estate and me
 6640 Comparifon there may none be,
 So that I fele and well I wote,
 All is to hevy and to hote
 To fet on honde without leve.
 And thus I mot algate leve
 6645 To stele that I may nought take,
 And in this wife I mot forsake
 To ben a thefe ayein my will
 Of thing, which I may nought fulfill.
 For that serpent, which never slept,
 6650 The flees of gold so well ne kept
 In Colchos, as the tale is tolde,
 That my lady a thousand folde
 Nis better yemed and bewaked,
 Where she be clothed or be naked,
 6655 To kepe her body night and day.
 She hath a wardein redy ay,
 Which is so wounderfull a wight,
 That him ne may no mannes might
 With swerd ne with no wepon daunt,
 6660 Ne with no sleight of charme enchaunt,
 Wherof he might be made tame,
 And daunger is his righte name,

Whiche under lock and under key,
That no man may it stele away,

665 Hath al the tresor underfonge,

That unto love may belonge.

The leste loking of her eye

May nought be stole, if he it sigh,

And who so gruccheth for so lit

6670 He wolde sone fet a wite

On him, that wolde stele more.

And that me greveth wonder fore,

For this proverb is ever newe,

That stronge lockes maken trewe

6675 Of hem that wolden stele and pike.

For so wel can there no man flike

By him ne by no other mene,

To whom daunger wol yive or lene

Of that tresor he hath to kepe.

6680 So though I wolde stalke and crepe

And waite on eve and eke on morwe,

Of daunger shal I nothing borwe,

And stele wot wel may I nought.

And thus I am right wel bethought,

6685 While daunger stont in his office,

Of stelthe, which ye clepe a vice,

I shall be gilty never mo.

Therefore I wold he were ago

So fer, that I never of him herde,

6690 How so that afterward it ferde,

For than I mighte yet parcas

Of love make some purchas

By stelth or by some other way,
That now fro me stont fer away.

- 6695 But, fader, as ye tolde above,
How stelthe goth a night for love,
I may nought wel that point forsake,
That ofte times I ne wake
On nightes, whan that other slepe.
- 6700 But now, I pray you take kepe,
Whan I am logged in such wise,
That I by nighte may arise
At some window and loken out
And se the housing al about,
- 6705 So that I may the chambre knowe,
In which my lady, as I trowe,
Lith in her bed and slepeth softe,
Than is min hert a thefe ful ofte,
For there I stonde and behold
- 6710 The longe nightes, that ben cold,
And thenke on her, that lieth there.
And than I wishe, that I were
Als wise as was Nectanabus
Or elles as was Protheus,
- 6715 That couthen both of nigromaunce
In what likeneffe, in what semblaunce
Right as him list him self transforme.
For if I were of fuche a forme,
I say, thanne I wolde flee
- 6720 Into her chambre for to se,
If any grace wolde falle,
So that I might under the palle

Some thing of love pike and stele.
 And thus I thenke thoughtes fele,
 6725 And though there of no thing be soth,
 Yet ese as for a time it doth.
 But ate laste whan I finde,
 That I am fall into my minde,
 And se, that I have stonde longe
 6730 And have no profit underfonge,
 Than stalke I to my bed withinne.
 And this is all that ever I winne
 Of love, whan I walke on night.
 My will is good, but of my might
 6735 Me lacketh both, and of my grace,
 For what so that my thought embrace,
 Yet have I nought the better ferde.
 My fader, lo, now have ye herde
 What I by stelth of love have do,
 6740 And how my will hath be therto,
 If I be worthy to penaunce,
 I put it to your ordenaunce.

My sone, of stelth I the behete,
 Though it be for a time swete,
 6745 At ende it doth but litel good,
 As by enfample how that it stood
 Whilom, I may the telle now.

I pray you, fader, say me how.

My sone, of him, which goth by day
 6750 By wey of stelthe to assay
 In loves cause and taketh his pray,
 Ovide said, as I shall say,

Confessor.

Amans.

Confessor.

And in his Methamor he tolde
A tale, which is good to holde.

Hic in amoris causa super isto latrocinio, quod de die contingit, ponit exemplum. Et narrat, quod cum Leucothoe Orchami filia in cameris sub arcta matris custodia virgo preservabatur, Phebus eius pulcritudinem concupiscens, in conclave domus clara luce subintrans, virginis pudicitiam matre absente defloravit, unde ipsa in-pregnata iratus pater filiam suam ad sepe-liendum vivam effodit, ex cuius tumulo florem, quem solsequium vocant, dicunt tunc consequenter primitus accrevisse.

‡ The poet upon this matere
Of stelte wrote in this manere.
Venus, which hath the lawe in honde
Of thing, which may nought be withstonde,
As she, which the tresor to warde
Of love hath within her warde,
Phebus to love hath so constreigned,
That he withoute rest is peined
With all his herte to coveite
A maiden, which was warded streite
Withinne chambre and kept so clos,
That selden was, whan she desclos
Goth with her moder for to play.
Leucothoe, so as men say,
This maiden hight and Orchamus
6770 Her fader was. And befell thus,
This doughter, that was kept so dere,
And hadde be from yere to yere
Under her moders discipline
A clene maide and a virgine,
6775 Upon the whose nativite
Of comeliheed and of beaute
Nature hath set all that she may,
That lich unto the freshe may,
Whiche other monthes of the yere
6780 Sourmounteth, so withoute pere
Was of this maiden the feture,
Wherof Phebus out of mesure

Her loveth and on every side
Awaiteth, if so may betide,
6785 That he through any sleighte might
Her lusty maidenheed unright,
The which were all his worldes welth.
And thus lurkend upon his stelth
In his await so longe he lay,
6790 Till it befell upon a day,
That he through out her chambre wall
Came in all sodeinlich and stall
That thing, which was to him so lese.
But wo the while, he was a thefe,
6795 For Venus, which was enemy
Of tilke loves michery,
Descovereth all the pleine cas
To Climene, which thanne was
Toward Phebus his concubine.
6800 And she to lette the covine
Of tilke love dedely wrothe
To pleign upon this maide she goth
And tolde her fader, howe it stood,
Wherof for sorwe well nigh wode
6805 Unto her moder thus he saide :
Lo, what it is to kepe a maide.
To Phebus dare I nothing speke,
But upon her it shall be wreke,
So that these maidens after this
6810 Mow take ensample, what it is
To suffre her maidenheed be stole,
Wherof that she the deth shall thole.

And bad with that do make a pit,
 Wherin he hath his doughter fet,
 6815 As he, that woll no pite have,
 So that she was all quike begrave
 And deide anone in his prefence.
 But Phebus, for the reverence
 Of that she hadde be his love,
 6820 Hath wrought through his power above,
 That she sprong up out of the molde
 Into a flour, was named golde,
 Which stant governed of the sonne.
 And thus whan love is evil wonne,
 6825 Full ofte it cometh to repentail.
 Amans. My fader, that is no merveile,
 Whan that the counceil is bewreied.
 But ofte time love hath pleied
 And stole many a prive game,
 6830 Which never yet cam into blame,
 Whan that the thinges weren hid.
 But in your tale as it betid,
 Venus descouvereth all the cas,
 And eke also brode day it was,
 6835 Whan Phebus such a stelthe wrought,
 Wherof the maide in blame he brought,
 That afterwards he was so lore.
 But for ye saiden now to-fore,
 How stelth of love goth by night
 6840 And doth his thinges out of fight,
 Therof me lust also to here
 A tale lich to the matere,

Wherof I might enfample take.

My gode sone, for thy sake

6845 So as it befell by daies olde
And fo as the poet it tolde,
Upon the nightes michery
Now herken a tale of poefy.

* The mightiest of alle men,

6850 Whan Hercules with Eolen,
Which was the love of his corage,
To-gider upon a pelrinage
Towarde Rome shulden go,
It fell hem by the waie fo,

6855 That they upon a day a cave
Within a roche founden have,
Which was real and glorious
And of entaile curious,
By name and Thophis it was hote.

6860 The sonne shone tho wonder hote,
As it was in the fomer tide.

This Hercules, which by his sife
Hath Eolen his love there,

Whan they at thilke cave were,

6865 He said, he thought it for the best,
That she her for the hete rest
All thilke day and thilke night.
And she, that was a lusty wight,
It liketh her all that he saide,

6870 And thus they dwellen yet and pleide.
The longe day. And fo befell,
This cave was under the hill

Confessor.

Hic ponit exemplum super eodem, quod de nocte contingit. Et narrat, qualiter Hercules cum Eole in quadam spelunca nobili, Thophis dicta, sub monte Timolo, ubi silva Bachi est, hospicio pernoctarunt. Et cum ipsi variis lectis separatim jacentes dormierunt, contigit lectum Herculis vestimentis Eole lectumque Eole pelle leonis, qua Hercules induebatur, operiri, super quo Faunus a silva descendens speluncam subintravit, temptans si forte cum Eole sue concupiscencie voluptatem nesciente Hercule furari posset. Et cum ad lectum Herculis muliebri palpata veste ex casu pervenisset, putans Eolen fuisse, cubiculum nudo corpore ingreditur, quem fensciens Hercules manibus apprehensum ipsum ad terram ita fortiter allisit, ut impotens sui corporis effectus usque mane ibidem requievit, ubi Saba cum nimphis silvestribus superveniens ipsum sic illusum deridebat.

File of Hercules - known as Bacchus, and also as Heracles, and also as Hercules. The name Thophis is a corruption of Thophis, the name of a cave in the island of Sicily. The name Timolo is a corruption of Timolus, the name of a mountain in Sicily. The name Bachi is a corruption of Bacia, the name of a forest in Sicily. The name Faunus is a corruption of Faunus, the name of a god in Roman mythology. The name Saba is a corruption of Saba, the name of a goddess in Roman mythology.

Of Timolus, which was begrowe
 With vines, and at thilke throwe
 6875 Faunus with Saba the goddeffe,
 By whom the large wilderneffe
 In thilke time stood governed,
 Were in a place, as I am lerned,
 Nigh by, which Bachus wode hight.
 6880 This Faunus toke a great insight
 Of Eolen, that was so nigh,
 For whan that he her beaute sigh,
 Out of his wit he was affoted
 And in his herte it hath so noted,
 6885 That he forfoke the nimphes alle
 And said, he wolde, how so it falle,
 Assay an other for to winne,
 So that his hertes thought withinne
 He set and cast, how that it might
 6890 Of love pike away by night,
 That he by day in other wise
 To stele mighte nought suffice.
 And therupon his time he awaiteth.
 Now take good hede, how love affaiteth
 6895 Him, which with al is overcome.
 Faire Eolen whan she was come
 With Hercules into the cave,
 She said him, that she wolde have
 His clothes of and hers bothe,
 6900 And eche of hem shulde other clothe.
 And all was do right as she bad,
 He hath her in his clothes clad

And cast on her his gulion,
Which of the skin of a leon
6905 Was made, as he upon the wey
It slough, and over this to pley
She toke his grete mace also
And knet it at her girdel tho.
So was she lich the man arraied,
6910 And Hercules than hath affaied
To clothen him in her array.
And thus they jape forth the day,
Till that her souper redy were.
And whan they hadden souped there,
6915 They shopen hem to go to rest,
And as it thought hem for the best,
They bad, as for that ilke night,
Two sondry beddes shuld be dight,
For they to-gider ligge nolde,
6920 By cause that they offre wolde
Upon the morwe her sacrifice.
The servants didden her office
And sondry beddes made anone,
Wherin that they to reste gone
6925 Eche by hem self in sondry place.
Fair Eolen hath set the mace
Besides her beddes heved above,
And with the clothes of her love
She helled all her bed aboute.
6930 And he, which had nothing in doubte,
Her wimpel wonde about his cheke,
Her kirtel and her mantel eke

Abrode upon his bed he spredde,
 And thus they slepen both a bedde.
 6935 And what of travail, what of wine
 The fervaunts like to dronken fwine
 Beganne for to route faste.
 This Faunus, which his stelthe caste,
 Was thanne comen to the cave
 6940 And found, they weren alle save
 Withoute noife, and in he went,
 The derke night his fighte blent,
 And yet it hapned him to go,
 Where Eolen a bedde tho
 6945 Was laid alone for to slepe.
 But for he wolde take kepe,
 Whose bed it was, he made assay
 And of a leon, where it lay,
 The cote he founde and eke he feleth
 6950 The mace and than his herte keleth,
 That there durst he nought abide,
 But stalketh upon every side
 And fought aboute with his honde
 That other bed, till that he fonde,
 6955 Where lay bewimpled a visage.
 Tho was he glad in his corage,
 For he her kirtel founde also
 And eke her mantel bothe two
 Bespred upon the bedde alofte.
 6960 He made him naked than and softe
 Into the bed unware he crepte,
 Where Hercules that time slepte

And wende well it were she.

And thus in stede of Eole

6965 Anone he profreth him to love,
But he, which felte a man above,
This Hercules him threw to grounde
So fore, that they have him founde
Liggende there upon the morwe,

6970 And tho was nought a litel sorwe,
That Faunus of him selve made.
But elles there they were all glade
And loughen him to sorne aboute,
Saba with nimphes all a route

6975 Came down to loke, how that it ferde,
And whan that they the sothe herde,
He was bejaped over all.

My sone, be thou ware with all
To seche suche micheries,

Confessor.

6980 But if thou have the better aspies
In aunter, if the so betide
As Faunus dide thilke tide,
Wherof thou might be shamed so.

Min holy fader, certes no.

Amans.

6985 But if I hadde right good leve,
Such micherie I thenke leve,
My fainte herte woll nought serve,
For malgre wolde I nought deserve
In thilke place, where I love.

6990 But for ye tolden here above
Of covetise and his pilage,
If there be more of that lignage,

Which toucheth to my shrifte, I pray,
That ye therof me wolde fay,
699^s So that I may the vice escheue.

Confessor. Sone, if I by order sue
The vices, as they stonde a rowe
Of covetise, thou shalt knowe,
There is yet one, which is the last,
700^o In whom there may no vertue last,
For he with god him self debateth,
Wherof that all the heven him hateth.

12. *Sacrilegus tantum furto loca sacra prophanat,
Ut sibi sint agri, sic domus alma dei.
Nec locus est, in quo non temptat amans que amatur,
Si que posse nequit, carpere velle capit.*

Hic tractat super
ultima cupiditatis
specie, que sacrile-
gium dicitur, cuius
furtum ea que altif-
simo sanctificantur
bona depredans
ecclesie tantum
spoliis infidiatur.

The highe god, whiche alle good
Purveied hath for mannes food
Of clothes and of mete and drinke,
Bade Adam; that he shulde swinke
To geten him his sustenance,
And eke he set an ordenaunce
Upon the lawe of Moises,
7010 That though a man be haveles,
Yet shall he nought by theste stele.
But now a daies there ben fele,
That woll no labour undertake,
But what they may by stelthe take
7015 They holde it fikerliche wonne.
And thus the lawe is overronne,
Which god hath set, and namely
With hem that so untruely
The goodes robbe of holy chirche.

- 7020 The thefte, which they thanne wirche,
 By name is cleped sacrilege,
 Ayein the whom I thenke allegge,
 [Upon the points as we ben taught*
 Stont sacrilege, and elles nought
- 7025* The firste point is for to fay,
 Whan that a thefe shall stele away
 The holy thing from holy place.
 The seconde is, if he purchace
 By way of theft unholy thinge,
- 7030 Whiche he upon his knowlechinge
 Fro holy place away toke.
 The thirde point, as faith the boke,
 Is fuche, as where as ever it be,
 In wode, in felde or in cite,
- 7035 Shall no man stele by no wise
 That halowed is to the servise
 Of god, whiche alle thinges wote,
 But there is nouthur cold ne hote,
 Whiche he for god or man woll spare,
- 7040 So that the body may wel fare,
 And that he may the world escape,
 The heven him thinketh is but a jape
 Of his condicion to telle,]
 Which rifeleth bothe boke and belle.
- 7045 So forth with all the remenaunt
 To goddes hous appurtenaunt,
 Where that he shulde bid his bede,
 He doth his theft in holy stede,

* Only in MS. Stafford, and Berthelette's editions.

* By gualre ...

Q'ich ...

Ses ...

...

...

...

And taketh what thing he fint therin.

7050 For whan he seeth that he may win,
He wondeth for no cursednesse,

That he ne breketh the holinesse

And doth to god no reverence.

For he hath lost his conscience,

7055 That though the prest therefore curse,
He saith, he fareth nought the worse.

And for to speke it other wise,

What man that lasseth the fraunchise

And taketh of holy chirch his pray,

7060 I not what bedes he shall pray,

Whan he fro god, which hath yive all,

The purpartie in speciall,

Which unto Crist him self is due,

Benimth, he may nought wel eschue

7065 The peine comend afterward,

For he hath made his foreward

With sacrilege for to dwelle,

Which hath his heritage in helle.

And if we rede of tholde lawe,

7070 I finde write in thilke lawe

Of princes, how there weren thre

Coupable fore in this degre.

That one of hem was cleped thus

The proude king Antiochus,

7075 That other Nabuzardan hight,*

Which of his cruelte behight

The temple to destruye and waste,

And so he did in alle haste,

The thridde, which was after shamed,
7080 Was Nabugodonosor named,
And he Jerusalem put under
Of sacrilege and many a wonder
There in the holy temple he wrought,
Which Baltazar his heire abought,
7085 Whan Mane Techel Phares write
Was on the wall, as thou might wite,
So as the bible it hath declared.
But for al that it is nought spared
Yet now a day, that men ne pille
7090 And maken argument and skille
To sacrilege as it belongeth,
For what man that there after longeth
He taketh none hede what he doth.
[And if a man shall telle soth,*
7095 Of guile and of subtilite
Is none so fligh in his degre
To feigne a thing for his beyete,
As is this vice of whiche I trete.
He can so priveliche pike,
7100 He can so well his wordes slike
To put away suspicion,
That in his excusation
There shall no man defalte finde.
And thus full ofte men be blinde,
7105 That stonden in his word deceived,
Er his queintife be perceived.

* Only in MS. Stafford, and Berthelette's editions.

But netheles yet other while
 For all his sleight and all his guile,
 Of that he wolde his werke forsake
 He is atteint and overtake,
 Wherof thou shalte a tale rede,
 In Rome as it befell in dede.

7110

Hic loquitur de illis, qui larvata conscientia sacrilegium sibi licere fingunt. Et narrat, quod cum quidam Lucius clericus famosus et imperatori notus deum suum Apollinem in templo Rome de anulo suo, pallio et barba aurea spoliasset, ipse tandem apprehensus et coram imperatore accusatus taliter se excusando ait: anulum a deo recepi, quia ipse digito protenso ex sua largitate anulum hunc gratiose michi obtulit, pallium ex lamina aureo constructum tuli, quia aurum maxime ponderosum et frigidum naturaliter consistit, unde nec in estate propter pondus, nec in yeme propter frigus ad dei vestes utile fuit, barbam a deo deposui, qui ipsum patri suo assimilare volui. Nam et Apollo, qui ante ipsum in templo stetit, absque barba juvenis apparuit, et sic ea que gessi non ex furto, sed honestate processisse manifeste declaravi.

Er Rome cam to the creauce
 Of Cristes feith, it fell perchaunce,
 Cesar, which tho was emperour,
 Him liste for to done honour
 Unto the temple Apollinis,
 And made an ymage upon this,
 The which was cleped Apollo,
 Was none so riche in Rome tho.
 Of plate of golde a berde he hadde,
 The which his brest all over spradde.
 Of golde also withoute faile
 His mantell was of large entaile
 Beset with perrie all about,
 Forth right he straught his finger out,
 Upon the which he had a ringe,
 To seen it was a riche thing,
 A fine carbuncle for the nones
 Most precious of alle stones.

7136

And fell that time in Rome thus
 There was a clerke one Lucius,
 A courteour, a famous man,
 Of every wit somwhat he can,
 Out take that him lacketh reule
 His owne estat to guide and reule.

[Handwritten notes in French and Latin, including a reference to '7193' and 'Cantabrigie']

How so it stood of his speaking,
He was nought wise in his doing,
But every riote ate last

7140 Mot nedes falle and may nought laste
After the mede of his deserte.

So fell this clerke in pouerte
And wiste nought how for to rise,
Wherof in many a sondry wise

7145 He cast his wittes here and ther,
He loketh nigh, he loketh fer,
Till on a time that he come

Into the temple and hede he nome,
Where that the god Apollo stood,

7150 He sigh the richeffe and the good
And thought he wolde by some way
The tresor picke and stele away.

And therupon so sleighly wrought,
That his purpose about he brought,

7155 And went away unapperceived.

Thus hath the man his god deceived,
His ring, his mantel and his berd,
As he, which nothing was aferd,
All prively with him he bare.

7160 And whan the wardeins weren ware
Of that her god despuiled was,

Hem thought it was a wonder cas,
How that a man for any wele
Durst in so holy place stele,

7165 And namely so great a thing.

This tale came unto the king,

And was through spoken over all.
 But for to knowe in speciall,
 What maner man hath do the dede,
 7170 They foughten helpe upon the nede
 And maden calculacion,
 Wherof by demonstracion
 The man was founde with the good,
 In jugement and whan he stood,
 7175 The king hath axed of him thus :
 Say thou, unfely Lucius,
 Why hast thou don this sacrilege ?
 My lord, if I the cause allegge,
 Quod he ayein, me thenketh this,
 7180 That I have do nothing amis.
 Thre points ther ben, which I have do,
 Wherof the firste point stant so,
 That I the ring have take away,
 As unto that this woll I say,
 7185 Whan I the god behelde about,
 I figh, how he his hond straught out
 And profred me the ring to yive.
 And I, which wolde gladly live,
 Out of pouerte, through his largesse
 7190 It underfang, so that I gesse,
 As therof I am nought to wite.
 And overmore I woll me quite
 Of gold that I the mantel toke,
 Gold in his kind, as faith the boke,
 7195 Is hevy both and colde also.
 And for that it was hevy so,

Me thought it was no garnement
 Unto the god convenient
 To clothen him the fomer tide,
 I thought upon that other fide,
 How gold is colde, and fuch a clothe
 By refon oughte to be lothe
 In winter time for the chele.
 And thus thenkende thoughtes fele
 As I min eie aboute caft,
 His large berd than ate laft
 I figh and thought anone therfore,
 How that his fader him before,
 Which ftood upon the fame place,
 Was berdles with a yongly face.
 And in fuch wife, as ye have herde,
 I toke away the fones berde
 For that his fader hadde none
 To make hem liche, and here upon
 I axe for to ben excufed.
 Lo thus, where facrilege is ufed,
 A man can feigne his confcience
 And right upon fuch evidence]
 In loves caufe if I fhall trete,
 There ben of fuche fmall and great,
 If they no leifer finden elles,
 They wol nought wonden for the belles,
 Ne though they fen the preft at maffe,
 That wol they leten overpaffe,
 If that they finden her love there,
 They ftande and tellen in her ere

And axe of god none other grace,
 While they ben in that holy place.
 But er they gon, some avauntage
 7230 There will they have, and some pilage
 Of goodly word or of behefte,
 Or elles they take ate leste
 Out of her honde a ring or glove,
 So nigh the weder they will hove,
 7235 As who faith she shall nought foryete,
 Now I this token of her have gete.
 Thus halwe they the highe feste,
 Such thefte may no chirch areste,
 For all is lefull that hem liketh,
 7240 To whom that elles it misliketh.
 And eke right in the selve kinde
 In great citees men may finde
 This lusty folk, that make hem gay,
 And waite upon the haliday,
 7245 In chirches and in minstres eke
 They gon the women for to seke,
 And where that such one goth about
 To-fore the fairest of the route,
 Where as they fitten all a rewe,
 7250 There will he mooste his body shewe,
 His croket kempt and theron set
 An ouche, with a chapelet
 Or elles one of grene leves,
 Which late came oute of the greves,
 7255 All for he shulde seme fresh.
 And thus he loketh on his flesh

Right as an hawke which hath a fight
 Upon the fowl, there he shall light,
 And as he were a fairie,
 7260 He sheweth him to-fore her eye
 In holy place where they fitte
 Al for to make her hertes flitte.
 His eye no where woll abide
 But loke and pry on every side
 7265 On her and her, as him best liketh,
 And other while among he siketh,
 Thenketh one of hem that was for me,
 And so there thenken two or thre,
 And yet he loveth none of alle,
 7270 But where as ever his chaunce falle,
 And netheles to say a soth
 The cause, why that he so doth,
 Is for to stele an herte or two
 Out of the chirche er that he go.
 7275 And as I said it here above,
 All is that sacrilege of love,
 For well may be he steleth away,
 That he never after yelde may.
 Tell me forthy, my sone, anone,
 7280 Hast thou do sacrilege or none,
 As I have said in this manere.

My fader, as of this matere
 I woll you tellen redely
 What I have do, but truely
 7285 I may excuse min entent,
 That I never yet to chirche went,

Confessio amantis.

In such maner as ye me shrive,
 For no woman that is on live.
 The cause why I have it laft
 7290 May be, for I unto that craft
 Am nothing able for so stele,
 Though there be women nought so fele.
 But yet woll I nought faie this,
 Whan I am there my lady is,
 7295 In whom lith holy my quarele,
 And she to chirche or to chapele
 Woll go to matins or to messe,
 That time I waite well and gesse,
 To chirche I come and there I stonde,
 7300 And though I take a boke on honde,
 My contenance is on the boke,
 But toward her is all my loke.
 And if so falle, that I pray
 Unto my god and fomwhat say
 7305 Of *pater nofter* or of crede,
 All is for that I wolde spede,
 So that my bede in holy chirche
 There mighte some miracle wirche
 My ladies herte for to chaunge,
 7310 Which ever hath be to me so straunge,
 So that all my devocion
 And all my contemplacion
 With all min herte and my corage
 Is only fet on her ymage.
 7315 And ever I waite upon the tide,
 If she loke any thing aside,

That I me may of her avise,
Anone I am with covetise
So smite, that me were lefe
7320 To be in holy chirche a thefe,
But nought to stele a vestement,
For that is nothing my talent.
But I wol stele, if that I might,
A glad word or a goodly sight,
7325 And ever my service I profre,
And namely whan she woll gone offre,
For than I lede her, if I may.
For somwhat wold I stele away,
Whan I beclippe her on the waste,
7330 Yet ate last I stele a taste,
And other while graunt mercy
She faith, and so win I therby
A lusty touch, a good worde eke,
But all the remenaunt to feke
7335 Is fro my purpos wonder fer.
So may I say, as I said er,
In holy chirch if that I wowe,
My conscience I wolde allowe
Be so that up amendement
7340 I mighte get assignement,
Where for to spede in other place
Such sacrilege I hold a grace.
And thus, my fader, soth to say
In chirche right as in the way
7345 If I might ought of love take,
Such hanfel have I nought forsake.

But finally I me confesse,
 There is in me no halinesse,
 While I her se in haly stede.
 7350 And yet for ought that ever I dede
 No sacrilege of her I toke,
 But if it were of worde or loke
 Or elles if that I her fredde,
 Whan I toward offring her ledde,
 7355 Take therof what I take may,
 For elles bere I nought away,
 For though I wolde ought elles have
 All other thinges ben so save
 And kept with such a privilegge,
 7360 That I may do no sacrilege.
 God wot my wille netheles,
 Though I must nedes kepe pees
 And malgre min so let it passe,
 My will therto is nought the lasse,
 7365 If I might other wise away.
 Forthy, my fader, I you pray,
 Tell what you thenketh therupon,
 If I therof have gilt or none.
 Thy will, my sone, is for to blame,
 7370 The remenaunt is but a game,
 That I have herd the telle yit.
 But take this lore into thy wit,
 That alle thing hath time and stede,
 The chirche serveth for the bedde,
 7375 The chambre is of an other speche,
 But if thou wifest of the wreche,

How sacrilege it hath about,
 Thou woldest better ben bethought.
 And for thou shalt the more amende,
 7380 A tale I will on the despende.

* To alle men as who faith knowe
 It is and in the world through blowe,
 How that of Troie Lamedon
 To Hercules and to Jason,

7385 Whan toward Colchos out of Grece
 By see sailend upon a piece
 Of londe of Troie reste preide.
 But he hem wrothfully congeide,
 And for they found him so villein,
 7390 Whan they came into Grece ayein
 With power, that they gette might,
 Towardes Troie they hem dight
 And there they token such vengeance,
 Wherof stant yet the remembraunce.

7395 For they destrued king and all
 And lesten but the brente wall,
 The Grekes of Troians many flow
 And prisoners they toke inow,
 Among the whiche there was one

7400 The kinges doughter Lamedon
 Esiona the faire thing,
 Which unto Thelamon the king
 By Hercules and by thassent
 Of all the hole parlement

7405 Was at his wille yove and graunted.
 And thus hath Grece Troie daunted,

Hic in amoris causa
 super istius vicii arti-
 culo ponit exemplum,
 et narrat pro eo, quod
 Paris Priami regis fi-
 lius Helenam Mene-
 lai uxorem in qua-
 dam Grecie insula a
 templo Veneris sacri-
 legus abduxit, illa
 Troie famosissima ob-
 sidio per univēsa or-
 bis climata divulgata
 precipue causabatur,
 ita quod huiusmodi
 sacrilegium non so-
 lum ad ipsius regis
 Priami omniumque
 suorum interitum,
 sed eciam ad pepe-
 tuam urbis desolacio-
 nem vindictē fomi-
 tem ministrabat.

And home they torne in such manere.
 But after this, now shalt thou here
 The cause, why I this tale telle,
 7410 Upon the chaunce that befelle.
 King Lamedon, which deide thus,
 He had a sone one Priamus,
 Which was nought thilke time at home,
 But whan he herd of this, he come
 7415 And found how the citee was falle,
 Which he began anon to walle
 And made there a citee newe,
 That they, which other londes knewe,
 Tho saiden that of lime and stone
 7420 In all the world so faire was none.
 And on that o side of the town
 The king let make Ylion,
 That highe toure, that stronge place,
 Which was adrad of no manace,
 7425 Of quarele nor of none engine.
 And though men wolde make a mine,
 No mannes craft it might approche,
 For it was fet upon a roche
 The walles of the towne about.
 7430 Hem stood of all the world no doubt,
 And after the proportion
 Six gates were there of the town
 Of such a forme, of such entaile,
 That hem to se was great merveile.
 7435 The diches weren brode and depe,
 A fewe men it mighte kepe

From all the world, as semeth tho.
But if the goddes weren fo,
Great prees unto that citee drough,
7440 So that there was of people inough
Of burgeis that therinne dwellen,
There may no mannes tunge tellen,
How that citee was riche and good.

Whan all was made and all well stood,
7445 King Priamus tho him bethought,
What they of Grece whilom wrought,
And what was of her fwerd devoured,
And how his fuster deshonoured
With Thelamon away was lad.

7450 And tho thenkend he wax unglad
And fet anone a parlement,
To which the lordes were assent.
In many wise there was spoke,
How that they mighten bene awroke.

7455 But ate laste netheles
They saiden all, accorde and pees
To setten every parte in rest
It thought hem thanne for the best
With resonable amendement.

7460 And thus was Anthenor forth sent
To axen Esiona ayein
And witen what they wolden fain.

So passeth he the see by barge
To Grece for to say his charge,
7465 The which he saide redely
Unto the lordes by and by.

But where he spake in Grece aboute,
 He herde nought but wordes stoute
 And nameliche of Thelamon.

7470 The maiden wolde he nought forgon
 He faide for no maner thing,
 And bad him gone home to his king,
 For there gate he none amende
 For ought he couthe do or fende.

7475 This Anthenor ayein goth home
 Unto his king, and whan he come,
 He tolde in Grece of that he herde,
 And how that Thelamon answerde,
 And how they were at her above,
 7480 That they wol nouthur pees ne love,
 But every man shall done his best.
 But for men saien, that night hath rest,
 The king bethought him all that night,
 And erly whan the day was light,

7485 He toke his counseil of this matere,
 And they accorde in this manere,
 That he withouten any let
 A certain time shulde set
 A parlement to ben avised,

7490 And in this wise it was avised.
 Of parlement he set a day,
 And that was in the month of may.

This Priamus had in his ight
 A wife and Hecuba she hight,
 7495 By whom that time eke had he
 Sones five and daughters thre

Befiden hem and thritty mo.
 And weren knightes alle tho,
 But nought upon his wife begete,
 7500 But elles where he might hem gete
 Of women, which he hadde knowe.
 Such was the world that ilke throwe,
 So that he was of children riche,
 So therof was no man him liche.

7505 Of parlement the day was come.
 There ben the lordes all and some,*
 Tho was pronounced and purposed
 And all the cause hem was desclosed,
 How Anthenor in Grece ferde.

7510 They fitten alle still and herde,
 And tho spake every man aboute,
 There was allegged many a doubte,
 And many a proud word spoke also.
 But for the moſte parte as tho
 7515 They wiſten nought what was the beſte
 Or for to werre or for to reſte.
 But he that was withoutefere,
 Hector among the lordes there
 His tale tolde in ſuche a wiſe
 7520 And ſaide: Lordes, ye ben wiſe,
 Ye knowen this als well as I,
 Above all other moſt worthy
 Stant now in Grece the manhod
 Of worthineſſe and of knighthod.
 7525 For who ſo woll it wel agrope,
 To hem belongeth all Europe,

* But he! they thought it was necessary to all and some. Spenser, in some MSS. 7512-15
 And for the way to all and some. The MS. of the MSS. of Buxford 25
 I wely purged myn of all & some. Perce 383.

Whiche is the thridde parte even
 Of all the world under the heven.
 And we be but of folk a fewe,
 7530 So were it reſon for to ſhewe
 The peril, er we fall thereinne.
 Better is to leve than beginne
 Thing, which as may nought ben acheved,
 He is nought wiſe, that find him greved
 7535 And doth ſo, that his greve be more.
 For who that loketh all to-fore
 And woll nought ſe what is behinde,
 He may full ofte his harmes finde.
 Wick is to ſtrive and have the worſe,
 7540 We have encheſon for to curſe,
 This wote I well and for to hate
 The Grekes, but er that we debate
 With hem, that ben of ſuch a might,
 It is full good, that every wight
 7545 Be of him ſelf right well bethought.
 But as for me thus ſay I nought,
 For while that my life woll ſtonde,
 If that ye take werre on honde,
 Fall it to the beſt or to the werſt,
 7550 I ſhall my ſelven be the ferſt
 To greven hem, what ever I may.
 I woll nought ones ſaie nay
 To thing, which that your counceil demeth,
 For unto me well more it quemeth
 7555 The werre certes than the pees.
 But this I ſaie netheles,

As me belongeth for to say,
Now shape ye the beste way.

Whan Hector hath said his avis,

7560 Next after him tho spake Paris,
Which was his brother, and alaide
What him best thought, and thus he saide :
Strong thing it is to suffre wronge,
And suffre shame is more stronge,

7565 But we have suffred bothe two,
And for all that yet have we do
What so we mighte to reforme
The pees, whan we in suche a forme
Sent Anthenor, as ye wel knowe.

7570 And they her grete wordes blowe
Upon her wrongfull dedes eke,
And he that woll him self nought meke
To pees and list no reson take,
Men sain reson him wol forsake.

7575 For in the multitude of men
Is nought the strengthe, for with ten
It hath be sene in true quarele
Ayein an hunderd false dele,
And had the better of goddes grace.

7580 Thus hath befall in many place.
And if it like unto you alle,
I will assay how so it falle
Our enemies if I may greve,
For I have caught a gret beleve

7585 Upon a point I wol declare.

This ender day^{*} as I gan fare

* 'L'entrées en kalende de Mai'. Roman de Troie, 3042.

To hunt unto the grete herte,
 Which was to-fore min houndes sterte,
 And every man went on his side
 7590 Him to pursue, and I to ride
 Began to chase, and soth to say
 Within a while out of my way
 I rode, and niste where I was,
 And slepe me caught and on the grasse
 7595 Beside a welle I laid me down
 To slepe and in a vision
 To me the god Mercurie cam,
 Goddesse thre with him he nam
 Minerve, Venus and Juno,
 7600 And in his honde an appel tho
 He helde of gold with letters write.
 And this he dide me to wite,
 How that they put hem upon me,
 That to the fairest of hem thre
 7605 Of gold that appel shulde I yive,
 With ech of hem tho was I shrive
 And eche one faire me behight.
 But Venus said, if that she might
 That appel of my yifte gete,
 7610 She wolde it nevermore foryete,
 And saide, how that in Grece londe
 She wolde bring into min honde
 Of all this erthe the fairest,
 So that me thought it for the best
 7615 To her and yaf the appel tho.
 Thus hope I well, if that I go,

That she for me woll so ordeigne,
That they matere for to pleigne
Shull have, or that I come ayein.

7620 Nowe have ye herd, that I woll fain,
Say ye, what stant in your avis.
And every man tho saide his,
And sondry causes they recorde,
But ate laste they accorde,

7625 That Paris shall to Grece wende,
And thus the parlement toke ende.

Cassandra whan she herd of this,
The which to Paris suster is,
Anone she gan to wepe and weile
7630 And said: Alas, what may us eile,
Fortune with her blinde whele
Ne woll nought let us stonde wele,
For this I dare well undertake,
That if Paris his waie take,
7635 As it is said, that he shall do,
We ben for ever than undo.

The which Cassandra thanne hight
In all the world as it bereth fight,
In bokes as men finde write,

7640 Is that Sibille, of whom ye wite,
That alle men yet clepen sage.*

Whan that she wist of this viage,
How Paris shall to Grece fare,
No woman mighte worse fare

7645 Ne forwe more than she did.

And right so in the same stede

p236; see vol. 1, p. 12

* For the identification of Goolpe, of Velle, or Panthe.

Ferd Helenus, which was her brother
 Of prophecy and such another,
 And all was holde but a jape,
 7650 So that the purpos, which was shape,
 Or were hem lefe or were hem lothe,
 Was holde, and into Grece he goth
 This Paris with his retenaunce.
 And as it fell upon his chaunce,
 7655 Of Grece he londeth in an ile,
 And him was tolde the same while
 Of folk, which he began to freine,
 Tho was in thile quene Heleine
 And eke of contres there about
 7660 Of ladies many a lusty rout,
 With mochel worthy people also.
 And why they comen thider tho,
 The cause stood in such a wise
 For worship and for sacrifice,
 7665 That they to Venus wolden make,
 As they to-fore had undertake
 Some of good will, some of behest,
 For thanne was her highe fest
 Within a temple, which was there.
 7670 Whan Paris wiste what they were,
 Anone he shope his ordenaunce
 To gone and done his obeifaunce
 To Venus on her haliday
 And did upon his best array.
 7675 With great richeffe he him behongeth,
 As it to such a lord belongeth,

He was nought armed netheles,
 But as it were in londe of pees.
 And thus he goth forth out of ship
 7680 And taketh with him his felaship
 In fuch manere, as I you fay,
 Unto the temple he helde his way.

Tidinge, which goth over all
 To great and smalle forth withall,
 7685 Come to the quenes ere and tolde,
 How Paris come, and that he wolde
 Do sacrifice to Venus.

And whan she herde telle thus,
 She thought, how that it ever be,
 7690 That she woll him abide and se.

Forth cometh Paris with glad visage
 Into the temple on pelrinage,
 Where unto Venus the goddesse
 He yiveth and offreth great richesse
 7695 And praieth her that he prairie wolde.
 And than aside he gan beholde
 And sigh, where that this lady stood,
 And he forth in his freshe mood
 Goth there she was and made her chere,
 7700 As he well couth in his manere,
 That of his wordes fuch plefaunce
 She toke, that all her aqueintaunce
 Als ferforth as the herte lay
 He stale, er that he went away.

7705 So goth he forth and toke his leve
 And thought anone, as it was eve,

He wolde done his sacrilege,
 That many a man shulde it abegge.
 Whan he to ship ayein was come,
 7710 To him he hath his counseil nome
 And all devised the matere
 In such a wife, as thou shalt here.
 Withinne night all prively
 His men he warneth by and by,
 7715 That they be redy armed sone
 For certain thing, whiche is to done.
 And they anone ben redy alle
 And echone other gan to calle
 And went hem out upon the stonde
 7720 And toke a purpos there on londe
 Of what thing that they wolden do,
 Toward the temple and forth they go.
 So fell it of devocion
 Heleine in contemplacion
 7725 With many an other worthy wight
 Was in the temple and woke all night
 To bid and pray unto thymage
 Of Venus, as was than ufage,
 So that Paris right as him list
 7730 Into the temple er they it wist
 Came with his men all sodeinly.
 And all at ones fet askry
 In hem, which in the temple were,
 For tho was mochel people there,
 7735 But of defence was no bote,
 So suffren they, that suffre mote.

Paris unto the quene wente
And her in both his armes hente
With him and with his felaship,
7740 And forth they bere her into ship.
Up goth the saile, and forth they went,
And suche a wind fortune hem sent,
Till they the haven of Troie caught,
Where out of ship anone they straught
7745 And gone hem forth toward the town,
The which came with proceffion
Ayein Paris to sene his pray.
And every man began to say
To Paris and his felaship
7750 All that they couthen of worship,
Was none so litel man in Troy,
That he ne made merthe and joy
Of that Paris had wonne Heleine.
But all that merthe is sorwe and peine
7755 To Helenus and to Cassandre.
For they it tolden shame and sclaundre
And los of all the comun grace,
That Paris out of haly place
By stelth hath take a mannes wife,
7760 Wherof he shall lese his life
And many a worthy man therto
And all the citee be fordo,
Which never shall be made ayein.
And so it fell, right as they sain,
7765 The sacrilege, which he wrought,
Was cause, why the Gregois fought

Unto the town and it belay
 And wolden never part away,
 Till what by fleight, and what by strength
 7770 They had it wonne in brede and length
 And brent and flain that was withinne.

Now se, my sone, which a finne
 Is sacrilege in haly stede.

Beware therfore and bid thy bede
 7775 And do nothing in haly chirche,
 But that thou might by reson wirche.
 And eke take hede of Achilles,
 Whan he unto his love chees
 Polixena, that was also
 7780 In haly temple of Apollo,
 Which was the cause why he deide
 And all his lust was laid aside.

And Troilus upon Creseide
 Also his firste love laide
 7785 In haly place, and how it ferde
 As who faith all the world it herde.
 Forsake he was for Diomedede,
 Such was of love his laste medede.

Confessor. Forthy my sone, I wolde rede
 7790 By this ensamble as thou might rede
 Seche elles where thou wilt thy grace
 And ware the well in haly place,
 What thou to love do or speke
 In aunter if it so be wreke,
 7795 As thou hast herd me tell to-fore,
 And take good hede also therfore.

* Upon the forme of avarice
 More than of any other vice
 I have devided in parties
 7800 The braunches, which of compaignies
 Through out the world in generall
 Be now the leders over all
 Of covetise and of perjurie,
 Of fals brocage and of usurie,
 7805 Of scarsenefse and of unkindeship,
 Which never drough to felaship,
 Of robberie and of prive stelh,
 Which done is for the worldes welth,
 Of ravine and of sacrilegge,
 7810 Which maketh the conscience agregge,
 All though it may richeffe atteigne,
 It floureth but it shall not greine
 Unto the fruit of rightwisnesse.
 But who that wolde do largeffe
 7815 Upon the reule, as it is yive,
 So might a man in trouthe live
 Toward his god and eke also
 Toward the world, for bothe two
 Largeffe awaiteth as belongeth
 7820 To neither part, that he ne wrongeth,
 He kepeth him self, he kepeth his frendes,
 So stant he sauf to both his endes,
 That he exceedeth no mesure,
 So well he can him self mesure,
 7825 Wherof, my sone, thou shalt wite,
 So as the philosopfre hath write.

* With Avarice, Spenser looks away from the five-fold division of the first three books, as used in the *Divine Comedy* (see *Spenser's Works*, ed. Furness, II, 12). He deals with more than two branches of goods in his treatment of Avarice in the *Divine Comedy*.

13. *Prodigus et parcus duo sunt extremaque, largus
Est horum medius plebis in ore bonus.*

Nota hic de virtute largitatis, que ad oppositum avaricie inter duo extrema videlicet pericimoniam et prodigalitatē specialiter consistit.

Betwene the two extremities
 Of vice stont the properties
 Of vertue, and to prove it so
 Take avarice and take also
 The vice of prodigalite,
 Betwene hem liberalite,
 Which is the vertue of largesse,
 Stant and governeth his nobleffe.
 7835 For tho two vices in discorde
 Stond ever, as I find of recorde,
 So that betwene her two debate
 Largesse reuleth his estate,
 For in such wise as avarice,
 7840 As I to-fore have told the vice,
 Through streit holding and through scarf-
 Stant contraire to largesse, [nesse
 Right so stant prodigalite
 Revers, but nought in such degre.
 7845 For so as avarice spareth
 And for to kepe his tresor careth,
 That other all his own and more
 Ayein the wise mannes lore
 Yiveth and despendeth here and there,
 7850 So that him reccheth never where,
 While he may borwe, he woll despende
 Till at last he saith: I wende.
 But that is spoken all to late,
 For than is pouerte at the gate

- 7855 And taketh him even by the sleve.
 For erst woll he no wifdom leve,
 And right as avarice is finne,
 That wold his tresor kepe and winne,
 Right so is prodegalite.
- 7860 But of largeffe in his degre,
 Which even stant betwene the two,
 The highe god and man also
 The vertue eche of hem commendeth.
 For he him selven first amendeth,
- 7865 That over all his name spredeth
 And to all other, where it nedeth,
 He yiveth his good in such a wise,
 That he maketh many a man arise,
 Whiche elles shulde falle low.
- 7870 Largeffe may nought be unknowe.
 For what lond that he regneth inne,
 It may nought faile for to winne
 Through his deserte love and grace,
 Where it shall faile in other place.
- 7875 And thus betwene to moch and lite
 Largeffe, which is nought to wite,
 Holt ever forth the middel way.
 But who that torne wol away
 Fro that, to prodegalite
- 7880 Anone he left the proprete
 Of vertu and goth to the vice.
 For in such wise as avarice
 Lefth for scarseneffe his good name,
- 7884 Right so that other is to blame,

7885 Which through his wast mesure exceedeth.
 For no man wot what harm that bredeth
 [But mochel joie ther betideth,*
 Where that largeffe an herte guideth.
 For his mesure is so governed,
 7890 That he bothe parts is lerned
 To god and to the world also,
 He doth refon to bothe two.
 The pouer folk of his almefse
 Relieved ben in the distrefse
 7895 Of thurst, of hunger and of colde,
 Ne yift of him was never folde,
 But frely yive, and netheles
 The mighty god of his encres
 Rewardeth him of double grace,
 7900 The heven he doth him to purchase
 And yiveth him eke the worldes good.
 And thus the cote for the hood
 Largeffe taketh, and yet no finne
 He doth, how so that ever he winne.
 What man hath hors men yiven him hors,
 And who ne hath of him no force,
 For he may thenne on fote go,
 The world hath ever stonde so.
 But for to loken of the tweie,
 7910 A man to go the fiker weie
 Better is to yive than to take,
 With yifte a man may frendes make,

Luc. Omni ha-
benti dabitur.

Beacius est dare
quam accipere.

* From MSS. Harl. Wanting in MS. Stafford and the printed editions.

But who that taketh or great or small,
 He taketh a charge forth with all
 7915 And stant nought fre til it be quit.
 So for to deme in mannes wit,
 It helpeth more a man to have
 His owne good than for to crave
 Of other men and make him bonde,
 7920 Wher elles he may stond unbonde.
 Senec counseileth in this wise
 And saith: But if the good suffice
 Unto the liking of the will,
 Withdrawe thy lust and hold the still
 7925 And be to thy good suffisaunt,
 For that thing is appurtenaunt
 To trouthe and causeth to be fre
 After the reule of charite,
 Which first beginneth of him selve.
 7930 For if thou richest other twelve,
 Wherof thou shalt thy self be pouer,
 I not what thank thou might recouer,]
 While that a man hath good to yive,
 With greate routes he may live
 7935 And hath his frendes over all,
 And everich of him telle shall,
 The while he hath his fulle packe
 They say: A good felaw is Jacke.
 Whan it faileth ate last,
 7940 Anone his prise they overcast,
 For than is there none other lawe,
 But Jacke was a good felawe.

Seneca. Si res tue tibi non sufficiant, fac ut rebus tuis sufficias.*

Apostolus. Ordinata caritas incipit a se ipsa.

* This is not from Seneca, but from Cassiodorus, *Collationes*, long book XI. *Clarior referat de rebus.*
 Suffice with thy good, though it be small.

Whan they him pouer and nedye fe,
 They let him passe and fare well he,
 7945 Al that he wend of compaignie
 Is thanne torned to folie.

But now to speke in other kinde
 Of love, a man may suche finde,
 That where they come in every rout,
 7950 They cast and wast her love about
 Till all her time is overgone,
 And thanne have they love none.
 For he that loveth over all,
 It is no reson, that he shall
 7955 Of love have any proprete.
 Forthy my sone, avise the,
 If thou of love hast ben to large.
 For suche a man is nought to charge.
 And if it so be, that thou hast
 7960 Despended al thy time in wast
 And set thy love in sondry place,
 Though thou the substaunce of thy grace
 Lese at the last, it is on wonder,
 For he that put him selven under,
 7965 As who saith comun over all,
 He lest the love speciall
 Of any one, if she be wise.
 For love shall nought bere his prise
 By reson, whan it passeth one.
 7970 So have I sen full many one,
 That were of love wel at ese,
 Which after fell in great difese

Through waft of love, that they ſpent
In fondry places where they went.

7975 Right ſo, my ſone, I axe of the,
If thou with prodegalite
Haſt here and there thy love waſted ?

Confeffor.

My fader, nay, but I have taſted
In many a place as I have go,
7980 And yet love I never one of tho,
But for to drive forth the day.
For levethe well, my hert is ay
Withoute mo for evermore
All upon one, for I no more

Amans.

7985 Deſire, but her love alone.
So make I many a prive mone,
For well I fele I have deſpended
My longe love and nought amended
My ſpede, for ought I finde yit.

7990 If this be waſt unto your wit
Of love and prodegalite,
Now, gode fader, demeth ye.
But of o thing I woll me ſhrive,
That I ſhall for no love thrive,
7995 But if her ſelf me woll releve.

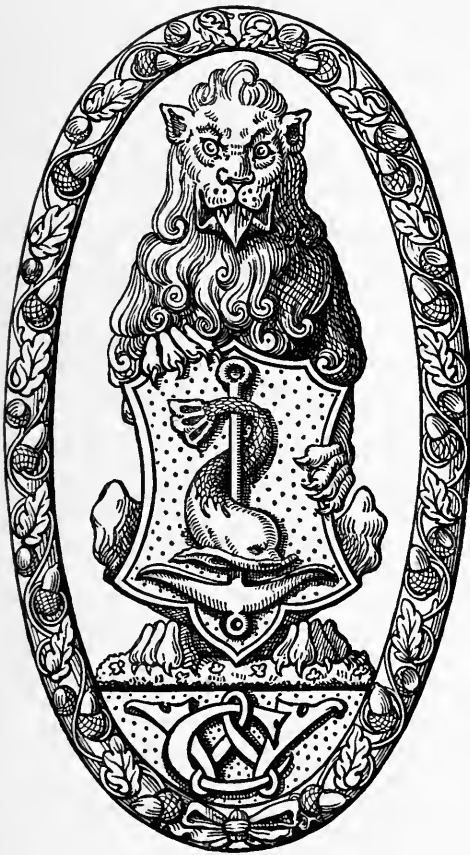
My ſone, that I may well leve,
And netheles me ſemeth ſo,
For ought that thou haſt yet miſdo
Of time, whiche thou haſt ſpended,
8000 It may with grace ben amended.
For thing which may be worth the coſt
Perchaunce is nouter waſt ne loſt,

Confeffor.

For what thing stant on aventure,
 That can no worldes creature
 8005 Tell in certain, how it shall wende,
 Till he therof may sene an ende.
 So that I note as yet therfore,
 If thou, my sone, hast wone or lore.
 For ofte time, as it is sene,
 8010 Whan fomer hath lost all his grene
 And is with winter waft and bare,
 That him is left nothing to spare,
 All is recovered in a throwe,
 The colde windes overblowe,
 8015 And stilled ben the sharpe shoures,
 And sodeinlich ayein his floures
 The fomer happneth and is riche,
 And so parcas thy grace is liche.
 My sone, though thou be now pouer
 8020 Of love, yet thou might recouer.
Amans. My fader, certes graunt mercy,
 Ye have me taught so redily,
 That ever while I live shall
 The better I may be ware with all
 8025 Of thing, which ye have said er this.
 But evermore how that it is
 Toward my shrifte, as it belongeth,
 To wit of other points me longeth,
 Wherof that ye me wolden teche
 8030 With all min herte I you besече.

Explicit liber quintus.

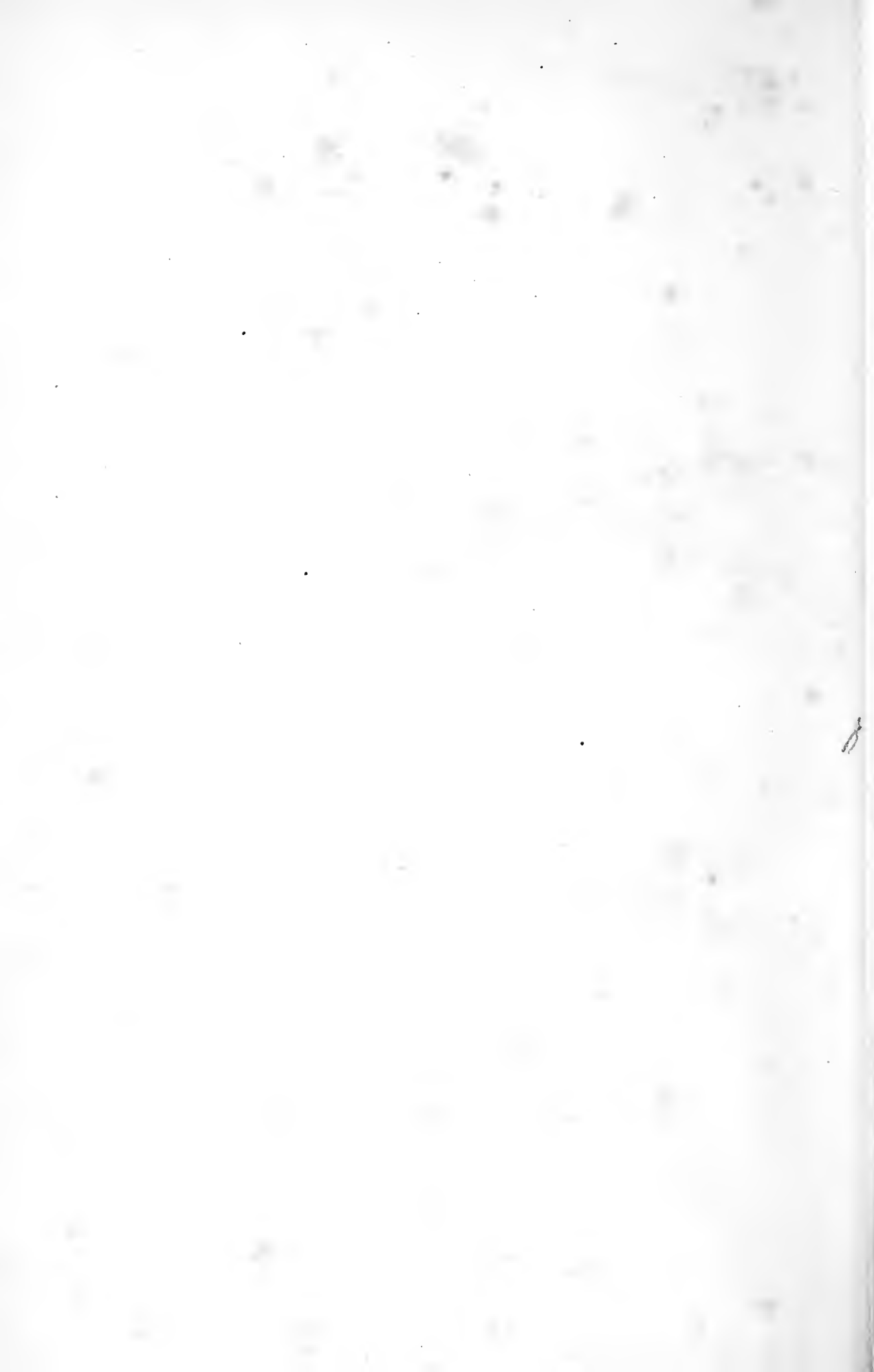
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